Saturday Evening Post · July 3, 1965 · 25c

POST

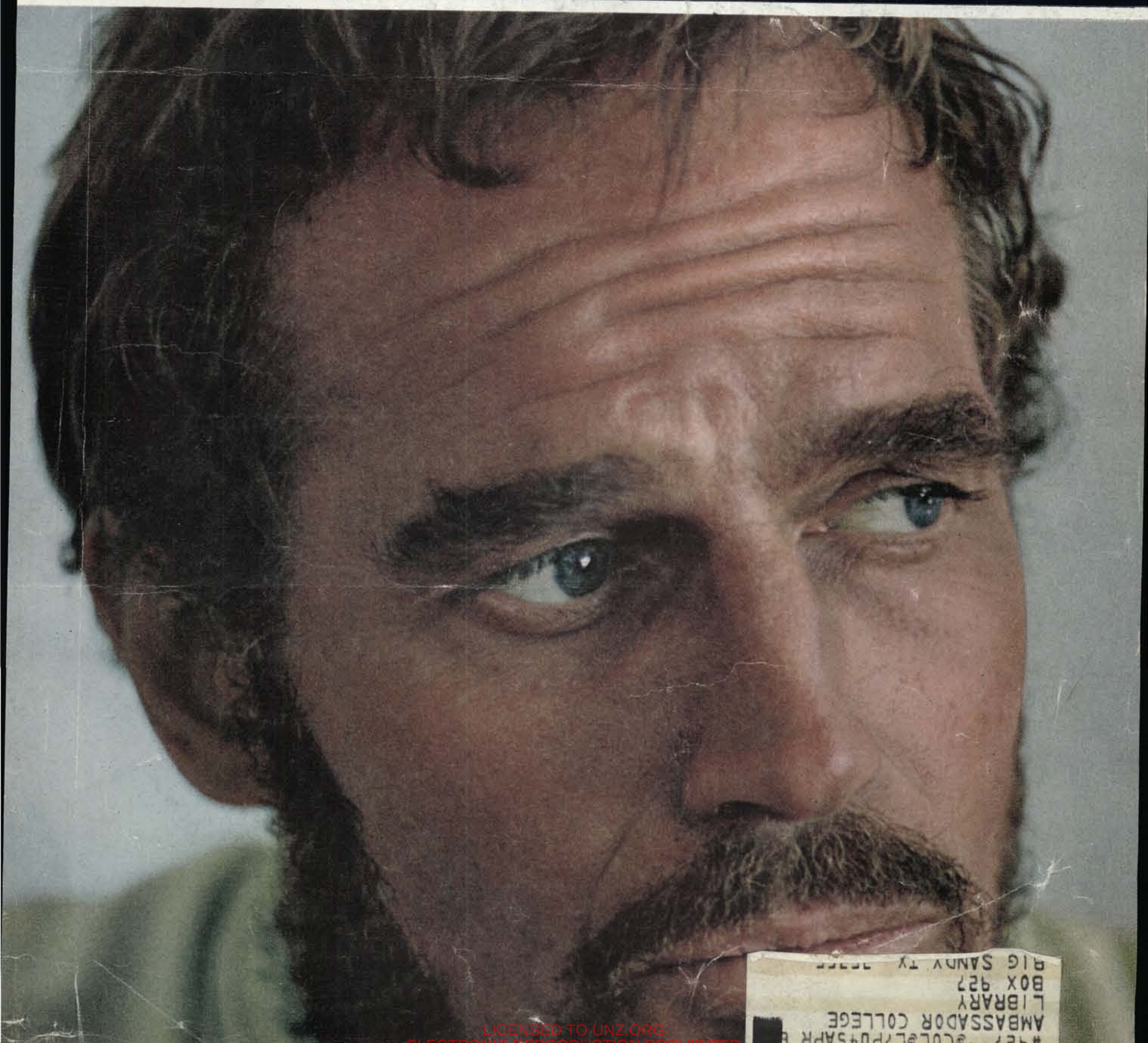
A SON'S FAREWELL TO THE
BURMA SURGEON

MRS. HUBERT HUMPHREY

CAN SCIENCE CREATE LIFE?

'LONG LIVE IMPERIALISM'

The Agony and Ecstasy of
CHARLTON HESTON



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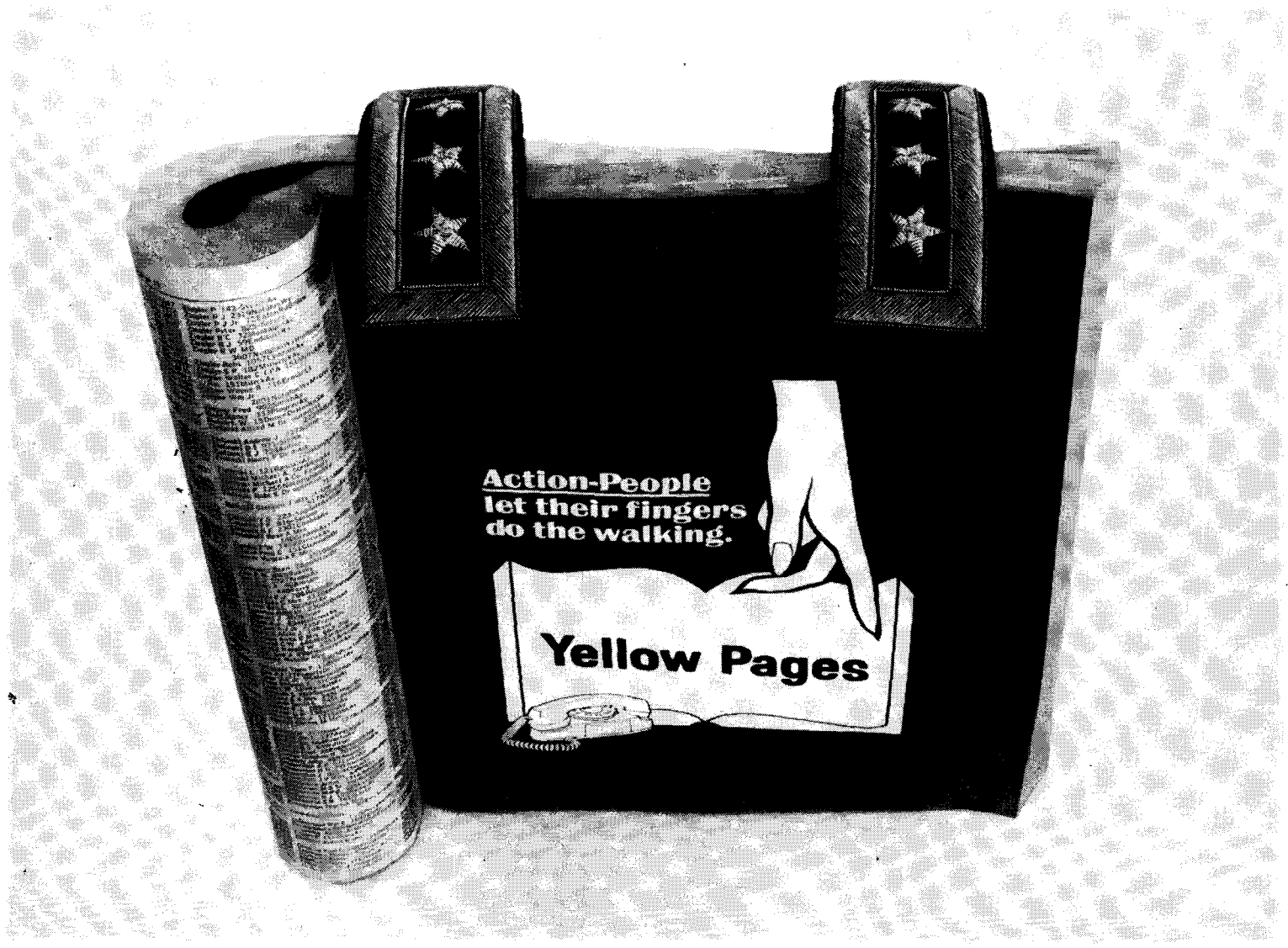

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The Saturday Evening
POST

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Ben Franklin

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About this issue

Nan Robertson

From a distance NAN ROBERTSON bears some resemblance to her subject, Mrs. Hubert H. Humphrey. They are about the same size, and both have silvery hair, cut fairly short. As a Washington correspondent for *The New York Times,* the author has accompanied Mrs. Humphrey on many campaign trips, and their resemblance sometimes throws welcoming committees into confusion: If Miss Robertson is the first person to leave the plane, the band begins to play and the crowd sings, "Hello, Muriel!" . . . MAX GUNTHER, who describes the search for THE SECRET OF LIFE, is author of a sociological book, *The Weekenders.* . . . STERLING SEAGRAVE, who recounts his arduous journey to reach his dying father, the famous Burma Surgeon, was until recently a reporter and rewrite man for the Washington *Post.* He gave up his job and is now in Bangkok, trying to return to Burma to help keep his father's hospital going./Cover photograph by KEN HEYMAN.

Moving?

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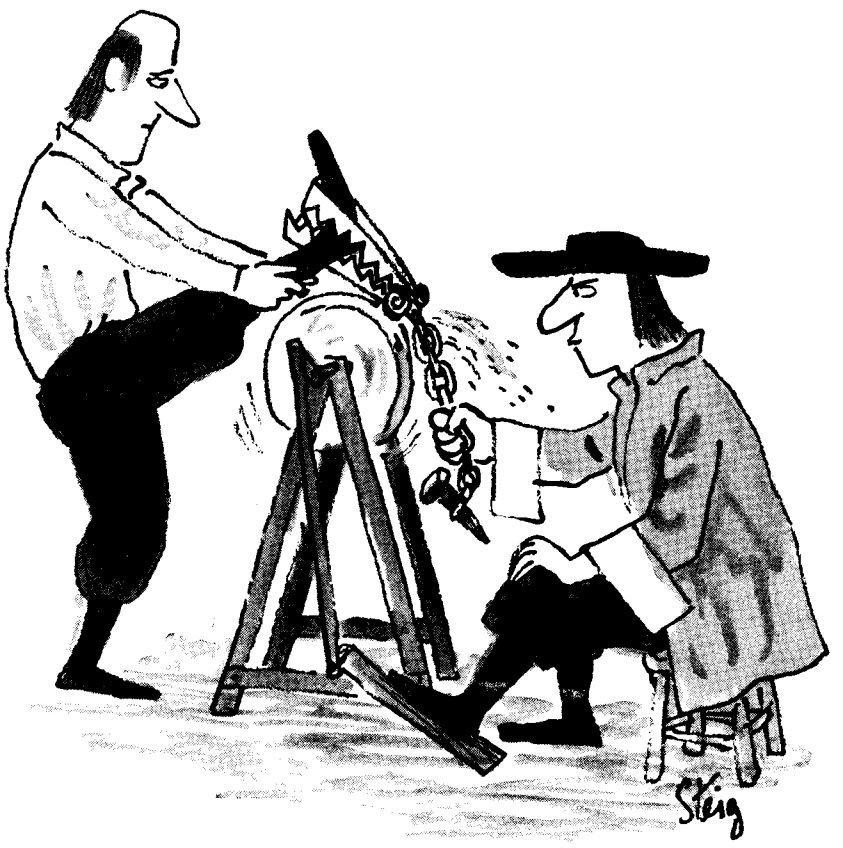

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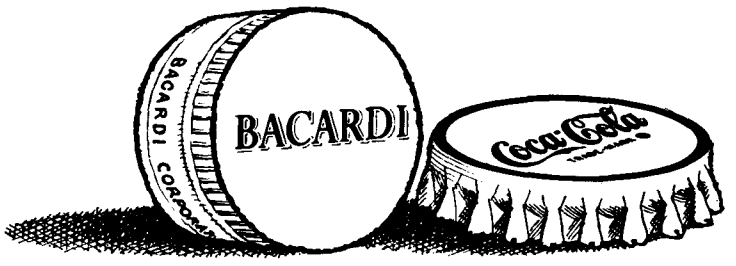

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Letters

Massachusetts politics

Edward R. F. Sheehan's article MASSACHUSETTS: ROGUES AND REFORMERS IN A STATE ON TRIAL [June 5] is perhaps the finest analysis of past political corruption and future political hope in my home state that I have yet read.

My only major complaint is that Mr. Sheehan failed to mention our fine, talented Lt. Gov. Elliot L. Richardson along with Governor Volpe and Attorney General Brooke. It was this team running on an anti-corruption slate that won an amazing victory in the face of the Johnson-Edward Kennedy landslide in November. In fact, it was Elliot Richardson who originally set off the investigations of crime and corruption in Massachusetts as a courageous United States attorney during the notorious Furcolo administration.

PETER P. MC CANN
Walpole, Mass.

● Regarding your excellent article on corruption in Massachusetts, as a former resident of that state I do not hold any optimistic expectation that the state will ever be anything else—not as long as the citizens of that state hold to the contention expressed by a police lieutenant whom I overheard to say, "I guess it is all right if there is graft in Boston as long as it's the Democrats that carry it on."

FRANK A. RUSSO
Santa Maria, Calif.

● I sat down to wearily read about what a rotten state I live in. My apathy disappeared as I read through Edward R. F. Sheehan's article. At last we have read that Massachusetts is aware of her sins and is, in many areas, prepared to do her penance and go on to another day. I commend Mr. Sheehan for having caught the spirit of the New Breed.

BARBARA H. PALMER
Concord, Mass.

● Having been a resident of Massachusetts all my life, I thank you, Mr. Sheehan. Your account of the "garage scandal" was humorously shocking. I learned more from those few pages in a few minutes than I have from all the Boston newspapers in the past three years.

JACK MAC INTYRE JR.
Boston, Mass.

● The author's observations on shifts in political power brought about by politicians and by citizens' groups are penetrating. As Mr. Sheehan points out, Massachusetts citizens have become actively interested in their state government. In November 1964 we voted in the four-year term for governor; we also curtailed the powers of the Governor's Council (a holdover from colonial days when our state was governed by a representative of the King of England).

The initiative petition campaign, which brought about the repeal of the powers the council held over the Governor, was a massive citizens' effort undertaken by the League of Women Voters with the support of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, the Massachusetts Federation of Taxpayers and many other groups. 125,000 signatures of Massachusetts voters (more than double the number specified by our Constitution) brought the question before the House of Representatives by May, 1964, where it lost by a tie vote. A second signature drive, and our petition became Question Five on the ballot in November.

Explanatory fliers and bumper stickers were handed out in supermarkets, at town dumps, at Little League games. We had homemade car-top signs and large cardboard campaign buttons. We telephoned voters and sent postcards. On election day we organized nearly the whole state, covering the polls and reminding voters to "Vote Yes on Question Five."

We had been told by the "pros" that a statewide campaign couldn't be run by nonprofessionals and that we would have to spend $200,000 to win. We were volunteers, we raised and spent only about $20,000, and we won.

RAE CECILIA KIPP, *President 1965*
LUCY WILSON BENSON, *President 1961-65*
League of Women Voters of Massachusetts
Boston, Mass.

Aerospace medicine

ROGER VAUGHAN IS TO BE CONGRATULATED ON HIS FINE JOB OF FACTUALLY PRESENTING SOME OF THE PROBLEMS FACING US IN THE FIELD OF AEROSPACE MEDICINE [HOW MUCH CAN YOU TAKE?, MAY 22]. THE PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ZIMMERMAN ARE OUTSTANDING.

IN THESE DAYS OF STARTLING ENGINEERING ADVANCES AND HARDWARE DEVELOPMENT, THERE IS A TENDENCY TO FORGET THE MOST VITAL ELEMENT OF ALL—MAN. SINCE WE CANNOT REBUILD HIM TO MEET THE REQUIREMENTS OF SPACE, WE MUST THEREFORE EXPLORE HIS CAPABILITY TO SURVIVE THIS HARSH ENVIRONMENT AND DETERMINE WITH COMPLETE ASSURANCE THE PROTECTION THAT HE WILL NEED. THE AIR FORCE HAS BEEN INVOLVED IN THAT SPACE PROGRAM FOR ALMOST 17 YEARS, NINE YEARS PRIOR TO SPUTNIK.

T. C. BEDWELL JR., MAJOR GENERAL, USAF, MC
COMMANDER, AEROSPACE MEDICAL DIVISION
BROOKS AFB, TEX.

Squashy hollow

Not long ago I wrote you asking, "Must all your stories be ugly just because so much of real life is?" I congratulate you on the publication of THE BATTLE OF SQUASHY HOLLOW by P. G. Wodehouse [June 5]. It is everything a story should be—hilariously funny, diverting, relaxing and improbable.

CARLETON K. LEWIS
Annandale, Va.

Paris

I just finished reading Robert Daley's article I HATE PARIS IN THE SPRINGTIME [June 5], and I couldn't agree with him more except that I hate it all year round.

In just three days we had enough unpleasant experiences to make us vow never to return. We were treated rudely in our hotel; cheated in restaurants; spoken to gruffly at newspaper stands, in department stores, tobacco shops and elsewhere. Not only is the French taxi driver surly and dishonest—so is the French bus conductor. We rode the bus three times. The first time the conductor let everybody else standing at the stop on but us; the second time the conductor let us off several blocks past where I asked to be let off, and on the return trip we were overcharged.

LOUIS WOLFE
New York, N.Y.

● Robert Daley was particularly unlucky while he stayed here [I HATE PARIS IN THE SPRINGTIME, June 5]. What worries me is that he stood the ordeal for 10 years. This reminds me of the story about the woman from Marseilles who divorced her husband after 20 years and 10 kids on the ground that she couldn't "get used to him." I cannot help thinking that Mr. Daley is having a lover's quarrel with our city. Our Pigault-LeBrun, in the 16th century, wrote *Tout ce qui est exagére est insignifiant.* [Everything that is exaggerated is unimportant]. Mr. Daley has survived. So will Paris.

MARCEL BRANDIN
Paris, France

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Letters

• One cannot help but concur with Robert Daley. The best part of Paris is the spirit which travelers bring to it. Hemingway in *A Moveable Feast* is not talking about Paris, but rather about Hemingway and his pals.

ROBERT MUELLER, LCDR USNR
Omaha, Nebr.

• The article was worthy of some folksy housewife far from home. I wonder if Mr. Daley ever lived in New York City? All the incidents he mentions are common and everyday-ish in this city (where you can be stabbed to death while watched by 30 "nice" Americans.

On the other hand, who wants to live in Paris and run around borrowing cups of sugar from the neighbors? Mr. Daley's pettiness shows a tremendous lack of appreciation.

DOLORES PRIDA
New York, N.Y.

Shirley Temple

During the Shirley Temple era mothers (and fathers) made little Shirley Temples out of their otherwise normal little girls. [SHIRLEY TEMPLE: HER EYES ARE STILL DANCING by C. Robert Jennings, June 5.] And when they couldn't make them into Shirley Temples, they rejected them. And you, a national magazine, dare to suggest that we pay homage to the Queen of the Corkscrew Curls!

WILLIE L. HORTON
Atlanta, Ga.

• Was there ever a time I did not have my Shirley Temple collection? Mother started me with a little scrapbook about 1935. The little scrapbook has grown to 21 books. I save everything with either her picture or her name on it. I have statues, a life-size doll, records, jewelry, 8-mm and 16-mm films, stills and snaps.

It's been fun. I imagine the collection will still be growing when I am a senior citizen and Shirley Temple is doing character parts. If Shirley reads this: Please try to promote a grown-up Shirley Temple doll, perhaps one that talks.

NANCY SCHIPPNICK
Canoga Park, Calif.

Vietnam

Stewart Alsop assumes that if one does not support the Government's policies in Vietnam, one advocates that Red China take over all of Asia [THE INTELLECTUALS AND VIETNAM, June 5].

There are undoubtedly many intellectuals who believe that, given the situation in the world today (including an intractable American foreign policy), Communism is inevitable in Vietnam; a few perhaps consider that that Communism may fall under the control of Red China. But intellectuals have stated over and over the idea that Vietnam and China have historically been enemies and that only American militarism can, and will, drive Vietnam into the Red Chinese camp.

The intellectuals have more faith in democracy than has Mr. Alsop. They believe it will come into its own when the world is ready but not by bombs and terror and totalitarianism. We understand fully the dangers of thought repression in totalitarian Red China; we only ask that the United States not make the same mistake of declaring itself God.

DEBORAH HAINES
Pomona, N.Y.

Coming soon...in The Post

Girls, guns and daydreams:

THE JAMES BOND FAD

NEVADA'S LAST GREAT DIVORCE RANCH

How to become a millionaire

Stewart Alsop reports on a new breed of little-known Americans who have made themselves rich

A CURE FOR MISCARRIAGES?

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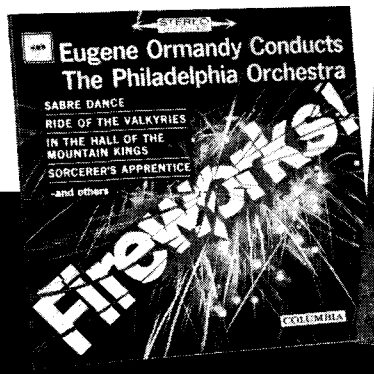
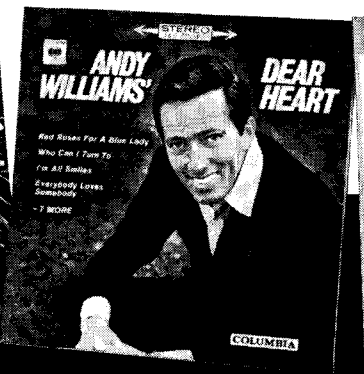
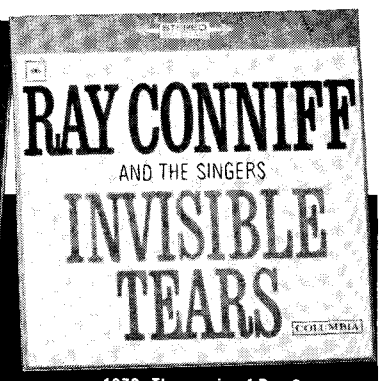


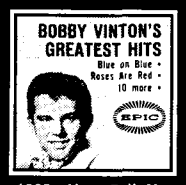
1661. Also: Dance of The Tumblers, Bacchanale from Samson and Delilah, 2 more



1905. Andy also sings: It Had To Be You, Till, I Can't Stop Loving You, etc.

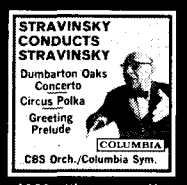


1672. The magic of Ray Conniff. Everybody Loves Somebody, S'posin, 10 others



1635. Also: Tell Me Why, Blue Velvet, Mr. Lonely, etc.

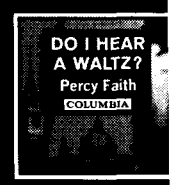
1359. Standanavian, Rubberneck, Tootsie Roll, 9 in all



1686. "Leaves nothing to be desired." —High Fidelity

1892. Also: In The Summertime, There I Go Dreamin', etc.

1209. Also: Sleepy Lagoon, Flamingo, Time Was, etc.



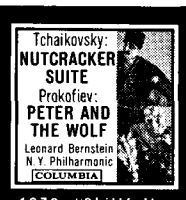
1918. "A delightful, tuneful musical hit!" —N.Y. Times

The exciting sounds of America's greatest stars
—brilliant in regular high-fidelity
—and even more spectacular in STEREO

1090. "This is an extraordinary chorus." —New York Times

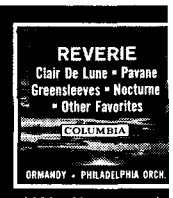
1363. Also: Fly Me to The Moon, More, Fascination, etc.

1792. Also: Crooked Little Man; Puff, The Magic Dragon; etc.



1070. "Skillfully, warmly, richly performed."—High Fid.

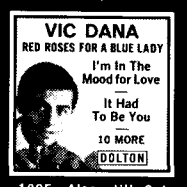
1374. Also: Bert's Tune, Mexican Market Day, Take Me, etc.



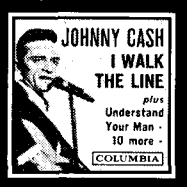
1909. Also excerpts from "Swan Lake" and "Peer Gynt" Suite

1777. "Performances like this come very seldom."—N.Y.Times

1199. "Superb...all the beauty, nobility captured."—HiFi Rev.



1895. Also: I'll Get By, You Were Meant For Me, etc.



1450. Also: Folsom Prison Blues, Bad News, etc.

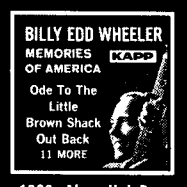
1670. Also: Hi-Lili-Hi-Lo, Down Where The Winds Blow, etc.

1184. Also: Moments to Remember, 3 Coins in The Fountain, etc.

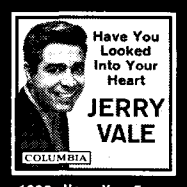
1911. Delightful and swinging performances of 5 works

1690. "Delightful freshness, sensitivity."—Am. Rec. Guide

1709. Also: The Four Days of Naples, The Easy Life, etc.

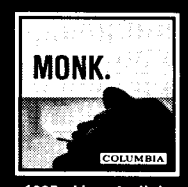


1923. Also: Hot Dog Heart, The Bachelor, Blistered, 9 more



1906. Have You Ever Been Lonely, Always In My Heart, 10 more

1035. "Most lavish, beautiful musical; a triumph!" Kilgallen



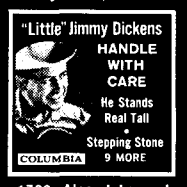
1907. Liza, April in Paris, Pannonica, That Old Man, 3 more

1098. "Fierce impact and momentum." —N.Y. World-Telegram

1210. Also: Granada, Moonlight Gambler, I Believe, etc. ✯

1716. Also: One Room Paradise, Every Little Bit Hurts, etc.

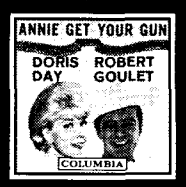
1916. Also: A Hard Day's Night, Moon River, 12 in all



1730. Also: I Leaned Over Backwards, He Stands Real Tall, etc.

1717. Also: Bye Bye Blues, Me And My Shadow, etc.

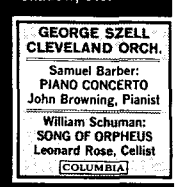
1724. Also: Raunchy, Tequila, Rock Around The Clock, etc.



1032. "Rich melodic score...brilliant." — N. Y. Journal-Amer.

1778. "A stunning performance."—New York Times

1211. Because of You, Rags to Riches, Just in Time, 12 in all ✯



1776. "Interpretations could not be better."—N. Y. Times

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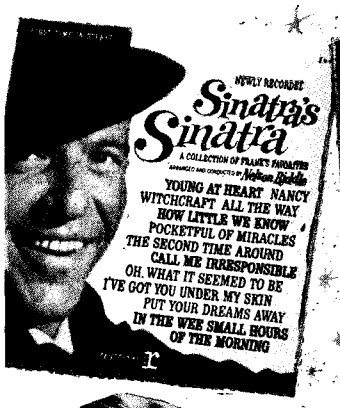
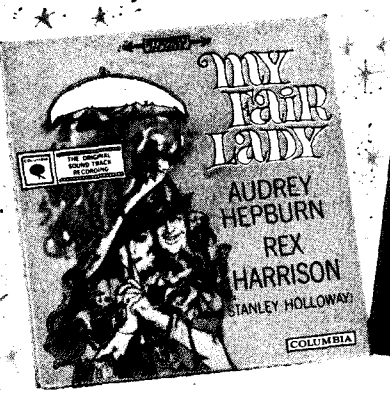

NEWLY RECORDED
Sinatra's Sinatra
A COLLECTION OF FRANK'S FAVORITES
YOUNG AT HEART NANCY
WITCHCRAFT ALL THE WAY
HOW LITTLE WE KNOW
POCKETFUL OF MIRACLES
THE SECOND TIME AROUND
CALL ME IRRESPONSIBLE
OH, WHAT IT SEEMED TO BE
I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN
PUT YOUR DREAMS AWAY
IN THE WEE SMALL HOURS OF THE MORNING

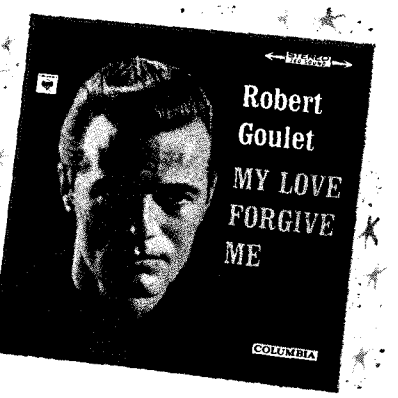
1592. Sinatra in top form with: All The Way, The Second Time Around, 10 more

1704. Featuring the great title hit by the incomparable Shirley Bassey ... complete score

1643. Dino does it all with stylish ease. Corrine Corrina, Baby-O, Things, 9 other songs

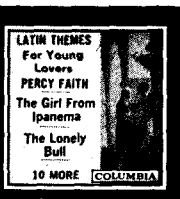


1530. A triumphant transition. "One of the best musicals of the century!"—N.Y. Times



1735. The deft and delightful Goulet touch. This Is All I Ask, Too Good, 12 in all

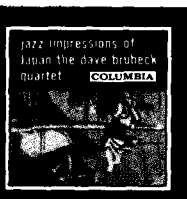
1646. Also: Love Is A Bore, My Lord And Master, Autumn, etc.



1772. Also: Spanish Harlem, Manha de Carnaval, etc.

1662. Also: Jezebel, If I Had A Hammer, What'd I Say?, etc.

1714. Also: Autumn Leaves, I Walk A Little Faster, etc.



1636. Zen Is When, Rising Sun, Osaka Blues, 8 in all

1785. Also: Stardust, Battle Hymn of The Republic, etc.

1644. Also: Natural Man, Paul Bunyon, El Camino Real, etc.

61. Also: A Taste Honey, My Honey's ving Arms, etc.

1769. Also: Pacific Punch Sweet Hawaii, I'll Remember, etc.

1442. The Sweetest Sounds, You'll Never Walk Alone, 10 more

1734. Also: Love Me Do, I Saw Her Standing There, etc.

1706. A sparkling new jazz treatment of this great score

1645. Delightful performance of Grofe's soaring tone poem

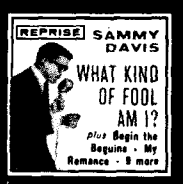
1725. Also: Washington Square, Danny Boy, More, etc.

1067. "Perhaps the greatest piano recording." —HiFi Rev.

1699. Also: I Will Follow Him, Blue Velvet, etc.

1698. Also: All The Things You Are, Love Is Here to Stay, etc.

31. Also: The Moon High, Lou's Got Flu, etc.



1537. Also: Lost in The Stars, Too Close for Comfort, etc.

1263. "Magnificent performances!" High Fidelity

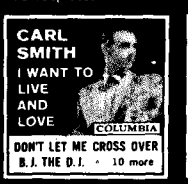
1647. MackTheKnife, Brotherhood of Man, Mumbles, 7 others

1037. "The most adventurous musical ever made." Life

1589. Also: Ballad of Moreton Bay, Beans Taste Fine, etc

1608 Also: The Blue Danube, Sabre Dance, Cielito Lindo, etc.

1536. Also: Silver Dagger, Ten Thousand Miles, etc.



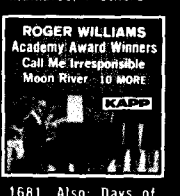
1715. Also: I Cried Again, I'll Hold You In My Heart, etc

1296. Six favorites by Ravel, Debussy, Ibert, Chabrier

27. Also: Sticks Stones, One Mint ep, etc.

1113. Also: A Guy Is A Guy, Whatever Will Be, Will Be, etc.

1595. Also: Because of You, All The Way, Secret Love, etc.



1681. Also: Days of Wine And Roses, Gigi, Secret Love, etc.

1598. Also: Cup of Loneliness, Color of The Blues, etc.

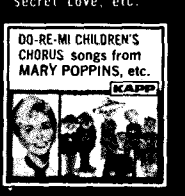
1678. Rhinestone, Old Courthouse, Busted, Y'all Come, 8 more

1610. Also: Crooked Little Man, Wives And Lovers, etc.

1707. Also: Wives And Lovers, People, Call Me Irresponsible, etc.

0. Greensleeves, moresque, Clair de e, 12 in all

1307. A unique jazz treatment of Johann Sebastian Bach

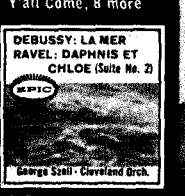


1729. Mary Martin joins with the Kids in two numbers

GOLDEN MOTION PICTURE THEMES AND ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACKS
TOM JONES · CHARADE
LILIES OF THE FIELD
FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE
LA DOLCE VITA
United Artists

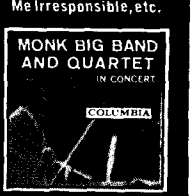
1710. Also: The Pink Panther Theme, The Prize, etc.

1023. Also: Love for Sale, Candy Kisses, Marry Young, etc.



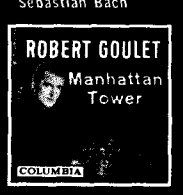
1650. "A stunning accomplishment!" American Rec. Guide

1705. Also: Wise to The Ways of A Woman, Lost Highway, etc.



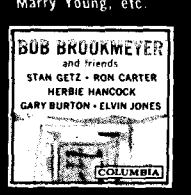
1637. Epistrophy, Four in One, I Mean You, 7 in all

8. Also: If I Had ammer, La Bamba, e-Ri-Ca, etc.



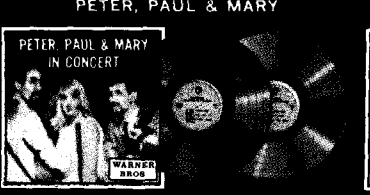
1593. Gordon Jenkins' musical poems in praise of Manhattan

1013. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come to Me, etc.



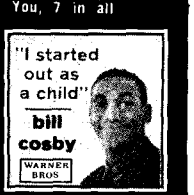
1713. A lively session abounding in passion and truth

1115. Ebb Tide, The Breeze and I, Sleepy Lagoon, 12 in all



1673-1674. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.) Blowin' in The Wind, If I Had A Hammer, Five Hundred Miles, 18 in all

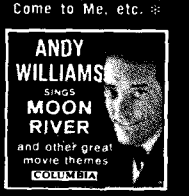
1605. "America's most celebrated organist."—Newsweek



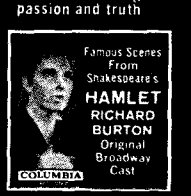
1721. A childhood recaptured through a wacky looking glass

2. Also: When I e My Sugar to Tea, ne Romance, etc.

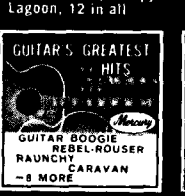
1614. Also: Forget Him, You Don't Own Him, Sugar Shack, etc.



1001. Tonight, Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing, 9 more

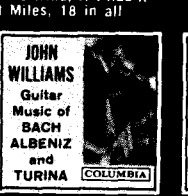


1602. Hailed as "a historic Hamlet!" Life



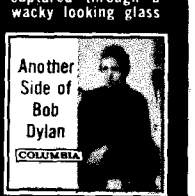
1063. Also: Rumble, The 3rd Man Theme, Honky-Tonk, etc.

1045. Also: Empty Arms, A Tear Fell, You Send Me, etc.



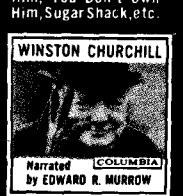
1688. "A superb performer." —San Francisco Chronicle

1030. "Music is exuberant . . . splendid tunes." New Yorker

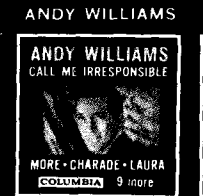


1675. Spanish Harlem Incident, It Ain't Me Babe, 11 in all

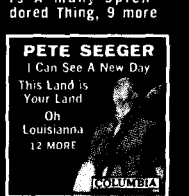
3. A show that's ffectly wonder- " Ed Sullivan



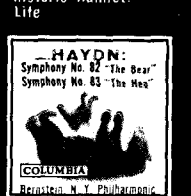
1775. Hear his actual speeches. (Not available in stereo)



1591. Also: Be My Love, Love Letters, Gigi, etc.



1718. Also: The Bells of Rhymney, Go Down Old Hannah, etc.



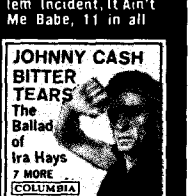
1687. "Best of kind yet recorded." Washington Star

1682. Also: Urgently Needed, Melba from Melbourne, etc.

1791. Also: I'm Gonna Change Everything, So Long Baby, etc.

1766. Fourteen wonderfully wacky bits of mirth and melody

1659. Nosotros, Noche de Ronda, Historia de un Amor, 12 in all



1665. Also: Custer, The Talking Leaves, Apache Tears, etc.

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A British correspondent who has reported from all parts of the world, including Mount Everest (he was special correspondent with the British Mount Everest Expedition) and the U.S., Mr. Morris will publish his latest book, OXFORD, *in December, and is now writing a volume about the heyday of the British Empire. He lives in Oxford.*

Long live imperialism

By James Morris

Awful images come easy in politics, but beyond all the ogres of the demagogue's vocabulary, looming above the capitalist parasites, the anti-social scabs, the heartless militarists and the evil nuclear polluters—shambling above them all, with blood-red hand and bloated eye, strides that foulest monster of international affairs, the *imperialist.*

I am such a person. I believe that there is nothing inherently wicked in the idea of one people assuming political authority over another—and that a great deal of good may come from it. I believe that the great empires of the world have mostly proved, in retrospect, to have been vital instruments of human progress. I believe that good government is a nobler aspiration than self-government. I believe the splintering of the world into ever smaller, pricklier, shriller political units is one of the tragedies of our time. I believe, for example, that the condition of Africa today is awful proof that the imperial system of government has been abandoned too soon, in the face of ignorant and irresponsible criticism from people, particularly Americans, who ought to have known better.

Wait! I don't for a moment accept the immutability of any political system, least of all that transient agent of domination, the empire. Every empire topples in the end: The very swing and shift of power, from east to west, Christian to Moslem, brown to white to yellow, makes nonsense of the thesis that one breed of man is perpetually superior to another. I can't, more's the pity, subscribe to Macaulay's asinine definition of my own people, the British, as "the hereditary aristocracy of the world." I am not so bonkers as to suppose that apartheid is the proper solution to South Africa's miseries, or to claim that the British Army ought still to be blowing its bugles in Saladin's citadel at Cairo.

But what I do maintain, first, is that modern imperialism ought to be thanked—grudgingly, if you insist. Second, imperialism's elaborate machineries of rule and development were abolished in needless haste. Whenever I read that Indonesia's President Sukarno is threatening Malaysia again, that Ghana's Dr. Kwame Nkrumah has slapped another political opponent into solitary confinement, that the Viet Cong have murdered another half-dozen Americans, or that another poor devil has been arrested for failing to bow at the passage of another East African head of state—whenever I read one of these squalid intimations of anarchy and/or immaturity, I regret that the empires were not given just another half century, even another generation, to bring the world nearer maturity.

And whenever I hear some pip-squeak Asian or African mouthing the usual scurrilous platitudes about the universal frightfulness of colonial rule, my blood boils at the thought that it was through the presence of empire that his own hopeful little Power acquired all its roads, railroads, telegraphs, political parties, universities, newspapers and hospitals—had its slavery abolished, as likely as not, discovered its tin or bauxite, and was elevated from a condition of tribal savagery (greased chief against prancing witch doctor) into the semblance of an orderly modern State. "If the imperialists hadn't done it," he would probably say, "somebody else would have." But the truth is that in the context of the colonial times, before the days of Point Four and the World Bank, there wasn't anybody else to do it except the colonialists.

I have a right to fume, for I spring myself from a subject race. The Welsh were never altogether subdued by the Romans, which is why they still haven't got used to the idea of central heating (a stuffy and pernicious invention). Some people say, inspecting the roster of British judges, actors, educators, politicians and contributors to American magazines, that the Welsh conquered the English. But as a matter of fact the Welsh were beaten by their violent English neighbors, who welded the little nation within a wider and grander framework.

Some oafs want to set up an independent Wales, ambassadors and all, and chalk silly Welsh slogans on railway bridges. Most of us, though, are thankful that by the compulsions of imperialism, Welshmen were released from their tight little mountain preoccupations into all the marvelous variety of the English-speaking world. Left to herself, Wales would have been a far lesser Switzerland; as it is, she has given the world not only Lloyd George, Dylan Thomas and Frank Lloyd Wright, but even Richard Burton. And all this can be credited to the forcible imposition, by the vicious colonialists, of alien opportunities.

The most fatuous Celt, Gaul or Phrygian would scarcely deny nowadays the noble achievements of the Roman Empire. Let me suggest to you what the world owes to the empire naturally nearest to my own prejudices, the British—now virtually vanished from the earth, with a faint echo of drumbeats and a last flutter of the flag over Fiji, St. Lucia or the Rock. The first British Empire, of course, created the United States, not merely by planting its settlements on the Atlantic shore, but by sheltering the colonies from the ambitions of the French, until they were strong enough to dump the tea and look after themselves. But the second British Empire, which was really born in India, and so spread that during my own lifetime it governed half the world—the second British Empire was one of the great fructifying forces of history, whose nourishing, energizing, stimulating and stabilizing influences we are still anxiously trying to replace.

In India as in Africa the arrival of the avaricious imperialists abruptly ended the stagnancy of centuries and brought those places out of their Dark Ages. A profound inertia had engulfed even such able peoples as the Bengali and the Zulus, and bogged them down in a morass of decaying religion and social taboo. The British rekindled them. They introduced to those motionless societies all the new excitements of modernism—new speculations, new certainties, new ways of traveling, communicating, growing food and curing disease. Nowadays the economists, searching for ways to share our own technical civilization among the backward peoples, call such a moment of new awareness an Illumination of Choices. And in their heyday the imperialists, before they themselves were blinkered by jingoism and Christian bigotry, merely thought they were doing themselves, and incidentally the natives, a good turn.

Think what the villains did! Over immense tracts of hangdog tyrannized territory they established the rule of law and reason, and set up administrations so sound that they remain today as models. They threw roads, railways, canals and telegraph wires over the unimaginable distances of 19th-century Africa and Asia. They built great irrigation works. They set trade flowing in such streams as antiquity had never dreamed of. They introduced their subject peoples (often reluctantly, indeed, and always bit by bit) to all the ideas of modern political science, from free trade to Communism—whisking the Ghanaians, for instance, in a couple of generations from the Golden Stool of the Ashanti to Proportional Representation. They freed the blindfold masses from scores of such scourges as suttee, female circumcision, human sacrifice, Thugism and tribal slaughter—yes, and slavery too, for though the British were the most successful of slave traffickers in their day, they certainly didn't invent the trade, and, what's more, they set a noteworthy example in abolishing it.

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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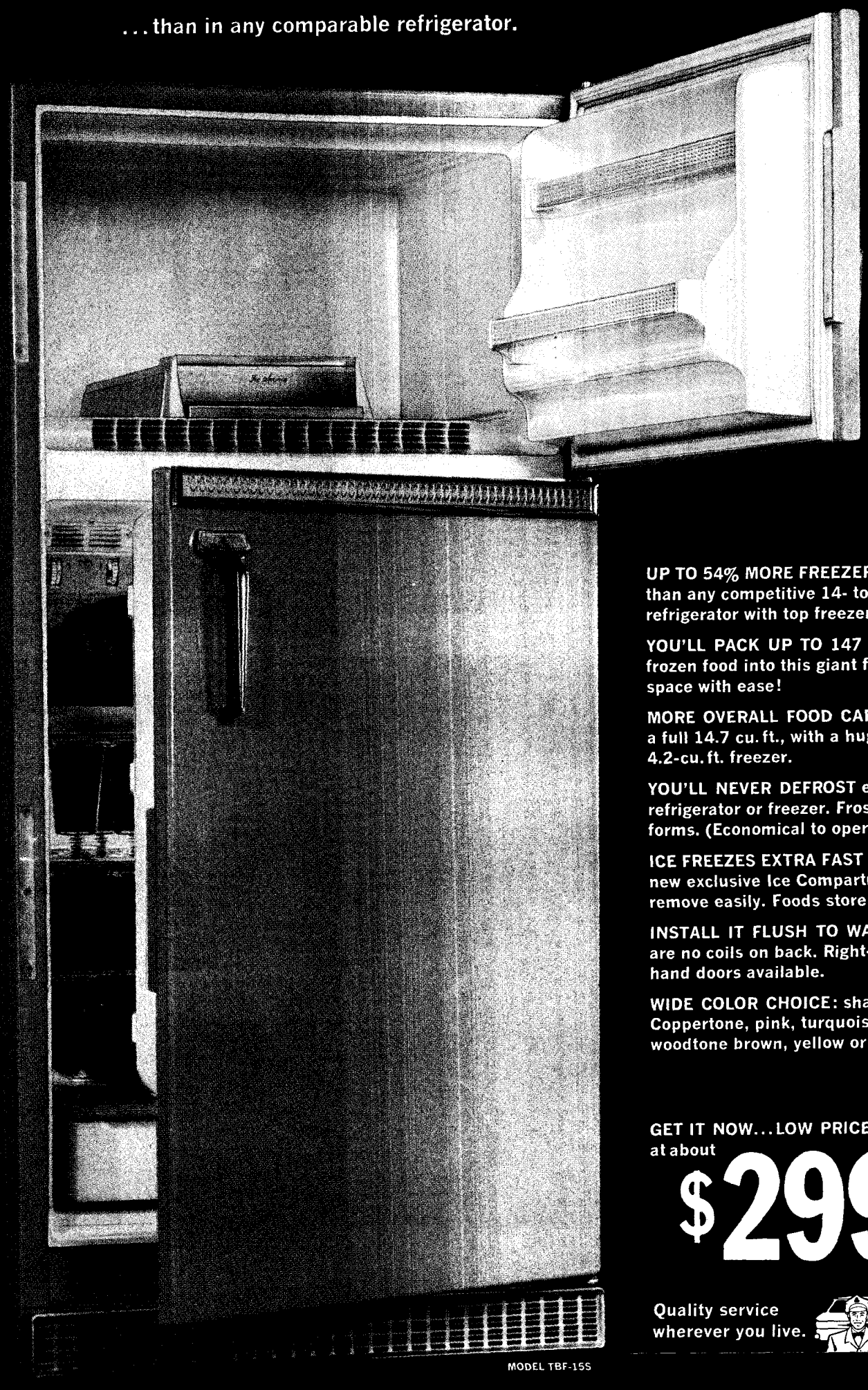

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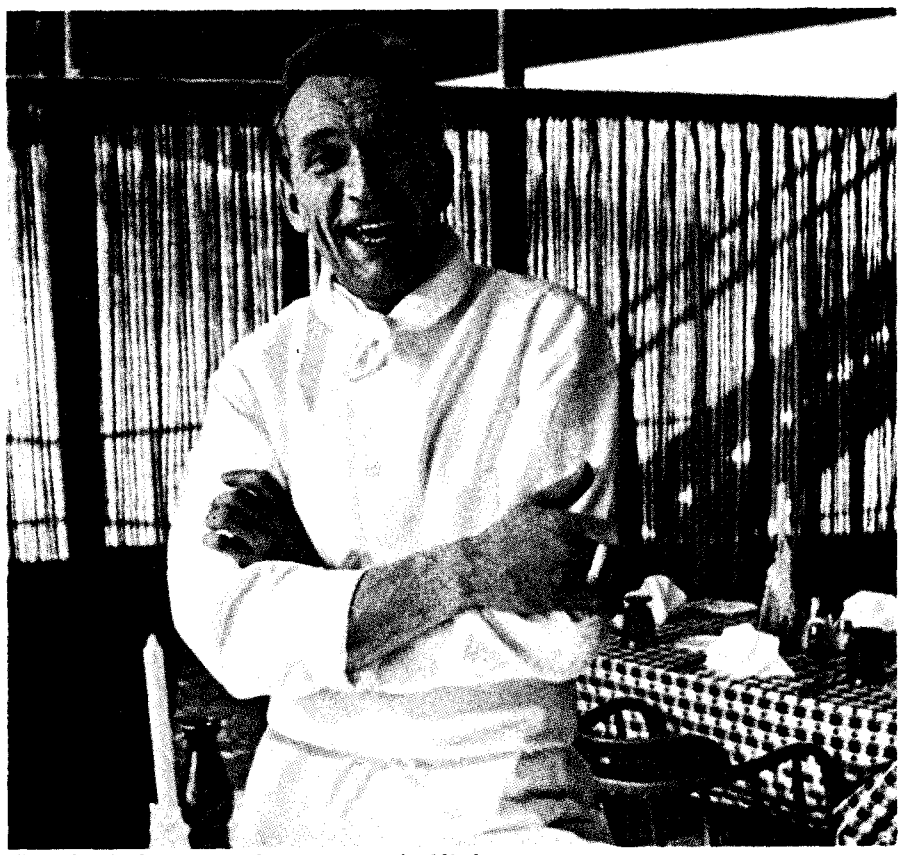

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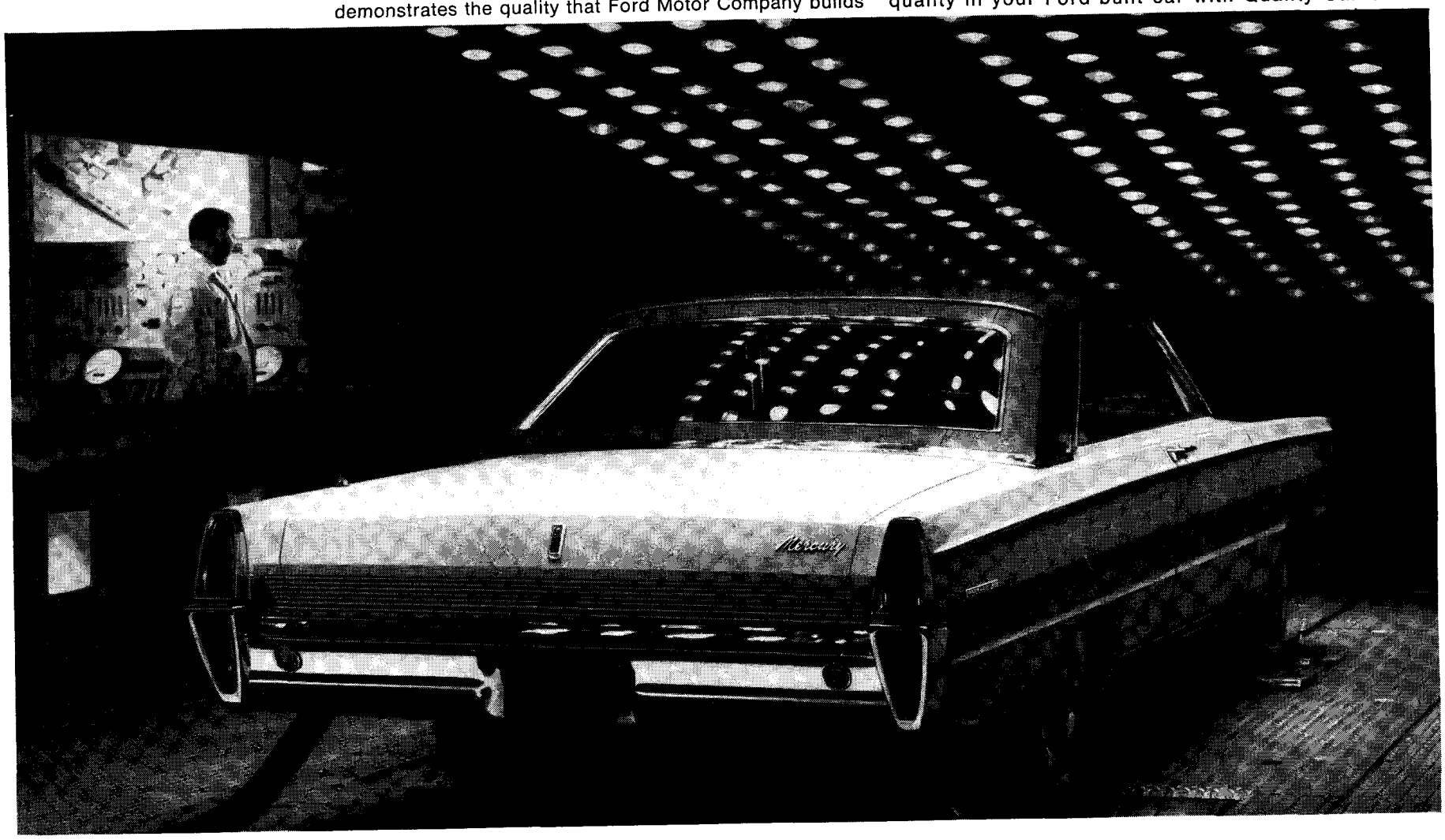

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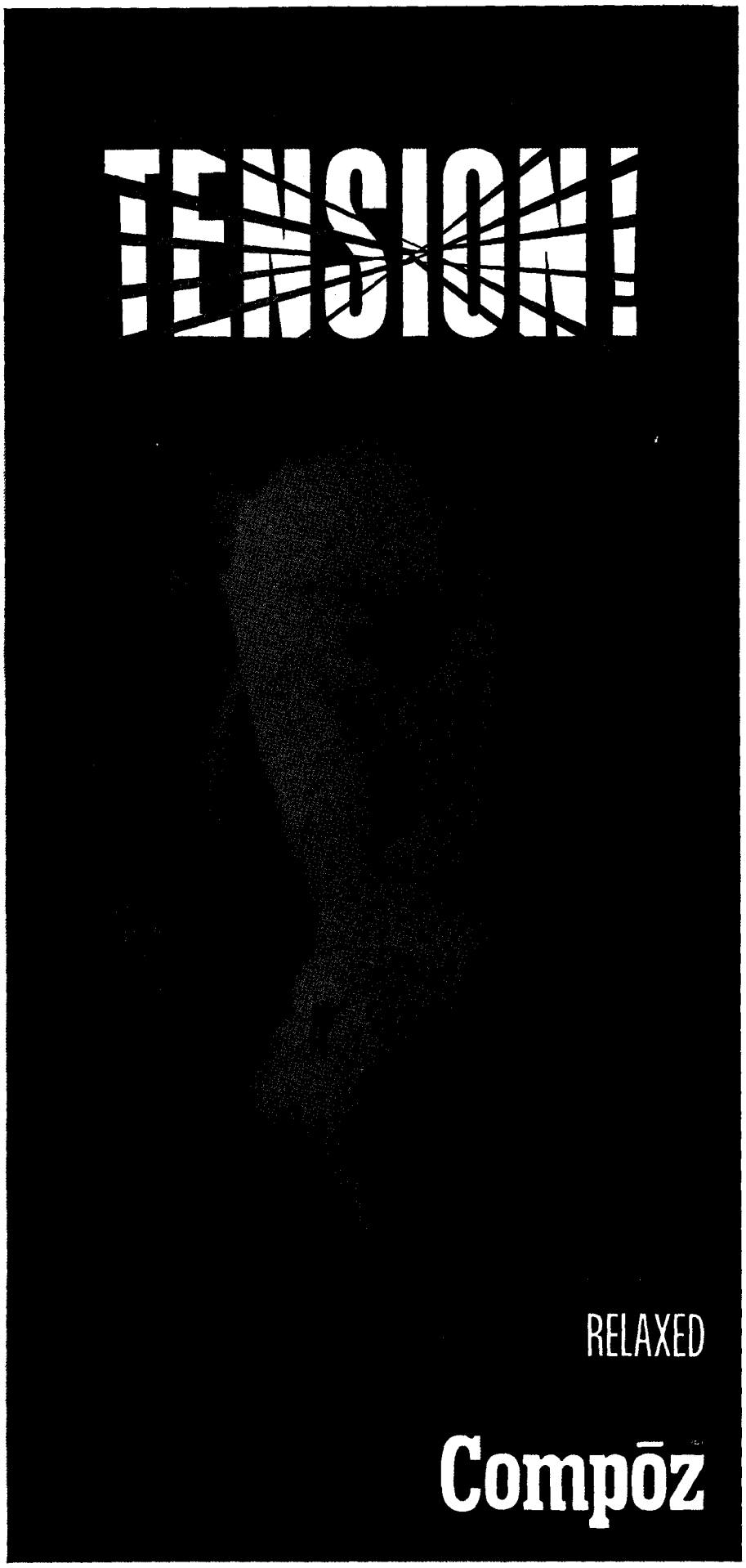

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In short, they brought to the four corners of the earth a first understanding that old ways of life, thoughts and loyalties were not necessarily unchangeable. Yet this immeasurable achievement, which released half the black, brown and yellow peoples of the world from a hopeless and indigent torpor, is now remembered only as a machination of power-drunk profiteers. What damned impertinence! It was imperialism that gave half the new nations their very shape, that taught their prime ministers the very meaning of modern politics. It was imperialism that tapped their natural resources. It was French imperialists who mastered the wastelands of the Sahara, Dutch imperialists who bored the oil holes of Indonesia, British imperialists who introduced the rubber tree to Malaya. And even Ethiopia, without the roads the bad Italians built, would still be a hash of disparate provinces, linked only by sloshy tracks and mule trains.

Just for a moment, half a century ago, it looked as though imperialism might even be a halfway stage to world unity—a consummation to which, I take it, even the most perfervid nationalist must pay lip service. The whole Indian subcontinent was then loosely coalesced under the British raj. The whole of northwest Africa, mapped and explored at last from Mediterranean to Niger, was being united by the French. Cecil Rhodes had conceived an all-British corridor from Cape to Cairo. The best of the imperialists really thought that people as diverse as the Afrikaners, the Burmese, the Maltese and the Australians might be gathered into a family, sharing a common loyalty far beyond nationality, race or creed, just as the French and the British in Canada had, it seemed, happily resolved their old enmities.

What a triumph it would have been, perhaps the noblest of all human achievements! The realities of power shattered the vision, and the First World War doomed the whole cause of imperialism anyway. But would it not have been a happier world today—be honest—if the colonialists had been given another 50 years to try?

Of course, it never quite came off—never indeed matched the Roman achievement, which brought Spaniards or Africans to the imperial throne and turned a barbaric world into a civilization. Modern imperialism failed partly because the subject peoples, fired by the West's own notions of patriotic pride, would not have it; and partly because imperialism itself was, for all its majesty, tainted by vulgar notions of racial and religious superiority; and partly because you Americans (more recently abetted by Communist sympathizers) killed it with your stupid protestations that imperialists are an evil lot.

Self-determination, that talismanic watchword of Wilsonian America, was the death knell of imperialism. Somehow you people got the idea that the elemental freedoms of religion, of justice, of education or even of physical movement were less important than the universal right of nations to choose whether to govern themselves—illiterate nations, despotic nations, nations just painfully rescued from the abyss of tribalism, backwater nations like the Welsh or the Dayaks (though not, of course, the Sioux). This ill-considered and essentially envious dogma has led to the Balkanization of the world. What's more, it is now hustling us toward dark perils of racialism far worse than the frustrations of imperialist rule.

You in America, of course, had an almost pathological dislike of imperialism. You thought of empires in terms of either Stamp Acts and Redcoats, or else of that Austrian empire from which, in 1848, so many of your forefathers escaped to New York. Your finer instincts were properly on the side of the underdog. But your coarser aspirations made you see the imperial powers chiefly as commercial rivals, to be pried by hook, crook or idealism from their supposedly exclusive markets and sources of supply (though in fact both Americans and Germans benefited handsomely from the expansion of imperial trade).

Ever since, you have been trying to find substitutes for the structures you did so much to demolish. Your only criterion has been one of nationalism. You have been concerned, of course, to keep Communism out, but you have not seriously objected to the emergence of any crackpot dictatorship, the shoring up of any obsolete monarchy, provided only they are indigenous. You do not seem to care that the carefully fashioned edifices of justice are crumbling right and left. You did not blink an eye when the hasty handing of independence to India and Pakistan brought the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of innocent souls in religious rioting. You scarcely dare say boo at the United Nations to any one of the minuscule states, half of whose names you can seldom quite remember, which have emerged insolvent and generally despotic from the disintegration of empire. And as we stand on the brink of the most fearful of catastrophes, a war between the races, you do not often stop to think how baleful a part the dogma of self-determination has played in dragging us there.

Nor do you often remember, I fear, how imperial a power you have yourselves become. You don't often speak of the white man's burden, indeed, nor do your young men preside sweating beneath their punkahs over the district courts of Oudh, Mauritius, Mauritania or Chad. But if imperialism means a combination of authority, responsibility and commercial profit, then yours is one of the most mammoth of all the empires. Few nations of the western world can really act, even on the greatest decisions of policy, without your sanctions. And if power is the real truth of all empires, from the polyglot legions of Rome to the distant storm-tossed battleships of the Royal Navy, then you are the ultimate arbiters, the contemporary raj.

No wonder the slogans scream *Go Home Yanqui!* I am not complaining, for I am an imperialist myself, and I believe in the wider unities. I am as glad to see the 6th Fleet in the Mediterranean today as I would have been to make out the White Ensign beating down the Malacca coast a century ago. Call me a bloody-handed colonialist lackey if you like, but please don't emancipate me.

James Morris

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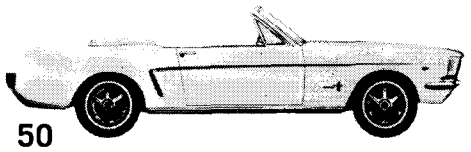

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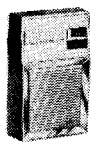

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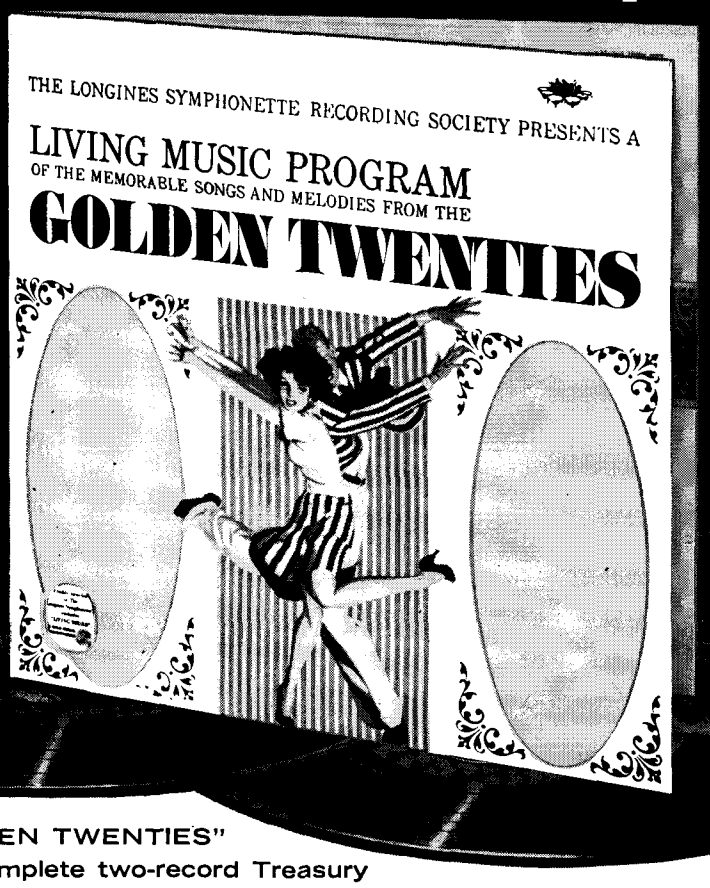
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Vietnam: Free elections?

WASHINGTON:

What would happen if really free and secret elections were held in Vietnam today? Would the Communists win?

These questions may seem academic, as the nasty little war in Vietnam gets nastier. And yet, as this is written, the possibility of proposing internationally supervised free elections, either in all of Vietnam or in South Vietnam alone, is being seriously pondered at the highest Administration levels. Some such proposal may have been made even before these words are published. Or in the end nothing may come of all the pondering. But the fact that the possibility of proposing free elections is being seriously considered is significant in two ways.

It means, in the first place, that the Administration policy-makers really believe what they say—that the Communists, at least in South Vietnam, have the support of only a small minority of the people. In the words of William Bundy, Assistant Secretary of State for the Far East: "It is clear that . . . the great mass of people of South Vietnam do not wish to be ruled by Communism or from Hanoi." Secretary of State Rusk and other Administration spokesmen have said much the same thing.

It means, in the second place, that the more thoughtful policy-makers are belatedly worried—and with reason—by the harsh fact that in a very important segment of the American population the Vietnamese war is the least understood and the most unpopular war of modern times.

The President likes to carry public-opinion polls in his pocket, the way another man might carry a rabbit's foot. Often he pulls the polls out of his pocket to prove the widespread public support for his Vietnamese policy. And, of course, the polls are accurate enough. The students and professors who are leading the campus revolt against the Vietnamese war are a minority even on the campus.

Yet these people, plus the off-campus liberal-intellectuals, are influential out of all proportion to their numbers. As the United States gets more deeply involved in the ugly war, their influence is likely to multiply. And it is highly significant that this liberal-intellectual-academic revolt is the first *serious* revolt since before the Marshall Plan era against the consistent postwar American policy of containing Communism. There was nothing comparable at the time of the Berlin blockade and the airlift; or the Korean War; or the second Berlin crisis and the Cuban missile crisis, in both of which President Kennedy made clear his intention to risk nuclear war if necessary.

Then why has the effort to contain Communism in Vietnam aroused such a widespread and deep-rooted rebellion in liberal-intellectual-academic circles? There are various obvious reasons. Nasty little wars are never popular. There are Communists and fellow-travelers on the campuses, and there are credulous and misinformed academic dunderheads too.

But it is not enough to dismiss the angry students and professors as fellow-travelers and dunderheads. The revolt goes a lot deeper than that. No doubt Lyndon Johnson's personal style has something to do with it—the President has never cottoned to intellectual and academic types, nor they to him. And the Dominican crisis reinforced the totally inaccurate notion that the President (who is by nature more cautious than his predecessor) is an impulsive, gun-slinging, Texas version of Colonel Blimp.

But this does not really explain the revolt either. The real taproot of the campus revolt is this: The United States seems to be opposed to the reunification of all Vietnam, and thus to the self-determination of small countries; and to free elections in Vietnam, and thus to democracy itself. Therefore, it is easy for the angry professors at the teach-ins to portray the Johnson Administration's policy in Vietnam as a betrayal of the most basic American traditions.

In terms of the grim realities of the Vietnamese war, such matters as free voting and self-determination may be so much moonshine. But Americans—young ones, especially, and especially in foreign affairs—need a bit of moonshine, need to feel on the side of the angels. In the teach-ins the angry professors can always count on anti-Administration boos when they charge the U. S. with conniving to prevent the free elections to unify the country, which were promised in the 1954 Geneva Accords.

In fact, this is a phony debating point. Given the population balance and the areas under Communist control, a "free election" without adequate supervision, as proposed at Geneva by the French, would have ensured Communist victory—one reason why the U.S. refused to become a party to the Geneva Accords. The French offer was really a bribe for the Communists, to let the French off the hook in Vietnam.

Yet the fact remains that there is a sharp seeming contrast between American policy in Vietnam and traditional American foreign-policy objectives. The United States has consistently stood for free elections to unify the two other divided countries, Germany and Korea. There has never been a chance that the Communists would permit free elections in East Germany or North Korea, but at least the United States is on the side of the angels.

Obviously, this country and South Vietnam would propose elections in Vietnam only on certain conditions: a general cease-fire and a supervised end to military infiltration from North Vietnam; freedom of movement, communications and political debate; really effective international inspection and control to ensure a free and secret ballot.

No Communist state has ever risked a genuinely free political contest, for free debate strikes at the roots of "the dictatorship of the proletariat" and threatens destruction of the regime. The Communists would agree to a genuinely free election—especially with "imperialist" American troops still in the country—only if they were virtually certain they could win.

No one can guarantee that they might not win. Conditions in North Vietnam are miserable, and Bundy is no doubt right that the "great mass" of the South Vietnamese are anti-Communist. But the Viet Cong in the south and the Viet Minh in the north are the only disciplined political organizations in the country; and to many peasants there is no easily visible difference between a Communist and a nationalist.

The risks are real. Even so, there is one very good reason for accepting them. A proposal for internationally supervised free elections in Vietnam would reaffirm the old American notion that the people of a country have a right to decide what kind of country they want to live in.

Stewart Alsop

Dean Rusk, William Bundy of State Dept.

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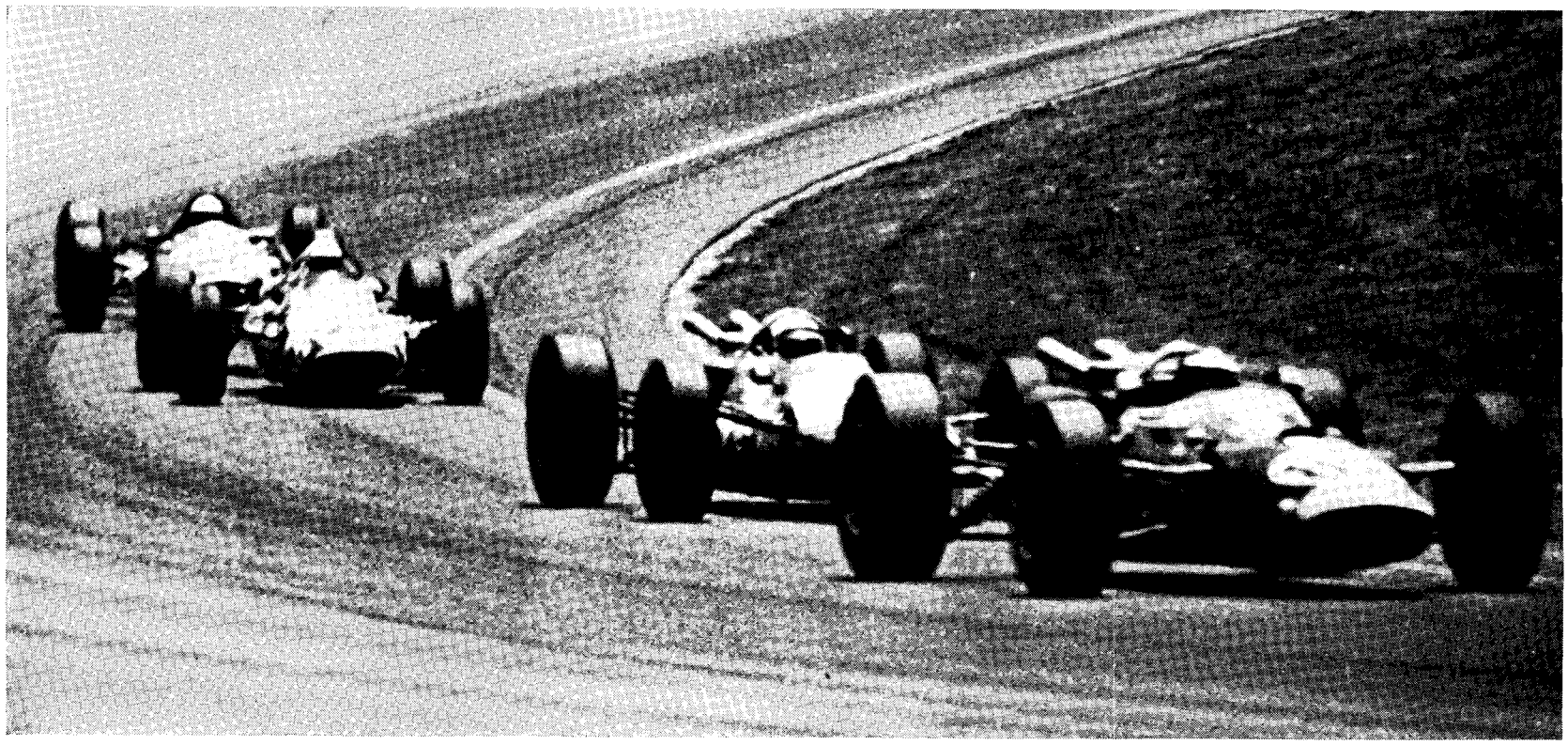
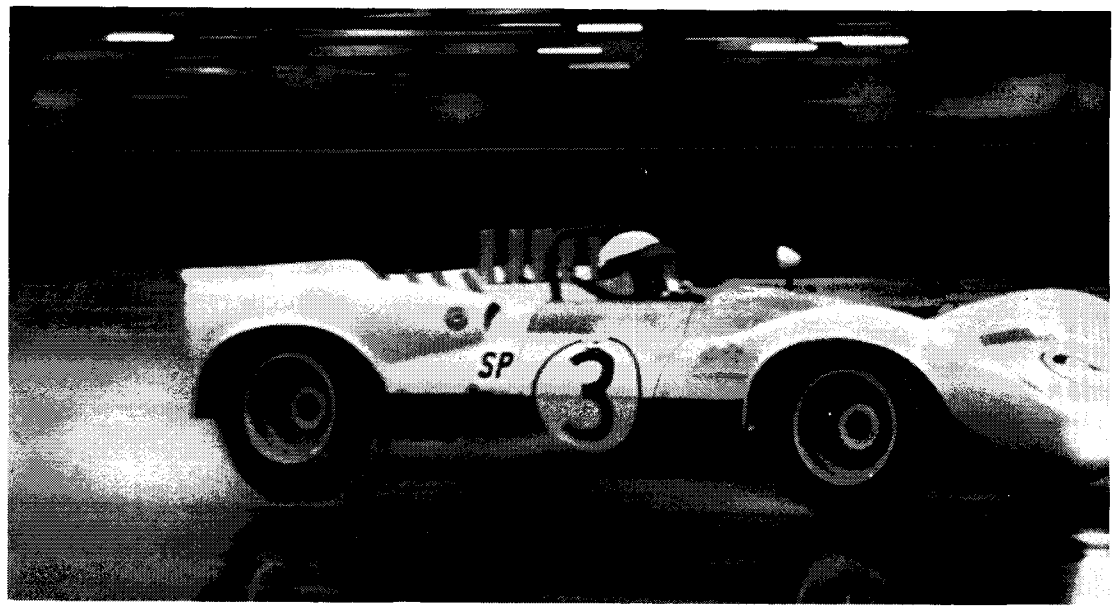


1965 SEBRING ▶



More races are won on Firestones than any

From this leadership in building tires for race cars has come an unequalled experience in building tires for your car . . . tires that are safer, stronger and last much longer.

Early in the history of autos and auto racing, Harvey S. Firestone foresaw the use of race tracks as a laboratory for tire engineering. For more than 50 years the Firestone name has been synonymous with racing research.

In 1911, in the first Indianapolis 500 race, Ray Harroun rode to victory on Firestone tires. Thus began a winning record—later expanded to include stock cars and sports cars—that is incomparable in any other form of competition. It's simply a fact: more race drivers use—and win with—Firestone tires than any others.

Witness Firestone's dramatic victory at the Indianapolis 500 this year, marking its 42nd consecutive win in the Memorial Day classic—an unbroken streak that dates back to 1920. Or Firestone's clean sweep of the stock car races at Daytona Speed Weeks. And at Sebring where the winners rode home on Firestones in a stunning victory at America's premier road race.

But it's not what we get out of winning that counts; it's what *you* get—the confidence in knowing that when you buy a Firestone tire, it's been speedway-proved for your highway safety.

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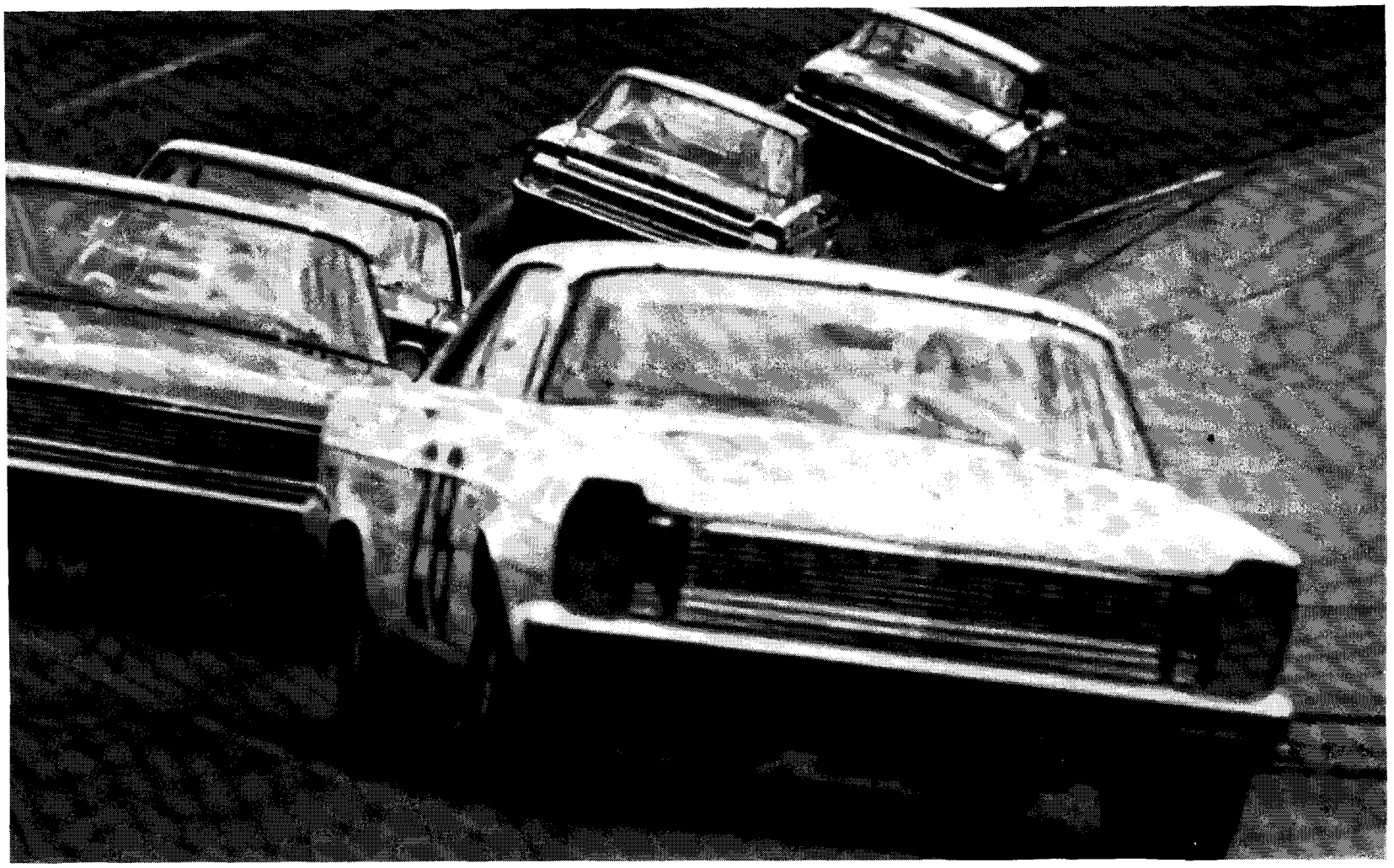

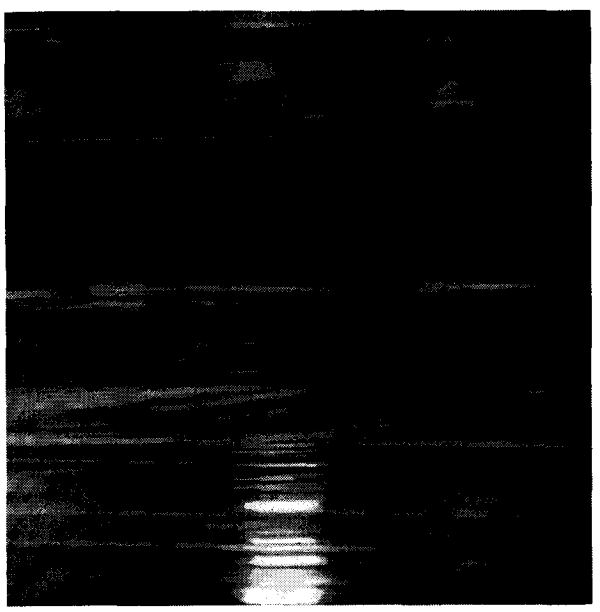

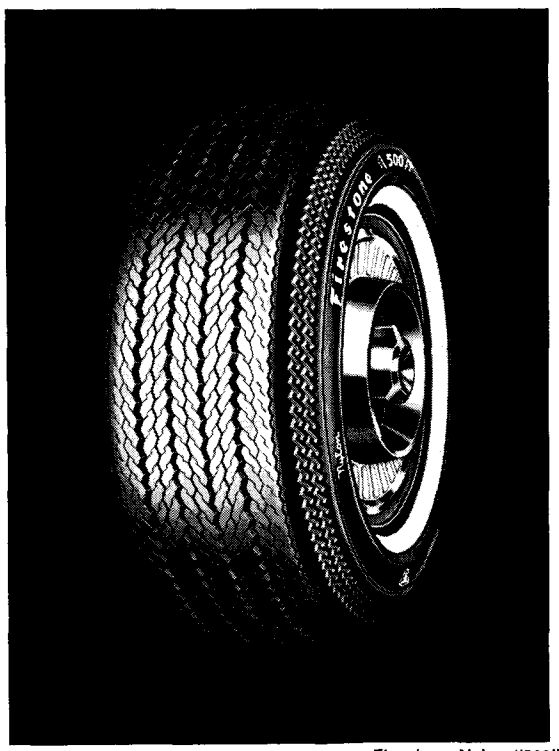

Firestone Nylon "500"

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Firestone's Winning Record

INDIANAPOLIS 500	Firestone 44—Others 5
DARLINGTON SOUTHERN 500	Firestone 13—Others 2
TRENTON SPEEDWAY	Firestone 16—Others 3
DAYTONA	Firestone 19—Others 4
PIKES PEAK	Firestone 41—Others 7
MILWAUKEE 200	Firestone 16—Others 1
PHOENIX 100-MILE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP	Firestone 14—Others 2
RIVERSIDE	Firestone 3—Others 1
REBEL 300	Firestone 7—Others 2
ATLANTA 500	Firestone 4—Others 2
DIXIE 400	Firestone 4—Others 1
CHARLOTTE MOTOR SPEEDWAY	Firestone 5—Others 5
YANKEE 300	Firestone 2—Others 1

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The Human Comedy

Wanted: One lovely monster

By Roy Bongartz

As a New Yorker—*and* as a member of the World—I am dismayed to see the New York World's Fair may go broke for lack of attendance. I dread to see the ticktacktoe machine in the Bell Pavilion going rusty for lack of opponents; the African Pavilion Tree House disappearing, forgotten, among its own vines; the few old folk watching the fair through the Dynamic Maturity Pavilion periscope with nothing but a bleak vista of abandoned pastel structures before their eyes.

Without fairgoers, who will watch the lumberjack doing the Charleston on the 110-foot log in the Oregon Timber Carnival? Who will hear the mechanical hen singing trio in the Tower of Light? Who will cheer on the leaping porpoises in the orange-and-blue stadium of the Florida Pavilion?

But instead of aping everybody else in town by heaping abuse upon the head of Robert Moses, president of the fair, I have a plan that will not only save the fair but *honor* its creator as well. The Mystery of the Empty Fair needs only to be attacked logically:

A: The fair needs people.

B: The fair is in New York City.

Ergo: People must be lured to New York City.

What New York must have is a brand-new tourist attraction, not only to help fair attendance but also to compete with other American towns that have put themselves on the map—Camden, Ohio, with its bottle farm; Naples, Fla., with its duck vaudeville; Walla Walla, Wash., with its fish ladder. True, Manhattan's Flatiron Building does draw a few old-timers from places like western New Jersey, but New York cannot stand still.

Let me hint at what I mean. What do the following spots have in common: Lake Okanagan, British Columbia; Lake Khaayr, Siberia; Skoradalsvatan Lake, Iceland; Lake Victoria, Africa; Lake Winnipegosis, Manitoba; and Loch Ness, Scotland? Answer: They've got lake monsters.

New York has got to have a lake monster. Luckily, its sewers are full of alligators, grown from the souvenir baby alligators New Yorkers are always bringing home from Florida and then flushing down the toilet. Luckier still, the city regularly denies the alligator story, serving only to increase public suspicion. What is more natural than that a freakish descendant of one of these Florida beasts should make its way into the Central Park reservoir and grow to monster size? He could be called Robertmosaurus—Mosey, for short—to make sure that nobody missed the point, which is, while in New York, not to miss visiting the World's Fair.

SCENE: Publicity office at the fair. Litter of coffee containers, cigarette butts, bitten-off fingernails, even whole hanks of hair.

PRESS AGENT NO. 1 (*dispiritedly going through the morning mail, suddenly snaps his fingers*): Hey! How about this, baby? A *lake monster!*

PRESS AGENT NO. 2: What are we, in the Dark Ages? You can't sell a monster in 1965.

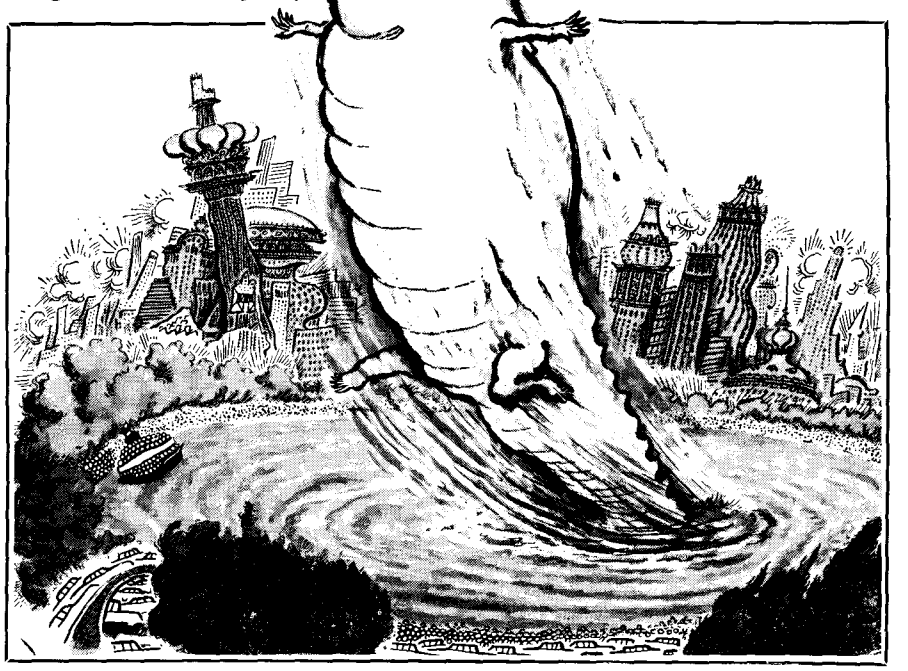
P.A. No. 1: You don't need a monster, just the rumor. Look at Loch Ness.

P.A. No. 2: Yeah, it's possible, but listen, sweetheart, what have they really got in Loch Ness?

P.A. No. 1: Who cares? That's the beauty of it—all you need is some clues.

Soon an inexplicable oily substance is found on the surface of the Central Park reservoir. An expert assures the city it is not of mineral origin; another swears it's not vegetable. It's got to be animal. Rumors grow, and then, a few days later, a mangled overcoat and partly chewed hat, both with Milwaukee store labels, are found on the bridle path along the reservoir shore. The Milwaukee bureau of missing persons admits it has several persons missing. The public puts two and two together.

A whispering campaign builds tension—it is run cheaply by neighborhood children for a nickel a whisper. Mild panic rises. The press demands the truth. A press conference is held on the top floor of the Guggenheim Museum, from which the mysterious waters of the reservoir can be seen through the late afternoon haze. A specialist from the Botanical Gardens—this is a joint New York City affair, and all hands will be expected to cooperate—will display, for the reporters' benefit, some animal sign of unknown origin that was found near the reservoir. Testing the stuff, the botanist says he has used some for fertilizer, and it produced amazing results in growing plants—especially beanstalks. Once the story comes out in the papers, the public will report personal sightings of the monster. At first, descriptions will vary widely, but soon they will become curiously standardized—horselike head with horns, two bumps on the back, pointed tail. Since nobody ever quite gets a picture of a lake monster, a prize of $100,000 can safely be offered for the first snapshot. An additional nickname could be sought for Mosey in a mammoth monster-naming contest in order to meet the competition in foreign monsters' names, which include *banyips, ellengassen, Skrimsli* and, in Irish lakes, the "direful wurrm."



DRAWING BY ARNOLD ROTH

The British Columbia monster is named Ogopogo, and he used to gobble up sacrificial dogs, pigs and chickens tossed into the lake by local Indians. New Yorkers might keep Robertmosaurus happy by occasionally shoving into the reservoir a taxicab, complete with driver and Off Duty sign. Back in A.D. 545, Saint Columba kept the Loch Ness monster from biting a man named Lugne Mocumin by holding up a cross; in a modern reenactment for television, New York's Mayor Wagner could defend Robert Moses by waving a book of World's Fair tickets over the troubled waters of the Central Park reservoir, while muttering such incantatory phrases as "New York is a summer festival."

Monster hunters will flock to New York. There will be scoffers too, the kind who chortled when the Chinese hunted the Giant Panda for 70 years. So city fathers must encourage the hopeful. If tourists go too long without seeing some sign of the monster, they'll become restive and return to their provincial delights.

But beware of cheap methods. A few inflated inner tubes tied together to float around at night, no matter how artfully arranged, cannot be convincing very long. Subtlety in these matters should be the byword: An underwater device making soft splashes accompanied by weird sounds over several hidden loudspeakers (an ancient Arthur Godfrey record played backward at half speed, for example) is far preferable to, say, a horse that has been taught to swim and has been dressed in a green plastic suit.

Whatever the expense, Robertmosaurus will eventually pay for itself with the appearance of Mosey T-shirts, Mosey plastic monsters for the backyard swimming pool, and a TV show, *The Lake Monsters*, in which Daddy teaches Junior how to eat up a dinghy full of anglers.

Then, finally sated with monster-watching, tourists will look around the city for something else to do. "Say," one will remark, "didn't I hear something about a World's *Fair?*" □

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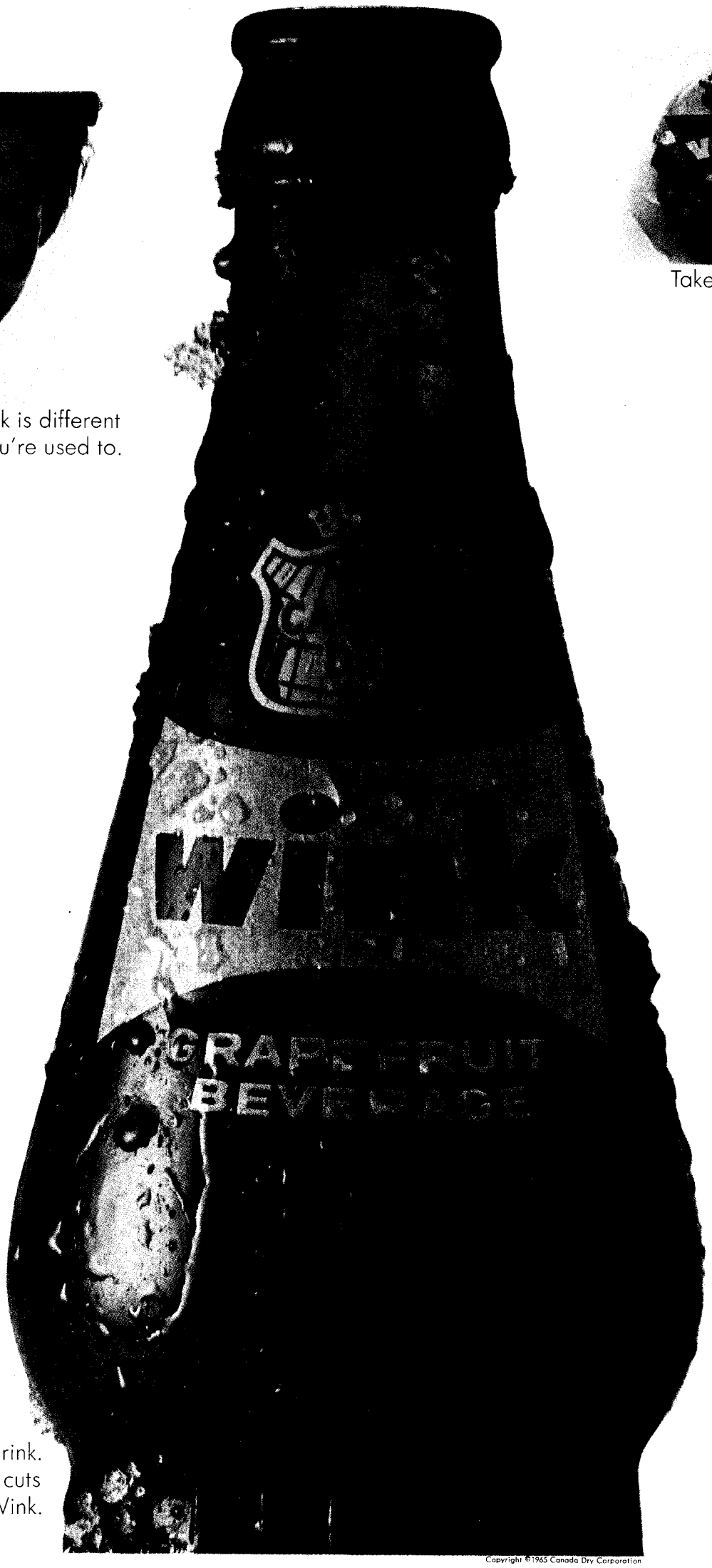
The sassy one from Canada Dry.

Smooth but sassy, Wink is different
from what you're used to.



Take a sip and you'll
flip for Wink.

It started out a grapefruit drink.
Crisp, citrus flavor really cuts
thirst in a Wink.

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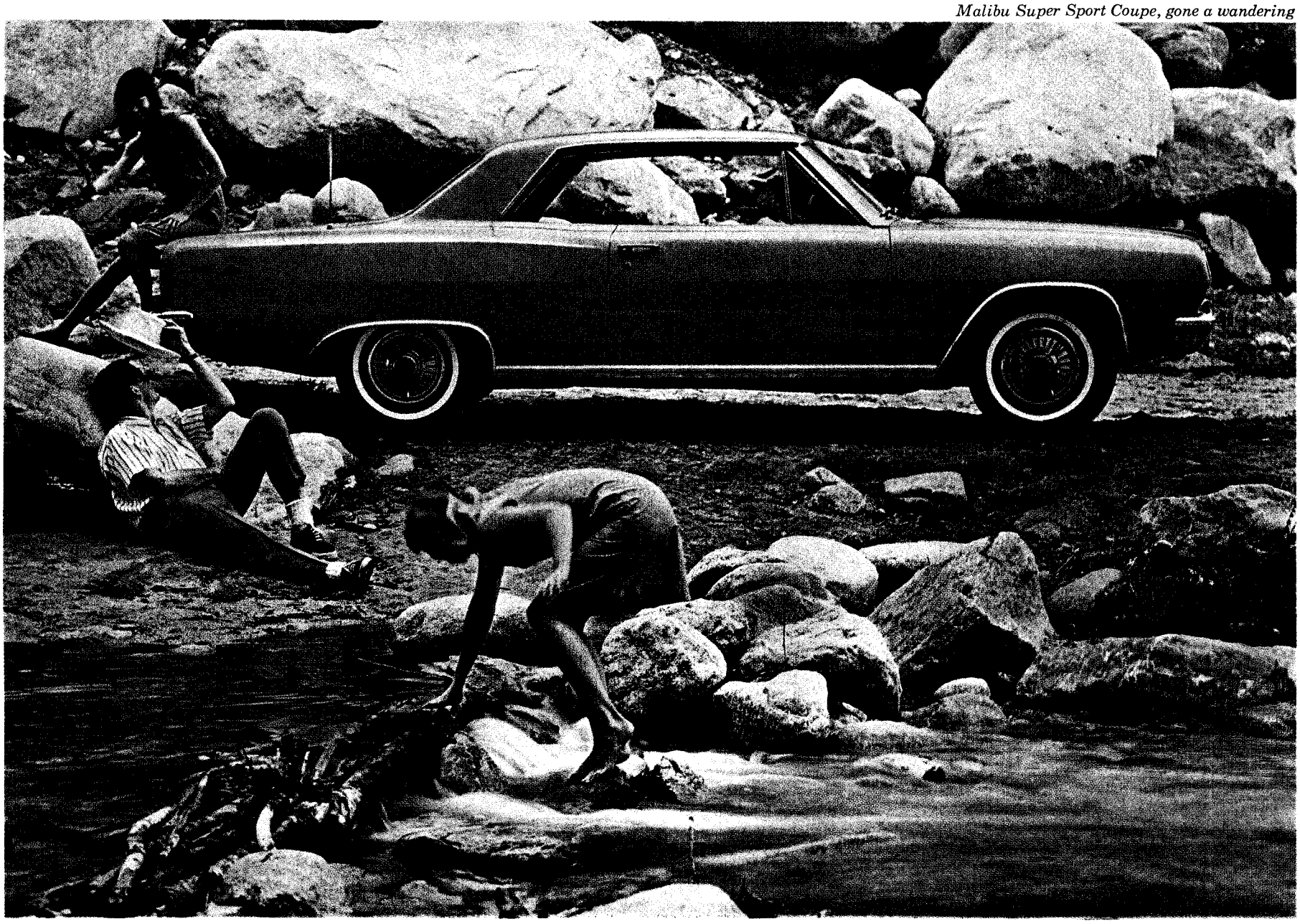
Malibu Super Sport Coupe, gone a wandering



If you want to know how well it rides, wander off the Interstate a ways. CHEVELLE by Chevrolet

Spend some time. See horses, cows and countryside. Sample what our Full Coil suspension does for comfort.

Highways try a car one way, byways another. Chevelle handles both in mannerly fashion. A big coil spring at each wheel soaks up jolts and jars, unruffling the most rumpled roads.

There's a double-action shock absorber for each coil spring, too, and a front stabilizer bar to straighten out the curves. If all that isn't enough, its frame design, special body mounts and acoustic insulation help keep Chevelle going smooth and quiet.

We put more comfort in Chevelle than just the ride, though. You should see inside this Malibu Super Sport Coupe. Foam-cushioned seats come upholstered all in vinyl. There are buckets up front, separated by a sporty console when you order Powerglide or the 4-speed. There's also a full set of instruments for the driver, ashtrays and armrests and stretch-out room for people in back, deep-twist carpeting underfoot for everybody.

Chevelle's handsome styling is obvious enough above, except the gracefully curved side windows are down. Chevelle's power you order to suit yourself, anything from our tight-fisted 120-hp Six on up to whatever you like for cruising the Interstate or exploring the countryside.

If you're the adventurous sort, maybe you should see your Chevrolet dealer about a Chevelle today. Get yourself a road map, too. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

GENERAL MOTORS Futurama
NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

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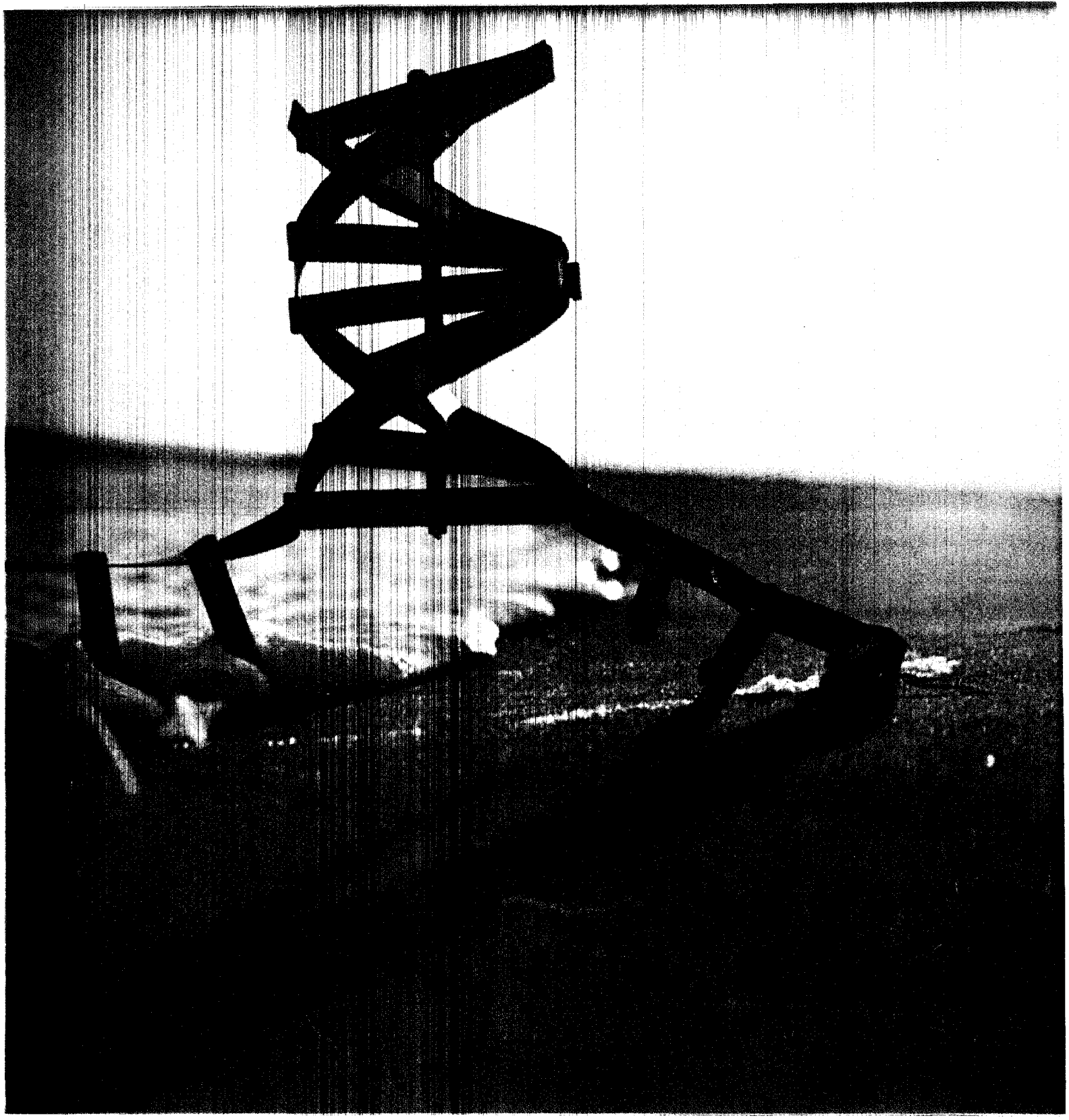

Symbolic model of life-giving DNA molecule. Scientists can see how first DNA might have been formed in primordial seas.

In today's most fascinating mystery story, scientists feel they are close to learning

THE SECRET OF LIFE

By MAX GUNTHER

"THIS century will go down in history as the century when life ceased to be a mystery," a famous biochemist said recently. "Life is only chemistry. It is complicated, yes. But we no longer have any reason to believe it is beyond human understanding."

Few people realize how close that understanding may be—or how broadly science is pressing its attack on the mystery. In a wide-windowed laboratory on the rolling "campus" of Washington's National Institutes of Health, for example, one group of researchers is working with a strange group of man-made chemicals. Dumped into a solution similar to the environment of a living cell in the body, these chemicals create the molecules of which living tissue is composed in exactly the way an animal or human cell does. The chemicals are, in effect, artificial genes, the units of heredity, and the experiments foreshadow a day when man, making genes at will, can fashion plants, animals or human beings to any desired specifications.

In a smaller, quieter lab at Johns Hopkins University, another scientist studies gene chemicals in the nuclei of frogs' eggs and compares them with corresponding substances in the cells

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of adult frogs. He is trying to find out why living things grow old. His studies may contribute to a fantastic lengthening of the human life span.

In the brightly lighted, bottle-lined laboratories of the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research in the heart of New York City, biochemists are trying to discover why cell growth occasionally gets out of control. They believe that the answers here, too, may lie in the genetic chemicals. When found, the answers should lead to the defeat of one of man's most dreaded diseases.

These scientists and hundreds of others like them, all around the world, are chipping their way toward a breakthrough that may be the most far-reaching scientific discovery in all human history. For the two remarkable chemicals whose secrets they are unfolding are the basic genetic patterns that shape every living thing on earth.

One of the chemicals is DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid). The other is RNA (ribonucleic acid). Both are found at the very core of life, in the nuclei of cells—which is why they are called nucleic acids. Not only do they control all life; in a sense they *are* life. They are found *only* in living things, and they occur in *all* living things, apparently operating in precisely the same way whether in a single-celled microbe or in the cells of a dandelion, a cockroach or a man. These two nucleic acids determine what every living thing is, how it develops from conception to maturity, what it looks like.

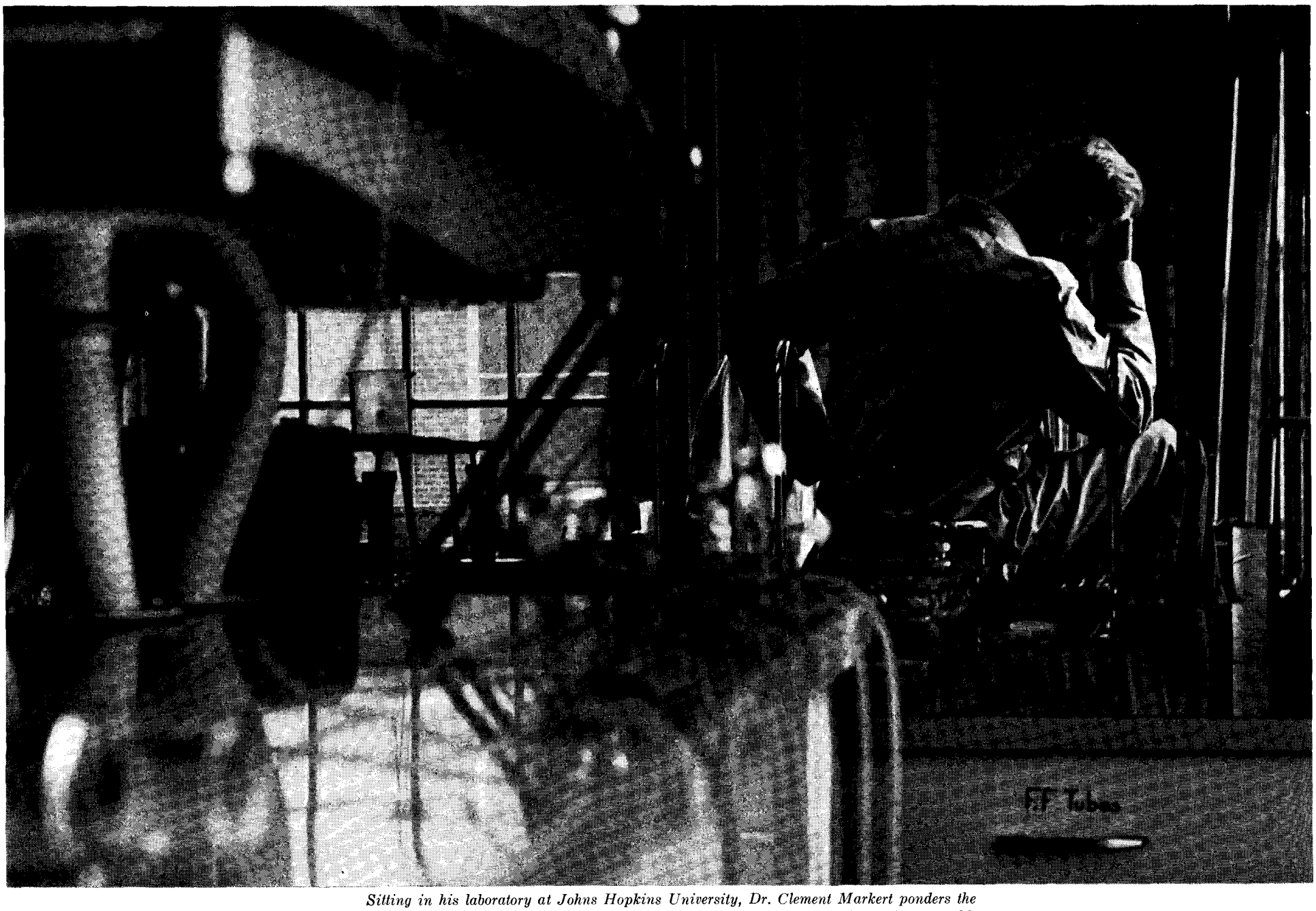
The nucleic acids were first discovered—in white blood cells and fish sperm—by an Austrian chemist named Friedrich Miescher in the late 19th century. Miescher had no idea what function the substances served. But gradually, decade by decade, clues came from various parts of the world.

The great scientific detective story reached an important turning point in 1944. In that year Dr. Oswald T. Avery and a group of colleagues at the Rockefeller Institute were working with the pneumonia germ, the pneumococcus. Most pneumococci, the virulent ones, are encased in a gelatinous coat or capsule, but occasionally there appears a harmless freak or mutant strain without a coat. These mutants have failed to inherit the ability to make coats or to pass on the coat-making trait to their offspring. But when the Rockefeller scientists extracted long threads of pure DNA from a culture of ordinary pneumococci and added it to a culture of the coatless germs, a strange thing happened. The coatless germs suddenly began to make coats. More important, their progeny did also, and so did the generations that followed.

For some scientists, that settled it: DNA was the controller of heredity, the carrier of the patterns on which living things are built. Moreover, it could be transferred as a pure chemical from one group of organisms to another, changing the latter's pattern of heredity. But other scientists raised questions. In particular, they found it hard to reconcile the simplicity of DNA with the complexity of a living creature. DNA had been shown to be built of only four different kinds of molecular subunits, called nucleotides. Each nucleotide has as its main component, or "base," a single substance. The four are adenine, thymine, guanine and cytosine, usually designated by their initials, A, T, G and C. How could something so simple form a pattern for a creature with billions of varied cells?

Gradually a theory evolved that answered the question. All living things on earth require protein molecules for their growth, and each protein, in turn, is composed of one or more of about 20 amino acids. According to the theory, DNA uses its four bases as letters in an alphabet with which it spells various "codewords." Hundreds of thousands of these words, arranged along the spiral-shaped molecule, specify the order in which amino acids are chemically hooked together to make proteins and build a living thing.

The double-helix shape of the DNA molecule itself—a long, twisted ladder of which the four nucleotides form the rungs—was discovered by three



Sitting in his laboratory at Johns Hopkins University, Dr. Clement Markert ponders the course of an experiment. One problem that fascinates him is why living cells grow old.

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If heredity can be controlled, who will decide who gets what traits?

scientists in the early 1950's. Doctors James D. Watson of Harvard, Francis H. C. Crick of Cambridge, England, and Maurice H. F. Wilkins of Kings College, London—whose work won them a joint Nobel Prize in 1962—first published their findings in 1953. Since then, they and others have added further details to man's knowledge about the way this molecule transmits its genetic message.

DNA is the master pattern. It stays in the cell nucleus and doesn't directly participate in protein-building but seems to delegate this to its companion substance, RNA, which is also built of four bases. The most widely held current theory envisions "messenger" and "transfer" types of RNA, which pick up information from the nucleus-bound DNA. Carrying codewords, RNA molecules migrate from the nucleus to the sites within the cell where new protein is to be made. There they gather amino acids and direct their bonding-together as instructed by the DNA blueprint.

Not only does the DNA molecule direct the patterning of RNA and hence the making of protein; it also has the unique ability to make an exact copy of itself—the characteristic which permits cell division and hence growth. Each time a cell divides to make two daughter cells, the daughters possess precisely the same DNA that the parent cell had.

You yourself began life as a single cell in whose nucleus was a genetic code describing just how you were to be built. That same information is now located in the nuclei of cells throughout your body and will be passed on to your children.

Much work remains to be done before science has a sharply detailed picture of the way nucleic acids play their roles. "The whole field of molecular biology is in a state of flux," says Dr. John H. Heller, executive director of the New England Institute for Medical Research. "It's a young field. Theories rise and fall daily. But that's one of the things that make the field exciting." Most other scientists in the field share Heller's excitement. There is a feeling among them that any day may bring some final and fantastic breakthrough.

In terms of money and mind power, the drive to crack the nucleic-acid secrets is one of the greatest scientific hunts ever undertaken. At the Sixth International Congress of Biochemistry last summer, 6,000 scientists from a score of nations crowded into the New York Hilton Hotel to talk and listen, and no other subject was mentioned one-tenth as often as DNA. A feeling of suspense permeated the meeting rooms and corridors. "We cannot sleep!" said young Soviet biochemist A. S. Spirin. "We must know more!"

"This is going to be the biggest science story of the century," said the Rockefeller Institute's Dr. Vincent Allfrey "—bigger than nuclear fission."

It seems likely to most scientists that man will soon learn to steer heredity with a precision hardly dreamed of before. "It may be possible to cause mutations that result in certain characteristics which we may consider useful, such as larger brains," says Doctor Allfrey. "We can imagine such a deliberate mutation right now. And if you can imagine something, usually you can do it."

To this end and others, molecular biologists are now tackling the job of deciphering the DNA code. They want to know precisely what each word of the code means in terms of the living tissue that is eventually built.

One group of scientists working on the problem scored a major victory early this year. A team from Cornell University and the U.S. Department of Agriculture, led by biochemist Robert W. Holley, figured out the precise structure of a small RNA molecule.

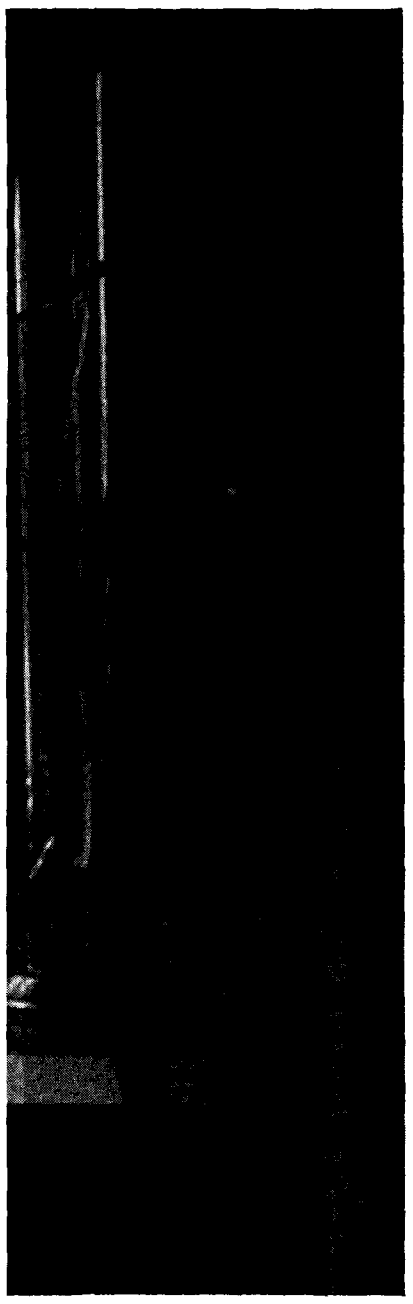
In a grueling, three-year test of scientific patience, they first isolated about a 30th of an ounce of RNA from 200 pounds of yeast. This was a type of "transfer" RNA. Its special function was to help incorporate the amino acid alanine into the yeast's protein structure. Doctor Holley and his teammates dissected the RNA molecule piece by piece until they knew precisely how it was made. It turned out to be built of some 70-odd units of the four RNA bases, plus certain other units whose function isn't yet clear. Part of this code message—nobody knows which part—presumably says, "Alanine." Other parts must specify how the alanine molecule is to be joined to neighboring molecules in the yeast protein which is to be built, and still others probably give further instructions.

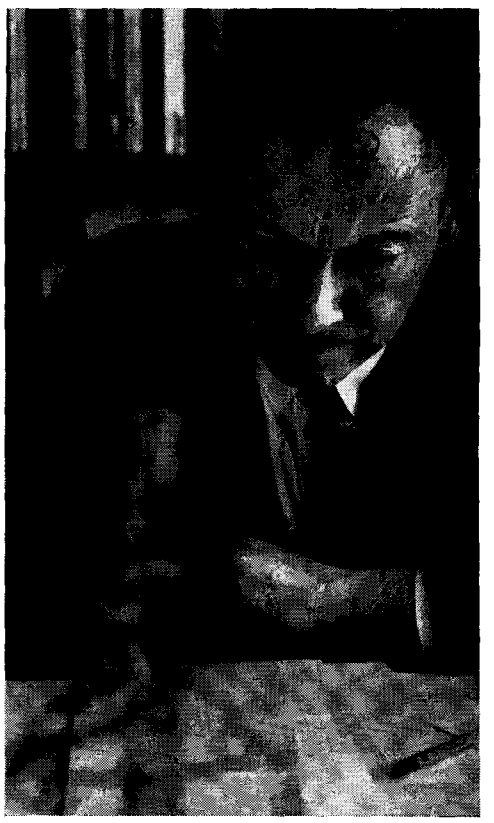
Asked about the importance of this discovery, Doctor Holley seems as much interested in the method as in the result. "We hope the methods we've used will help other scientists work out the structures of other nucleic-acid molecules," he says. What Doctor Holley's team has done, in effect, is to point out a way in which genetic code messages can be read clearly. There remains the problem of finding out precisely what the messages mean.

Many researchers have been trying to do just that. Among these are Dr. H. G. Wittmann in Germany and Dr. Heinz Fraenkel-Conrat at the University of California, who have been working with tobacco-mosaic virus. A virus is a tiny wad of DNA or RNA (it can be either) wrapped in a protein capsule. Its method of propagation is to get into a living cell of plant or animal and superimpose its own genetic code on that of the host cell. The cell obediently begins making new viruses according to this new blueprint. Colds, polio and other human ailments are caused by viruses that upset cells' genetic machinery in this way. The tobacco-mosaic virus, an RNA type, causes a browning and crinkling of tobacco leaves.

Doctors Wittmann, Fraenkel-Conrat and others have analyzed the protein in the capsule of this virus and have identified its amino-acid components. They even know the order and geometrical pattern in which the amino-acid molecules are put together to make each protein molecule. Knowing this, they have a basis for studying the nucleic-acid code. Their method is to isolate the virus's RNA and to make small, precisely known changes in it, using substances such as nitrous acid. They then infect tobacco plants with this changed RNA. The cells of the plants' leaves make new viruses—viruses whose capsules are composed of proteins differing slightly from normal.

By analyzing the new protein each time and relating the change to the known change in the RNA—and by doing this often enough with enough different mutations—Doctors Wittmann and Fraenkel-Conrat hope eventually to write a kind of two-column list. In one column will be highly detailed RNA specifications. In the other one will be types of protein. And because any given set of codewords apparently means the same thing whether found in a virus or a man, these studies are expected to reveal the way in which





Dr. Heinz Fraenkel-Conrat (top) has been using tobacco-mosaic virus in his studies at the University of California.

Dr. James D. Watson (lower picture) won Nobel Prize in 1962 for his part in discovery of DNA molecule's structure.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES HARBUTT

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Dr. Robert W. Holley (center) and fellow researchers relax briefly in a laboratory of U.S. Department of Agriculture at Cornell University.

protein is put together in a human being.

Other scientists are approaching the decoding problem in another way. Early in the 1960's two scientists at the National Institute of Arthritis and Metabolic Diseases, Dr. Marshall W. Nirenberg and Dr. J. Heinrich Matthaei, worked out a system for making and testing a synthetic, simplified version of RNA. Their idea was to put this RNA, with known code letters, into a "broth" containing the amino acids and other substances used by a cell to make protein. They hoped the synthetic RNA would act like a genetic blueprint in a live cell, directing amino acids to bond together in a certain sequence to make a certain type of protein. If the idea worked, they reasoned, it would mean they were on the way to writing a genetic-code dictionary.

According to the current theory, this code consists mainly of three-letter words, 64 of which can be made by the four-letter alphabet in all possible combinations. Each amino acid is thought to be specified by one certain word (or, in some cases, by more than one), while the order in which these words are arranged along the tape-like DNA molecule determines the type of protein produced.

Doctors Nirenberg and Matthaei began their experiment by making a strand of synthetic RNA containing only one base, uracil—"U" for short. Thus the strand could spell only one three-letter word, UUU, and its code would simply be a long chain of identical words. If their theory was correct, this strand would direct the manufacture of a protein consisting of only one variety of amino acid.

It did. When the synthetic RNA went into the broth, a crude, simple kind of protein was formed, and it was made entirely of the amino acid phenylalanine. "We now have the first word in our dictionary!" Doctor Nirenberg exulted. "It is spelled UUU, and it means phenylalanine."

This was widely hailed as the first concrete step toward cracking the genetic code. Researchers around the world promptly went ahead to find codewords for other amino acids. One major difficulty was how to determine letter sequences in artificial codewords. A scientist might, for example, mix a batch of synthetic RNA using two thirds uracil (U) and one third guanine (G), but he could not reliably tell whether the word he had spelled was GUU, UGU, or UUG. Despite this and other difficulties, however, British and American scientists have now found the three-letter codewords for all the known amino acids.

Other researchers are meanwhile seeking different avenues from which to attack the secrets of DNA. At the University of Wisconsin, for instance, two biochemists from India, Dr. H. Gobind Khorana and Dr. T. Mathai Jacob, have worked out a method of building whole synthetic nucleotide chains step by step, with the bases—that is, the code letters—in known sequence. "When we are more sure of what we are doing," Doctor Jacob says, "we will see whether we can correlate these chains with specific proteins."

Because molecular biology is a field in which few outsiders feel informed—and because the concepts involved in today's work with DNA are so staggering—laymen find it hard to comprehend the fact that nucleic-acid research is literally dealing with the stuff of life. But when a biochemist can take a handful of laboratory chemicals and transform them into a substance that will, in turn, make protein, he is only a short step away from being able to create life artificially.

On strictly moral grounds, the thought of man's having this power has caused a certain amount of uneasiness among both scientists and laymen. "You can see why people might be worried," says Dr. Edward H. Ahrens of the Rockefeller Institute. "If we ever reach a stage where we can exert a highly detailed kind of control over life and heredity, we'll be in somewhat the same position we were in when we harnessed atomic energy. We'll have something that can be either good or bad, depending on how it is handled." For example, if it becomes possible to control human heredity, who will decide which traits should be inherited by whom?

On religious grounds, recent discoveries concerning the nucleic acids have proved disturbing mainly as they apply to the mystery of creation. Scientists can now tentatively reconstruct the steps by which a universe originally made of nothing but hydrogen could eventually have spawned life.

"DNA is the only large molecule we know that can duplicate itself," says Dr. Allen Fox, geneticist at the University of Wisconsin, "and we can see how the first DNA molecules might have been formed in the sea." In fact, researchers at the University of California and elsewhere have made chemical "models" of the early earth environment as they think it was, have shot electrical charges through these models to simulate lightning and showered them with radiation to simulate intense sunlight. In the resulting broth they have found substances they believe could be precursors of nucleic acids.

Reactions to this version of genesis vary widely. One was expressed by a British scientist who talked out his feelings in a New York hotel room one night recently. "It seems pretty certain to me that life resulted from purely random chemical events," he said. "What's more, I feel certain that in another decade or two we ourselves will be able to create life. I no longer find it necessary to believe in God."

Many theologians, however, do not seem upset by the revelations of nucleic-acid research. Catholics, for example, hold that, no matter how science explains the origin of life, one huge question will always remain: where did the original hydrogen come from? Says Msgr. George A. Kelly, spokesman for Cardinal Spellman in the Archdiocese of New York: "It seems to this nonscientist that human ingenuity will likely reach out to capture more and more of God's power. This is perfectly proper, since God made man the 'lord of creation.' But when a biochemist is able to create matter and energy out of nothing, and this is what Catholics mean by creation, then I would say he is approaching the power of God. And when he has the power to endow life with an immortal soul, then I would like to talk to him."

Another controversial aspect of nucleic-acid science, particularly in view of the world's overpopulation problems, is the possibility that this research may lead to a great lengthening of the human life span. The aging process in living things has never been well understood. Age seems to result from a progressive malfunction of individual cells, and this may stem from malfunctions in the nucleic acids which control all the cell's mechanisms. If the nucleic acids functioned as perfectly in adulthood as they do in childhood, each cell might continue to work indefinitely and life would conceivably be eternal. The question is: Why don't the nucleic acids keep functioning well? A molecule such as DNA doesn't "wear out" the way a car does. What breaks it down?

One theory is that DNA molecules are gradually damaged by cosmic rays and other stray radiation. But another theory focuses attention on a kind of timing mechanism in living things. "There is evidently some sort of 'switch' incorporated in genetic material," says Dr. Clement Markert of Johns Hopkins University. "This switch turns genes on and off at certain times and locations in the body, and if we knew just what this switch is and how it works, we might have a clue to the nature of aging."

When a human sperm and egg come together, they form a single cell that incorporates the DNA of both. This cell divides into two new cells, these two divide in turn, and swiftly there is created a blob of cells all precisely alike. But at some point in the embryo's growth, the cells cease to be alike. Somehow they differentiate, proceeding along separate chemical pathways to result in a human being with hundreds of different types of cells—muscle, blood, skin, bone and so on.

"We want to know how this happens," says Doctor Markert. "As far as anybody has yet determined, the DNA in a muscle cell, for example, is no different from that in other cells of the same individual. It contains all the information necessary to make eyes, skin and other tissues. But why did that particular piece of DNA result in a muscle cell? Apparently only part of the genetic information is being used. Only part of it is 'switched on'—the part needed to make a muscle cell."

As the individual grows to adulthood, other switches operate at certain

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Partway to the Fountain of Youth: A frog's egg that never grows up.

times—at puberty, for example. The information required to make cells take on new functions at puberty was in the DNA at the individual's conception. What switched it on?

Doctor Markert and other scientists believe that a clue to the answer may lie in certain proteins found in adult, but not embryo, cells. To demonstrate their presence Doctor Markert has extracted these special proteins from cells of an adult frog and injected them into a frog egg. The egg divides and grows normally until the embryo reaches a certain stage of development. Then it stops. It is not dead, but the adult protein has simply switched off its development.

Doctor Markert is reluctant to speculate on whether studies such as his will lead to a longer human life span. But he allows that it is "reasonable" to hope so. One biologist at the biochemical congress commented, in fact, that it is "not really fantastic" to think in terms of a human life span stretching across two centuries.

Nucleic-acid studies will also give man new weapons in his battle with disease. Many of the most dreaded and baffling human illnesses are genetically caused—by unexplained "misspellings" in the DNA code. Mistakes of this kind may occur in the sperm or egg cells and result in diseases that are passed from parent to child—hemophilia, for instance. Similar mistakes, occurring during development of the fetus, result in birth defects such as Mongolism.

Some extremely complicated and so far incurable diseases may be caused by a single "misspelling" or other mistake in an individual's DNA code. What can be done about it? "There is a wild hope that we may someday learn to superimpose a correct code on a wrong one," says a scientist at the National Institutes of Health. Conceivably a supply of correct DNA would somehow be introduced into the patient, perhaps by infecting him with artificial viruses.

Scientists studying the nucleic acids also speculate, of course, about the contribution their research may make to the quest for a cancer cure. Dr. Aaron Bendich of the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research writes that some human cancers, like certain known animal cancers, may be caused by viruses. These may be latent viruses, he suggests, lying in the cells and waiting for some triggering action. Other cancers may be caused by random DNA mutations.

If there is a human cancer virus, scientists would naturally like to find it so they can prepare a defense against it. The search has been going on for over a decade, without success. One reason for the difficulty could be that the virus, if it exists, is a comparatively rare one. "Conceivably it may take only a single virus particle to start a case of cancer," says Dr. David Axelrod of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases. "That one virus gets into a single cell and alters the cell's information code. The cell divides, passing the faulty information along to its progeny, and they to theirs. By the time doctors find the tumor and examine it, the virus has disappeared."

Dr. Robert Huebner, chief of the institute's Laboratory of Infectious Diseases, has been working on a method of detecting "chemical footprints" of viruses that have attacked cells and disappeared. Hopes are high around the institute that this research will eventually lead man to the hiding place of the elusive human cancer virus.

It may also lead to other viruses. "Viruses which we don't yet know about may cause many common genetic abnormalities," says Doctor Axelrod. Some may act like *rubella*, the virus that causes German measles. If a woman is infected by *rubella* while pregnant, her baby may be born with defects such as eye deformities or an improperly built heart. The disease is usually little more than a nuisance to the mother herself—in fact, she may never know she had it—but effects on the genetic code of the fetus can be disastrous. It is possible that other birth defects, even some hereditary diseases, are caused by a virus that infects the mother without her knowing it.

The number of avenues of nucleic-acid research is enormous. The National Institutes of Health alone now support more than 500 projects bearing directly on DNA and RNA, plus hundreds of others that are indirectly related to the subject. "It is hard to think of a single branch of medicine, biology or any other science dealing with life in which DNA-RNA studies aren't important," says Doctor Ahrens of the Rockefeller Institute.

Where the studies will lead is a fascinating question. For example, researchers are trying to find the genetic mechanism by which the body recognizes and rejects an alien protein—an invading virus, or a skin graft from another person. When they do, man may learn how to switch the mechanism on and off at will, perhaps making possible grafts of whole preserved organs and even of entire limbs.

But all this is just speculation. The present-day facts are fascinating enough—that scientists are probing into life's basic causes and have already made what may turn out to be the greatest scientific discovery of all time. They have found the key of life. □

At the New England Institute for Medical Research, Dr. John H. Heller and a laboratory assistant discuss problems in an experiment.

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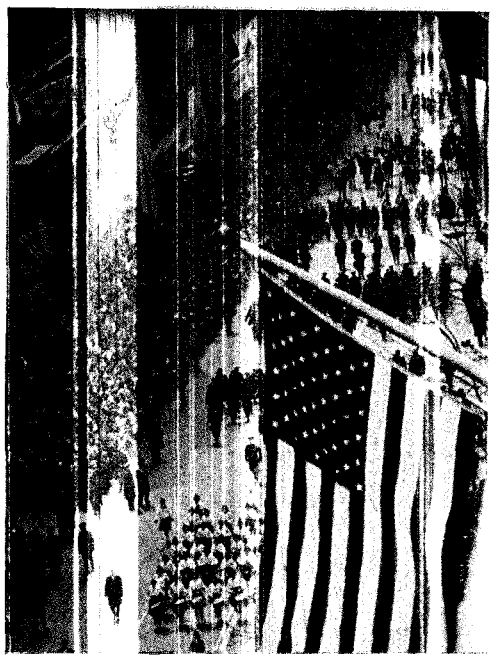
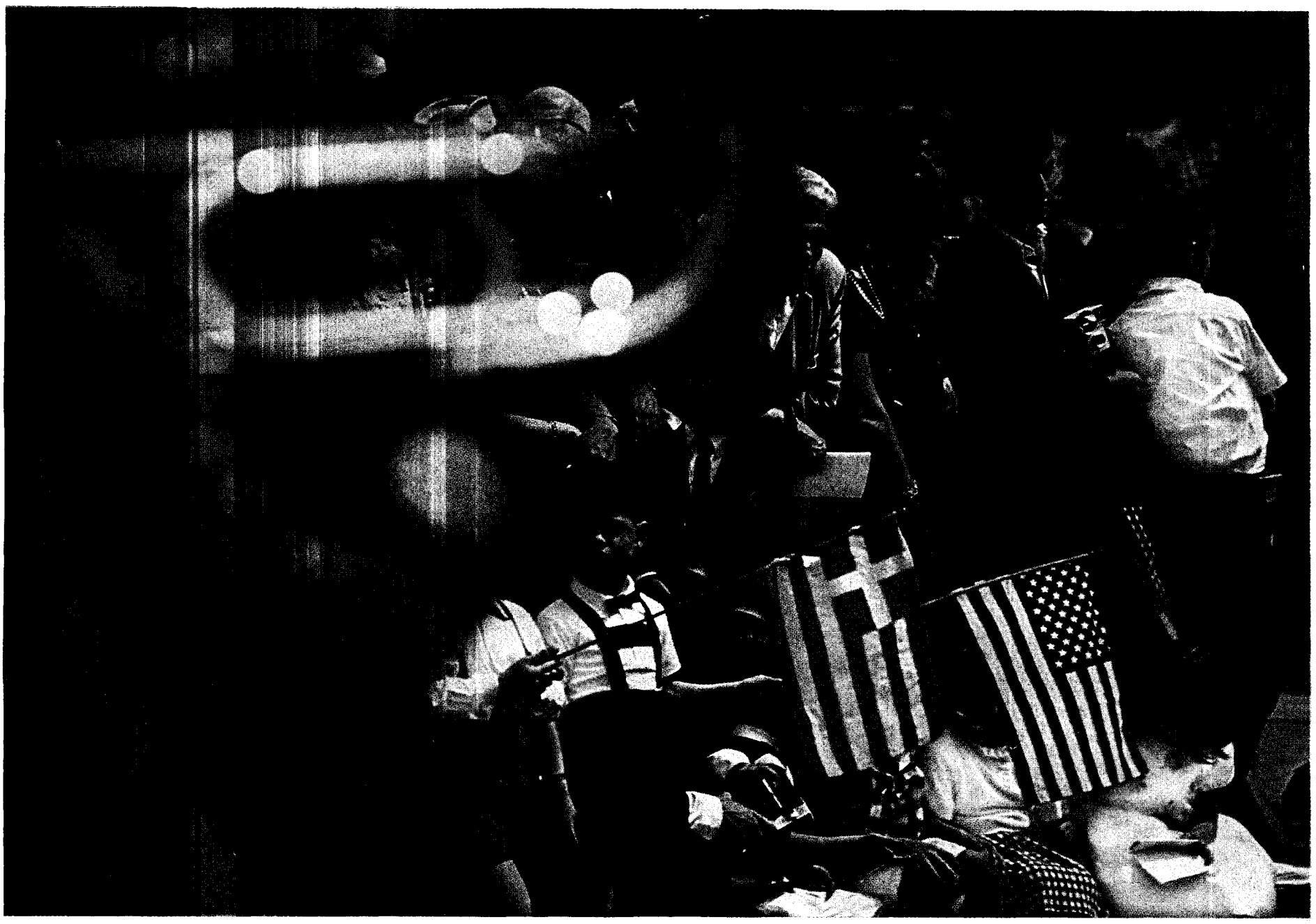


Photographs by Tony Ray-Jones

RUFFLE OF COLORS, FLOURISH OF BRASS

Parades whip up nationalist fervor anywhere, but only in America are they a full-time national passion.



Reflection in the faces of the crowd—a sense of belonging and a stirring of pride as the colors go by with a fine, martial fanfare of trumpets.

Reflection in a tuba's bell—bright phantoms in a parade half-imagined.

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Martial tone of U.S. parades is seldom grim, echoing the circus as well as the drill field.

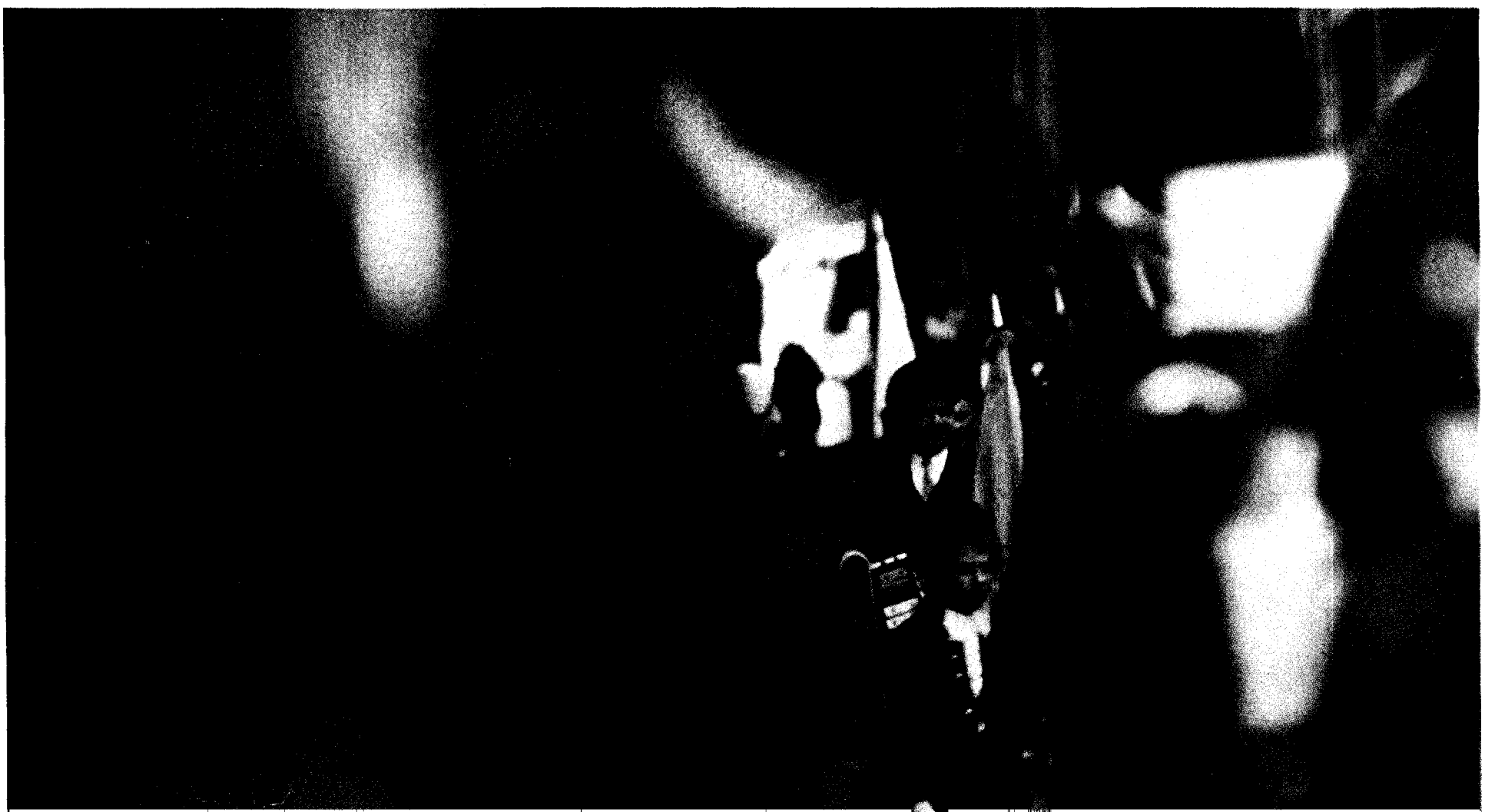
The distant, muffled thump-de-bump is oddly compelling—there is something about the sound of an unseen parade forming that makes waiting spectators expect a wonder of gonfalons, palanquins and glittering extravaganzas to come snaking around the bend. Up where the drums sound, the uniformed firemen, the high-school tuba players and the Sea Scouts are massed and ready. It is the morning of the Fourth, and they are massing all across the nation—a cumulative gathering so vast that if all marchers lined up six abreast, traffic would be blocked from Augusta, Maine, to, say, River City, Iowa.

The column is formed, traffic stops, and here comes the vanguard with flags bobbing in the sun. Here is a band in maroon uniforms, another in Kelly green and another in royal blue with yellow piping. The bands are playing different marches in different rhythms, making a fine 12-tone cacophony wherever one has passed and another is coming up. Here are National Guardsmen with real rifles, and there is the Legion post, the Moose Lodge and the Brownie troop. Here is a group of unidentifiable men in business suits, marching somberly. There comes the town fire engine, moving majestically and looking bigger than usual, drawing a special ripple of applause. Here is a late-model convertible, filled with some more unidentifiable men in business suits; these men are smiling and waving. Here, finally, is a horde of bicycles, decorated with crepe paper. The music fades out in a babble of bike riders.

On Main Street or Fifth Avenue, once you have seen one you have just about seen them all. They are never really as exciting as the distant drums suggested. And yet, there *is* something about the flags and the proud music that sets off a tingle. It makes people "identify," and sharpens their sense of belonging. What Americans affirm on the fourth day of July, Frenchmen parade for on the fourteenth, not so much to remember the Bastille as to proclaim their Frenchness.

Ancient Romans and even Babylonians paraded for similar reasons. But it is only in the U.S.A. that the custom has been elaborated to the point where parades themselves are a peculiarly national institution. No other country has so many, possibly because we have so many people who need to assert their identity. It was Irish-Americans, not Irishmen, who first paraded the green on St. Patrick's Day. Italian-Americans parade on Columbus Day, Polish-Americans beat drums for Pulaski's birthday and Greek-Americans celebrate Greek independence with a parade louder and

As a band steps away from the assembly point, a young parader toes the ground impatiently, waiting to fall in line.



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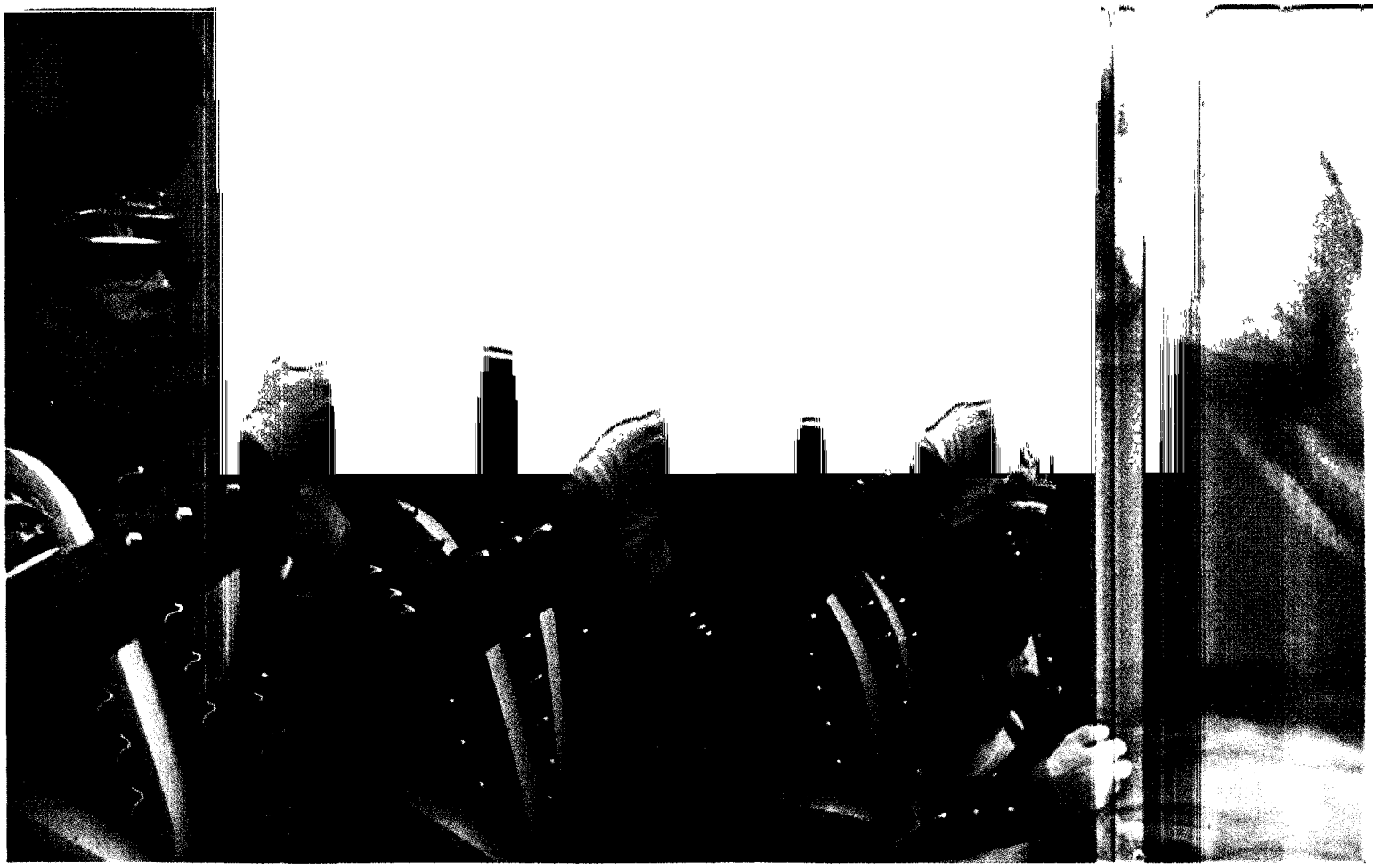
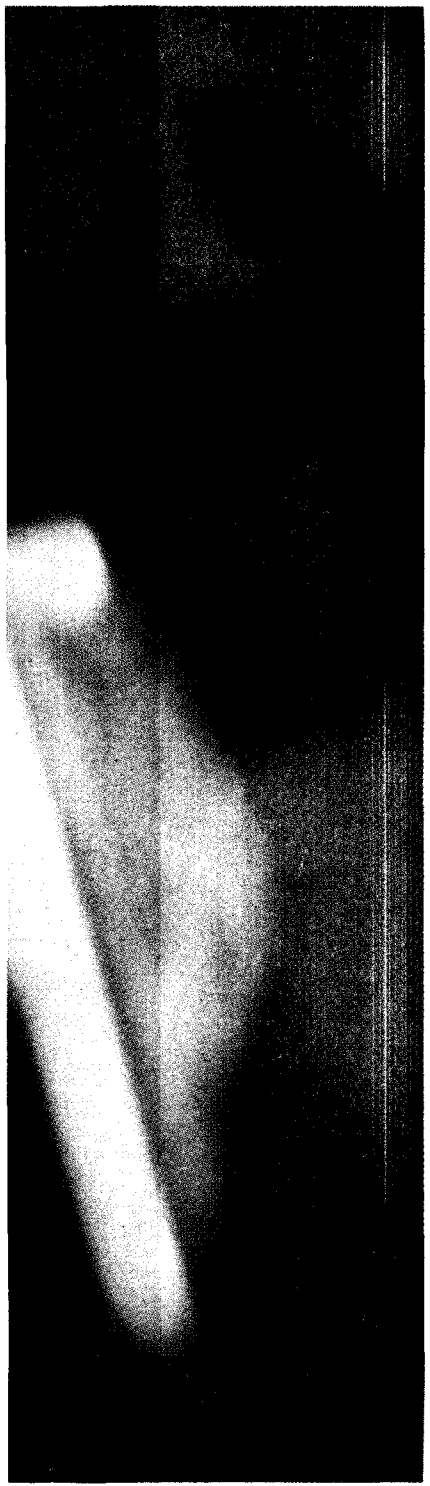
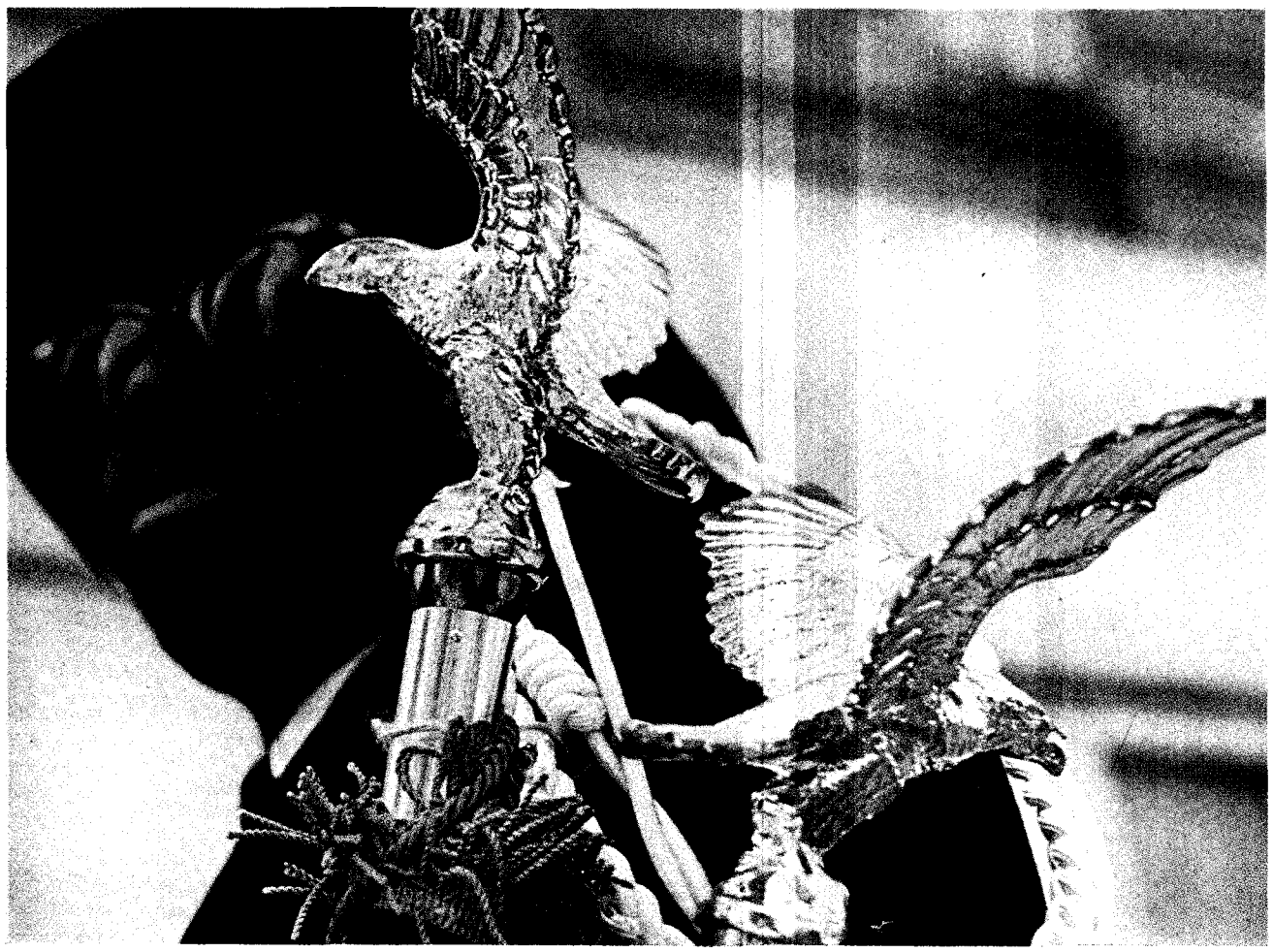


A color guard of plumed cadets lifts banners high on Armed Forces Day, one of a dozen big U.S. parade dates.



Gilded eagle, standard for Roman and French arms in their days of glory, here asserts militant Americanism.



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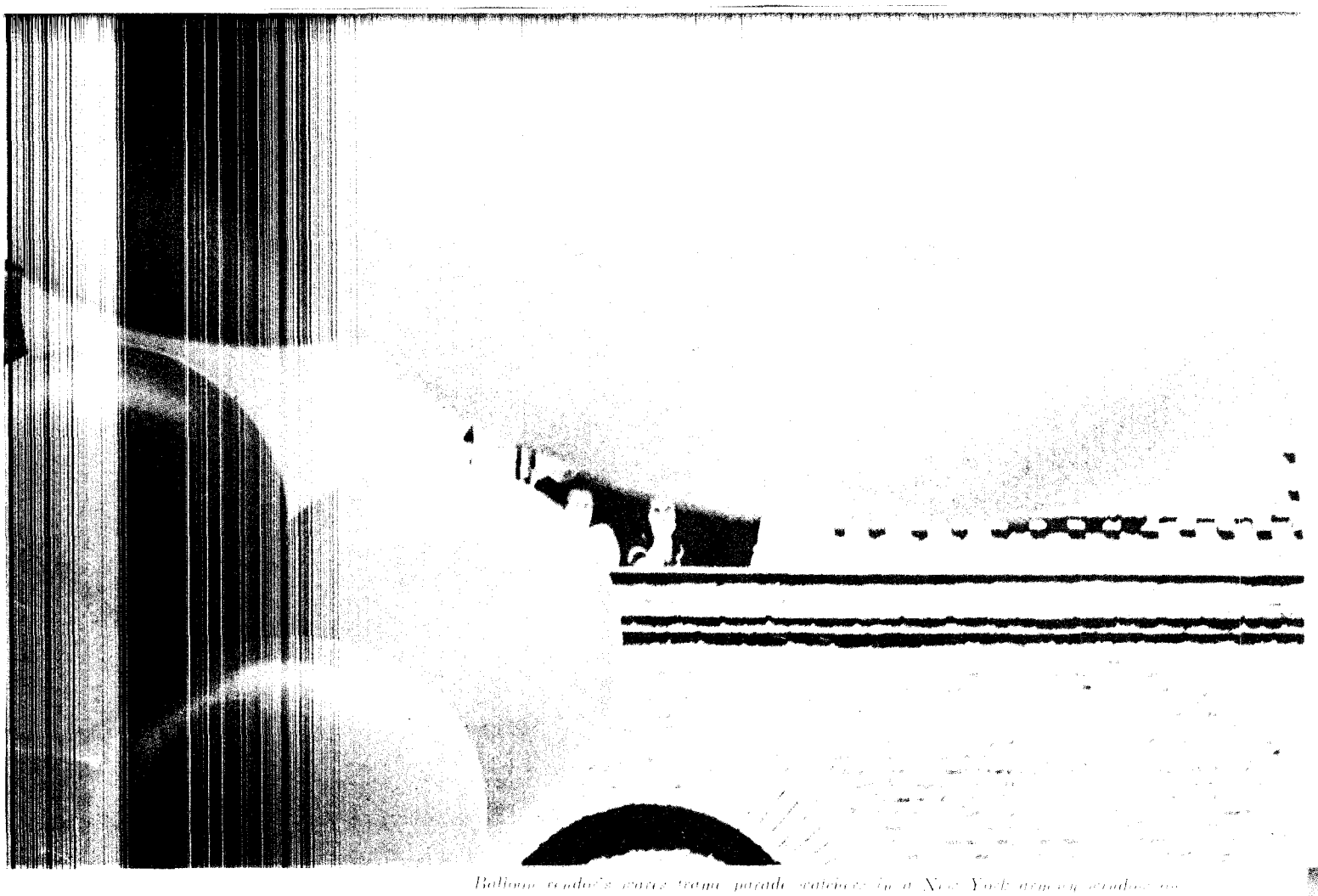
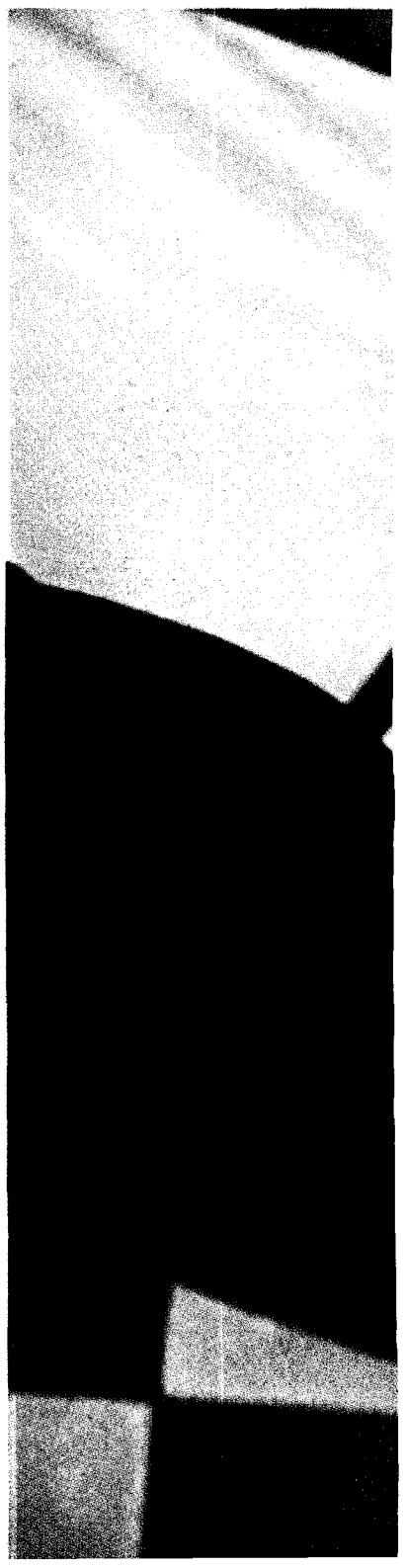


Balloon vendor's entire team parade waiters up a New York avenue on Armed Forces Day. New York's Fifth Avenue is the grand boulevard of U.S. parades.

Irish-American student nurse waves to friends while waiting to march on St. Patrick's Day. Dubliners only recently adopted the U.S. custom of holding a parade on March 17.

The Croatian National movement displays its colors in its own "minority group" parade in New York. Aim of the movement is "liberation" of the state of Croatia from Yugoslavia.



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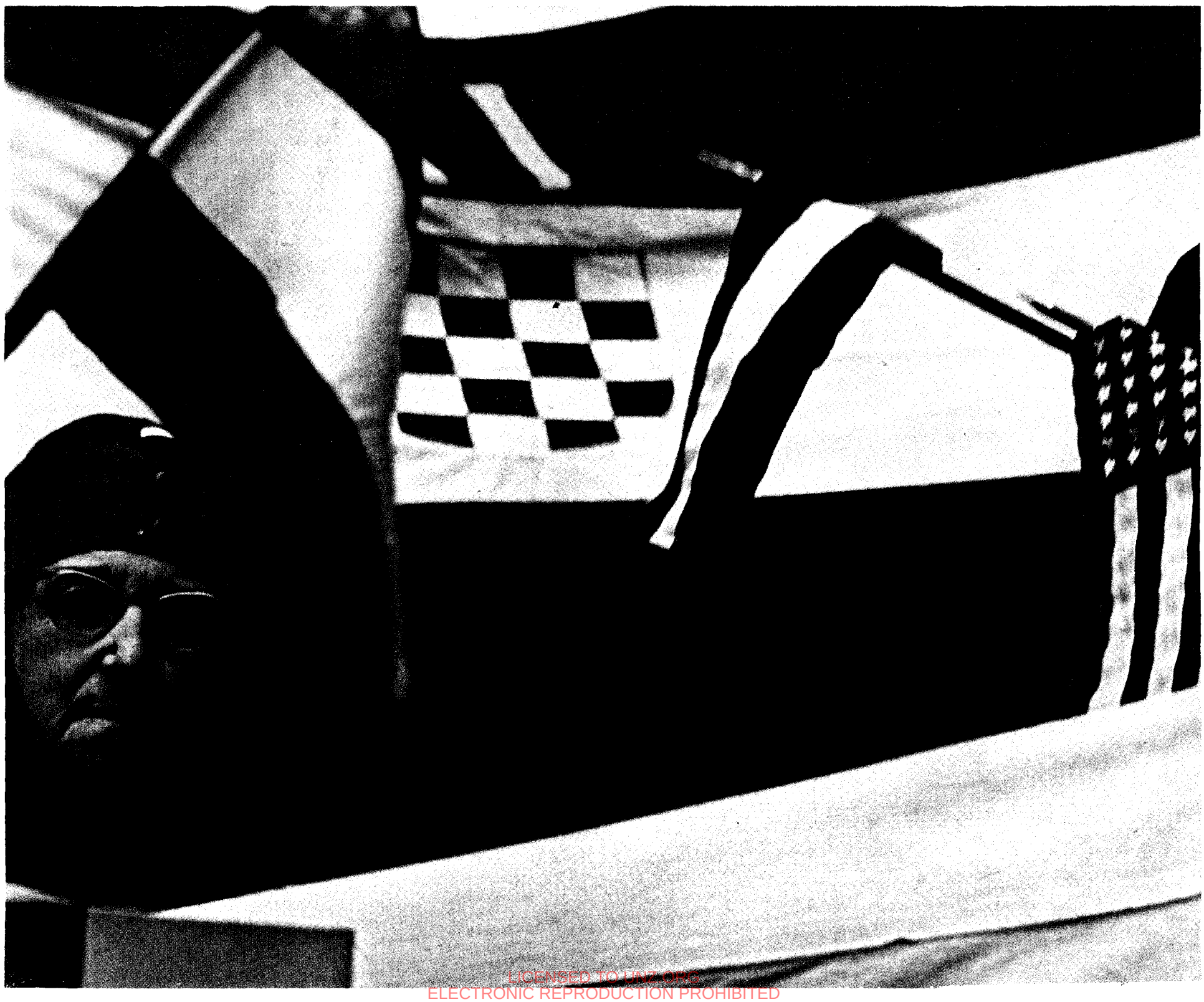
A "colonist" gets his straps adjusted by his mother as Bostonians proclaim their history on Patriots' Day.

longer than anything in Athens. Boston asserts its germinal place in U.S. history by donning cocked hats and parading on its own "Patriots' Day."

There are many who decry this sort of thing as jingoism or five-and-dime patriotism, who see the martial trappings releasing suppressed bellicosity or breeding the psychology of a lockstep mob. There is some truth in this. Parades have been used as powerful persuaders by dictators. Applauding citizens of Anniston, Ala., clearly "identified" with the Ku Klux Klan parade of May 9 which presented the accused murderers of Mrs. Viola Liuzzo as an honor guard, though the spectacle hardly appealed to their nobler instincts.

Yet the typical American parade is not really single-minded, or grim, or even essentially military. There is usually a mock seriousness about the marching and the guns (it is hard to feel bellicose about a contingent of marchers led by a blond, bare-legged baton twirler), and a good American parade is as much a carnival as a trooping of colors. It is something for all seasons and all occasions; our most ornate parade, the New Year's Day Tournament of Roses in Pasadena, is essentially an overgrown flower show which celebrates nothing more stirring than the annual reappearance of the California rose crop. We invented the convention parade (Elks, Shriners, Legionnaires, etc.), the ticker-tape parade, the political parade to promote candidates and the commercial parade to promote Christmas sales. We are the only country which makes float-building an art form and parade-producing an established business. We have given the world John Philip Sousa, the Thanksgiving blimp, the drum majorette and *The Music Man*, and it's likely that we have lost nothing in the process. Our marching men, praise God, will probably always be a little out of step and a bit discomfited, and the fellow waving the most benignly from the back seat of the convertible is not and probably never will be a Benevolent Leader. He is just the auto dealer who loaned the car. □



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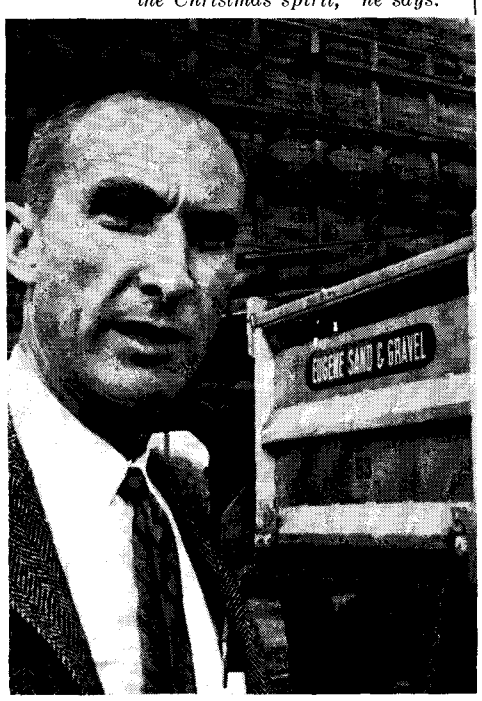
The cross that inflames a city

Stealthily, workmen erected a 51-foot concrete cross on public property. And then an unholy furor erupted.

BY TREVOR ARMBRISTER

John Alltucker designed and built the controversial cross. "We hoped people would accept it in the Christmas spirit," he says.



HANGING on a wall in John Alltucker's office at the Eugene Sand and Gravel Company in Eugene, Oreg., is a framed cartoon depicting William Tell's son with an arrow in his head. "Have faith," reads the caption, "and keep smiling."

Alltucker often looks at that cartoon, yet lately he has been finding it harder and harder to smile. He is a troubled man. His difficulty stems from a 51-foot, precast concrete cross—complete with fluorescent tubing—that stands on Skinner's Butte, a public park overlooking the city.

It seemed like such a fine idea when he and his friends erected that cross last November. "Somebody said it would make a real nice present for the city," he says, "and suggested that we put it up. We just hoped people would accept it in the Christmas spirit."

Not everyone did. As a result, the city was plunged into controversy. Citizens exchanged ugly accusations, the clergy was split, and rival groups carried out secret and sometimes hilarious maneuvers and counter-maneuvers. Even now, seven months later, the argument shows no signs of abating.

At the core of this dispute lies an important question of church-state separation: Does a community have the right to erect a religious symbol on public property when a vast majority of its citizens approves of that symbol? Or does such action infringe upon rights guaranteed all citizens by the U.S. Constitution? What began as an act of charity has evolved into an issue with implications so broad that it may eventually reach the U.S. Supreme Court.

The oddest aspect of this controversy is that Eugene has had a cross of one sort or another on city property for nearly 30 years, and nobody ever raised constitutional questions before. The first symbol was erected on the butte in December, 1936, by the chamber of commerce. It blew down a few years later, so the chamber raised another one. It blew down too. In 1950 a third wooden cross was raised. Windstorms buffeted it, and vandals smashed the light bulbs that illuminated it.

In the fall of 1963, seeking a worthwhile service project, the Alpha Phi Omega fraternity at the University of Oregon, in Eugene, decided to replace the old wooden cross with a more permanent symbol. The students solicited funds from downtown merchants and had John Alltucker design and build a concrete cross to be erected at Easter. That's when his troubles began.

In early spring, fraternity representatives applied to the Eugene City Council for a building permit—and struck a spark of protest. "All the beardos and weirdos came out from the university," says chamber of commerce manager Fred Brenne, "and screamed about how wrong it was to put a cross on public property." Surprised by this opposition, the students withdrew their request. The huge concrete cross remained in Alltucker's yard at the Sand and Gravel Company.

The longer it lay there, the more it seemed to frustrate him. It was in his way. Alltucker soon developed what he considered a practical scheme. He decided to donate the cross to the city as a "Christmas present" and raise it on the butte without notifying anybody.

On Saturday, November 28, workmen drove up the winding road to Skinner's Butte, hoisted the cross and then set it in place with 24 tons of concrete. The symbol's sudden appearance caught most Eugenians by surprise. The *Eugene Register-Guard*, the city's only newspaper, detected an element of mystery in the fact that workmen refused to say on whose behalf they had raised the cross. The mystery soon deepened. Returning to the butte, workmen connected electrical conduits on the new cross to the lines of the municipally owned Eugene Water and Electric Board. That night the cross gleamed brightly above the city.

Some city officials frowned at the surreptitious manner in which the cross was raised, yet they seemed willing to overlook it. "It's no tremendous sin," said Mayor Edwin Cone, a Methodist. "And the new cross is certainly very attractive. Now that it is up, we should keep it there."

But then, on December 1, the fiercely independent *Register-Guard* challenged the cross in a blunt editorial. "Professed Christians think they have struck a blow for their religious faith," the paper said. "What they don't consider is that if they can use city property in this way, so can non-Christians. The wall between church and state is there for the protection of the church as well as for protection of the state. . . .

"Unquestionably, if the question of the cross were to be put to a vote, the 'cross people' would win. But majority rule is exactly what the founding fathers sought to make impossible in matters of personal belief. When we have majority rule in matters of religion, we have no religious liberty."

A center of Oregon's lumber industry and the site of the state's largest university, Eugene seems to be a progressive community. Its 70,000 citizens drink fluoridated water, listen to classical music on KWFS and approve bond issues for municipal improvements with almost monotonous regularity. Yet in some respects Eugene is conservative; the fluoridation issue caused a big fuss, and so did the appearance of Communist leader Gus Hall on the university campus. It is also a church-going town, with a church attendance figure that is proportionately higher than that of any other Oregon city.

Eugene, in short, seemed an unlikely place for a Christian cross to stir trouble. But in Eugene, as in most cities, there are people who take a special interest in civil liberties and their preservation. One such is Carl J. Nelson, a Unitarian minister. On December 2, the same day that 34 county courthouse employees petitioned the mayor to keep the cross, the Reverend Mr. Nelson petitioned the city council to have the cross removed. "If the city gives the cross its official blessing," Mr. Nelson said later, "it will make second-class citizens of those with inherently different religions and those who, in good conscience, have no religion at all."

For nearly 30 years civil libertarians in Eugene had known that someday they would have to take a stand against the cross. Now, infuriated by the manner in which the cross was raised, they went on the offensive. Calling themselves Citizens in Support of Religious Liberty and Civil Authority, they elected Mr. Nelson and Presbyterian pastor David White as co-chairmen and then set out to rally public opinion behind their cause.

On the morning of December 8 the Eugene Ministerial Association met to consider the issue. A few months earlier the association had gone on record as opposing the cross. But now that it was a *fait accompli*—solidified in 24 tons of concrete—some ministers wavered. In an attempt to avoid a court battle, the ministers passed a resolution suggesting that the Skinner's Butte property be sold to a private religious organization.

Then Mr. White introduced a second resolution, condemning the "clandestine" manner in which the cross was raised. Immediately, eight of the 19 ministers present left the room. The association's chairman, a bushy-browed fundamentalist named Dr. Carlton Buck, threatened to resign if the resolution passed. It was defeated.

"I suppose the cross is offensive to some," Doctor Buck says, "especially those who don't have a strong faith in Christ. But we who have taken our stand for Christ must carry our message on through. Those other folks should be glad to have the cross up there on the hill."

Letters and telephone calls began to deluge the *Register-Guard* and the offices of city officials. "The only reason Eugene escaped the floods [which ravaged Oregon last winter]," insisted one elderly woman, "was because God saw our cross." A barmaid said the symbol on the hill gave her a special feeling of warmth when she walked home from work at three every morning. A prominent attorney facetiously suggested raising concrete memorials to whiskey and beer, dollar bills and motherhood.

On December 10 the cross opponents held a public meeting at Eugene's Y.M.C.A. Cross advocates had accepted an invitation to attend and state their views. Some advocates said the symbol hardly constituted establishment of religion because "you don't have to look at it." Others maintained that it was merely a "decoration." "Under what conditions," asked Doctor Buck slyly, "do you decide that two crossed pieces is a Christian symbol? I think people are jumping to a conclusion that a cross is there."

Later that evening an expeditionary force crept up to Skinner's Butte, dug a hole next to the cross and erected an 18-foot flagpole. Next morning Eugenians awoke to find the U.S. and U.N. flags fluttering over the butte. No building permit had been applied for, no permission requested. On December 12 someone knocked over the flagpole

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and absconded with the flags. But who? A few days later a bottling-company executive stepped forward. "The only reason the flags were up there," he explained, "was that some people wanted to cloud the issue."

In mid-December city officials rejected the ministerial association's suggestion that the land on Skinner's Butte be sold to a private group. "It would be an appeasement," Mayor Cone said. "This is the place to make a stand. We don't mind fighting if we know we're in the right." Then the city council met to decide whether or not to grant John Alltucker an after-the-fact building permit and thereby legalize the installation of the new cross.

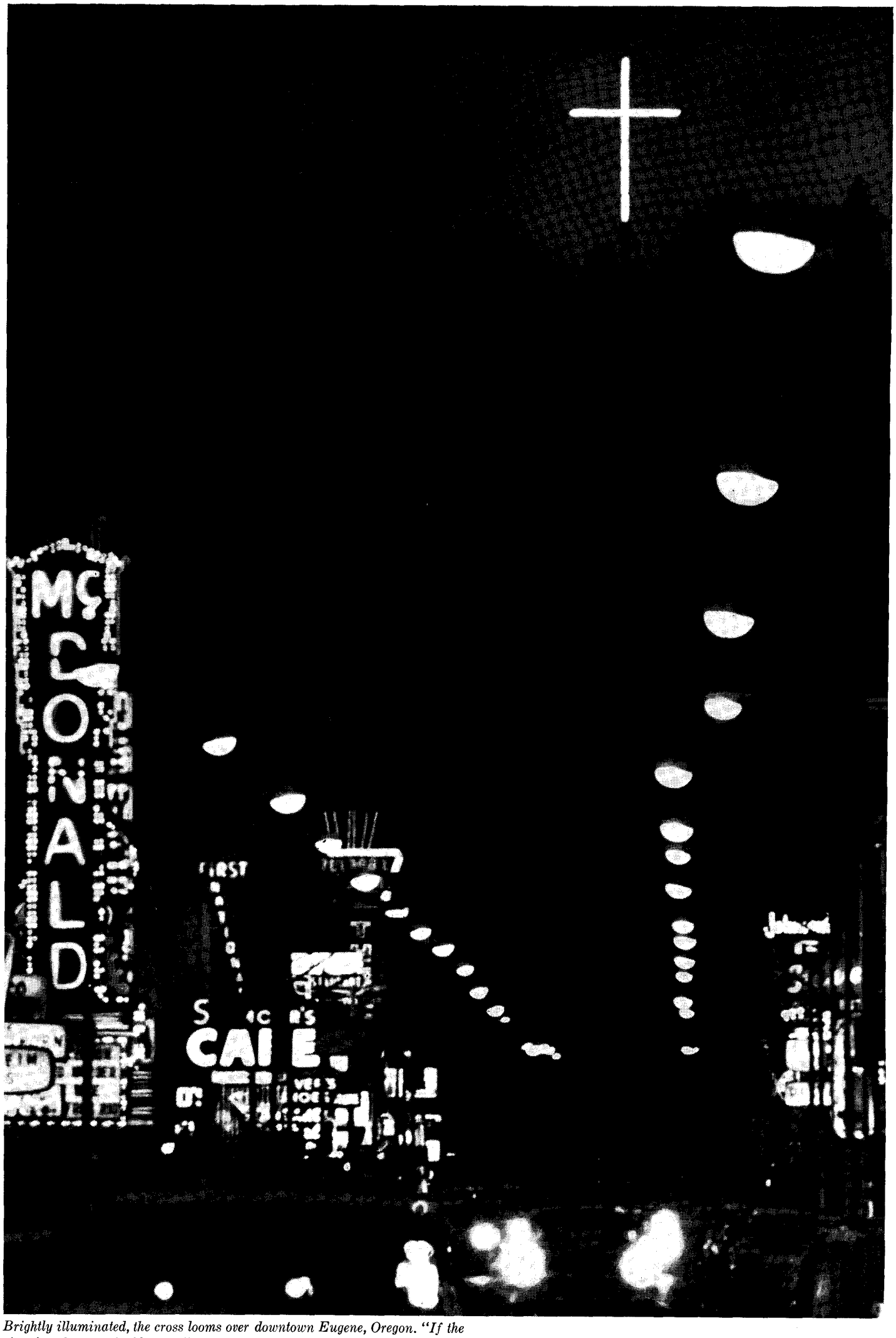
In previous sessions the council had rigidly enforced its stringent building code. Would it now apply the same regulations to the "midnight Christians," as a local cartoonist called them? After an hour of spirited debate, the council voted 7-1 in favor of legalizing the cross. Councilwoman Catherine Lauris was the lone dissenter. "I cannot defy the Constitution," she said, "just to be popular." The next morning Mrs. Lauris received two anonymous telephone calls accusing her of being a Communist.

Undismayed by the council's ruling, Mr. Nelson announced that his group "fully intends to challenge the matter. If necessary, we'll take this case as far as the U.S. Supreme Court. Our rights," he added, "are not negotiable. We may not be deprived of them by a vote of the majority, nor by a vote of the city council."

In a final effort to prevent the dispute from going to court, a professor at the university suggested that the Jewish Star of David be superimposed in concrete on the cross on the butte. The city's small Jewish community, which up to this time had maintained a discreet, though disapproving, silence regarding the cross, seemed shocked. "It's bad enough to have the city try to cram Christianity down our throats as the official religion," said a student named David Littman, "but superimposing the Star of David on the cross would only compound the error."

The symbol soon faded from conversation. Yet its presence had not been forgotten. On February 12 the cross opponents launched a fund-raising drive to defray the costs of taking the issue to court. They collected $1,000, hired a lawyer, rounded up 10 plaintiffs, and filed suit in circuit court against the city of Eugene, its mayor and city council, and those allegedly responsible for raising the cross.

The case will not be heard until this fall, and the cross itself seems destined to remain standing atop Skinner's Butte for the foreseeable future. Even the forces of nature seem to oppose its removal. "There's one thing you ought to know about concrete," says sand-and-gravel man John Alltucker. "It gets stronger every year. The chemical process of hardening continues forever—particularly when moisture is present. And this," he smiles, "is a good climate for that." □



Brightly illuminated, the cross looms over downtown Eugene, Oregon. "If the city gives the cross its blessing," one minister warns, "it will make second-class citizens of those with different religions and those who have no religion at all."

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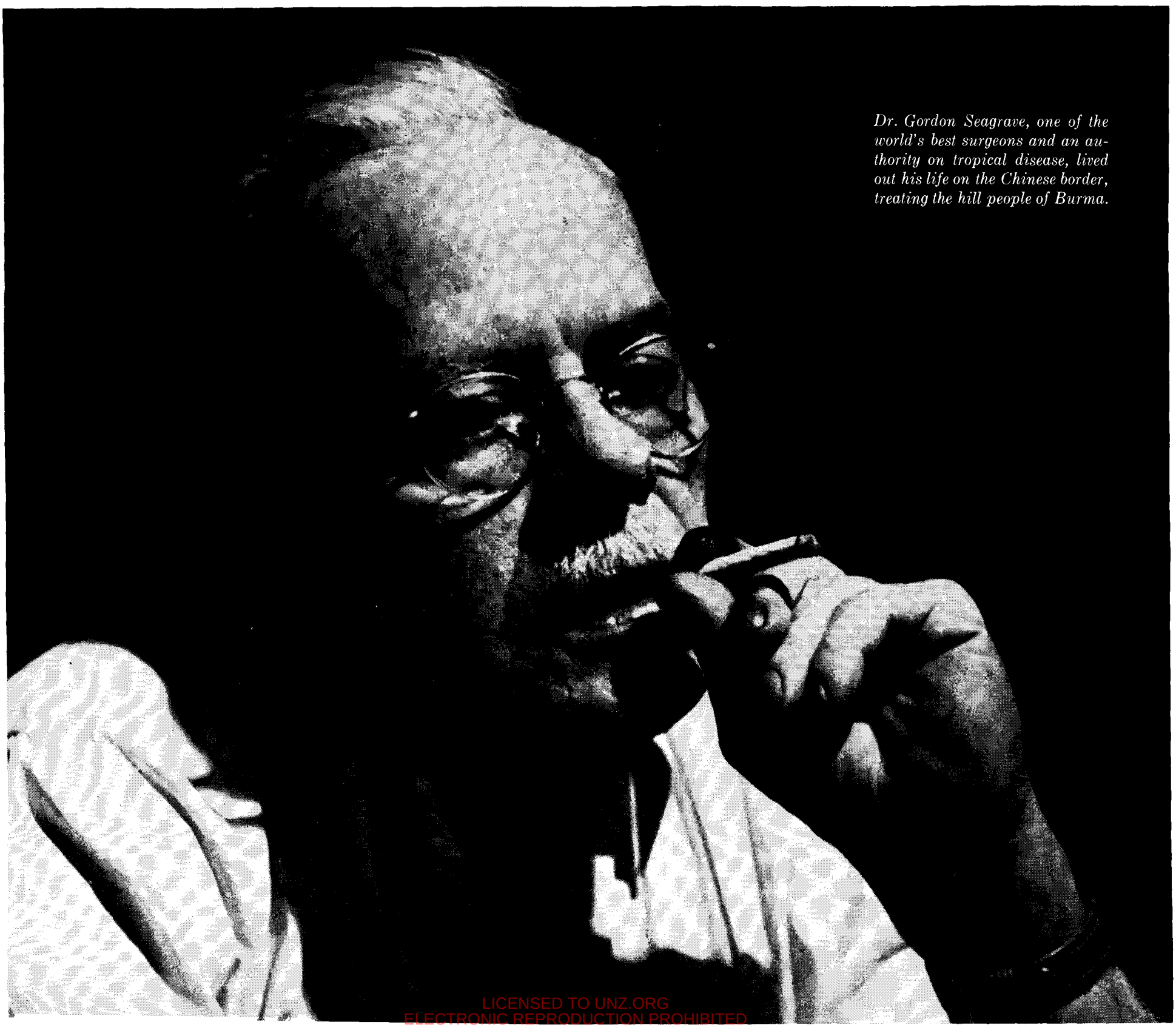
By STERLING SEAGRAVE

THE BURMA SURGEON'S LAST BATTLE

A son's moving account of his trip to the deathbed of his celebrated father.

The author, representing the sixth generation of Seagraves to work in Burma, hopes to maintain his father's hospital.



Dr. Gordon Seagrave, one of the world's best surgeons and an authority on tropical disease, lived out his life on the Chinese border, treating the hill people of Burma.

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Two months before the end the old man hunched himself into his padded chair in the small stone house on the hill that looked across the Shweli Valley into Red China and wrote his own obituary. It was the last letter I ever received from him. Everything was wrong with him, from his feet to his guts to his lungs and his brain. I could see it in the letter, if I read around his pride. He could have cured it all in someone else—in a Shan, a Kachin, a Karen, a Chinese or a Burmese. After more than 40 years in the jungles and hills of northern Burma, there was very little that the old man couldn't cure with those trembling, heavily veined hands that reached one way for a scalpel, another way for the next link in a chain of cigarettes that had turned his fingers as brown as smokehouse sausages. He had been called one of the world's two or three greatest general surgeons. He knew tropical diseases better than any other man living. His medical feats during the Burma campaign of World War II had made him world-famous through his best-selling books, *Burma Surgeon* and *Burma Surgeon Returns.*

But there was nothing he could do to save himself. And he knew it.

"I won't last more than another two months," he wrote in that last letter. "One or the other of these ailments will knock me down, and I've been taking too many bad falls lately."

That was only part of it. What was really killing him was his work. His ancestors had come out to Burma from the United States in the 1830's, and four generations of Bible-thumping Seagraves had hammered away at the Karens in southern Burma until they had converted practically the whole lot to Christianity. But in 1922, equipped with his first moustache, a wastebasket full of discarded surgical instruments from Johns Hopkins, a wife and daughter and a satchel full of religious tracts, the old man had gone north to hew a hospital out of the rain forest. First he was knocked down by disappointment, then he was forced out by the Japanese, then he returned to find his river-stone hospital destroyed by American bombs, and finally after he had rebuilt the hospital stone by stone, he was jailed unjustly for treason—kicked in the teeth and smashed flat by some of the very people he had struggled so hard for.

But each time he just got up, brushed himself off, and went back to work with a dogged, irreducible stubbornness. Each time that he rebuilt his hospital, it grew. But each time he put a little bit more of himself into it, and now there was nothing left. Now he was dying in one of the most inaccessible corners of the earth, with no one beside him but the nurses he had trained, and loved.

He kept his battered old shortwave radio tuned in to the Voice of America and never let anyone touch the knob. He huddled beside it every morning for his only brief contact with home. For he had two homes. He was half Burmese, in his love for the land and its people—a love which lay at the roots of the unique esprit of his hospital staff. While everyone else called him the Burma Surgeon, his nurses called him Daddy, or the Old Man—and so far as they and his thousands of patients were concerned, Daddy was the finest thing that had ever happened to them or to Burma. But he was half American, by parentage and by temperament. A type of American that had left its bones on the western prairies more than a century ago, abandoning the world to pygmies.

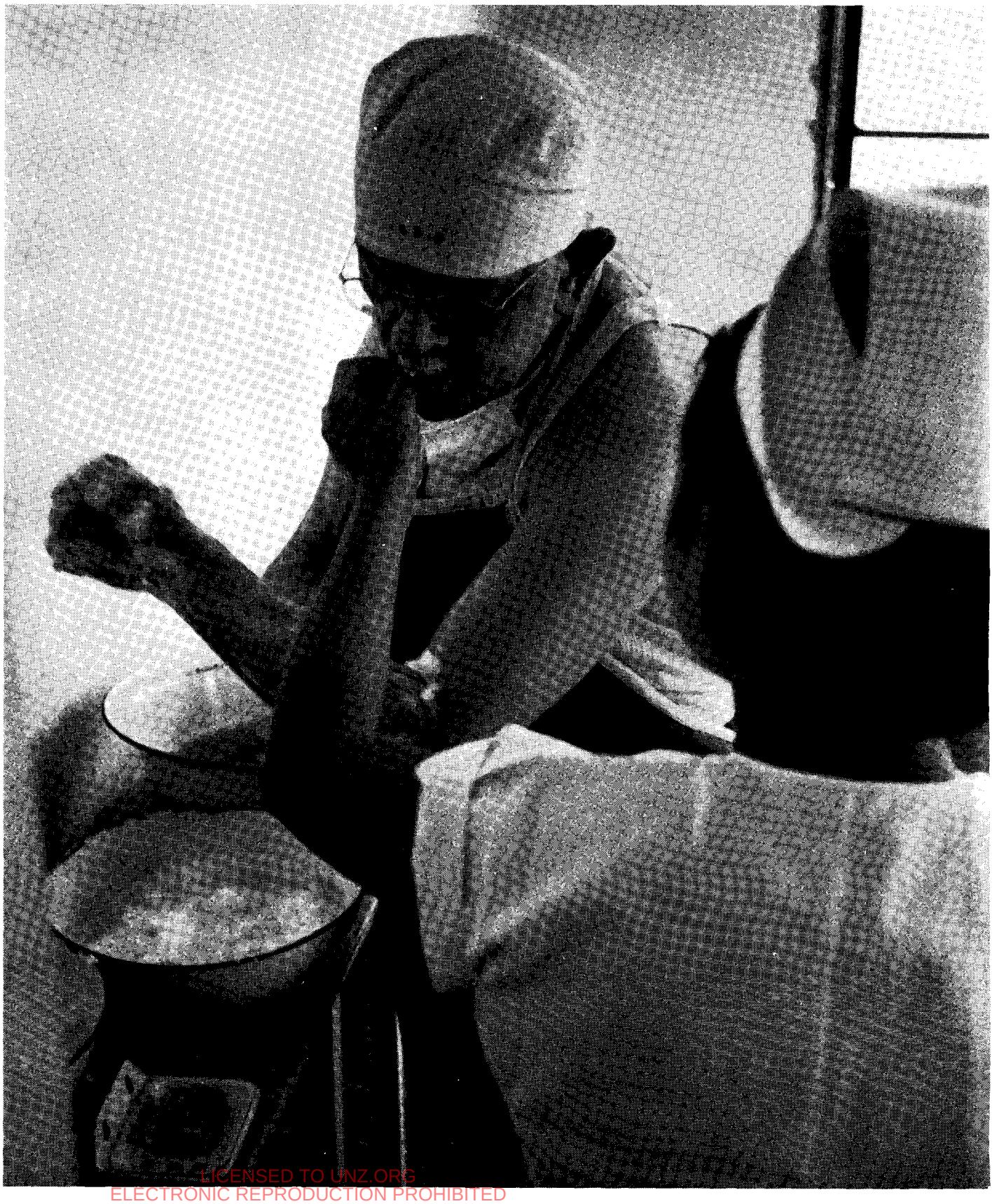
He did not have to stay at the end of the world. He could have fled after any one of his overwhelming disappointments. As an exceptional surgeon made famous by his books, he could have returned to a brilliant career and earned a fortune—and died comfortably surrounded by family and friends in any placid suburb. Instead he had renounced the comforts of the world, renounced even friends and family, to live for many years alone in pain and privation, and in doubt about the permanence of the dream to which he had devoted his life.

"The only way the people of Burma will ever believe that I meant what I've done is for me to die here among them." That was his only answer whenever a well-meaning American pleaded with him to seek medical care, or at least a rest, "back home."

He must have looked bad. Because the word spread quickly through the hospital buildings on the hill and over to the nurses' home, and from there down the hill to the villagers in Namkham, until everyone in the Shweli Valley knew the old man was dying.

I knew. Even in Washington. And from that distance I had watched him gradually fall apart for a year. I had tried for a year to get out to see him a last time before he died. My older brothers had been back to Burma in the late '50's for brief visits, but I had not been back since I was 11 years old. After 16 years all I remembered of the old man was a grizzled, truculent old lion with a grin and a belly laugh that scared hell out of his nurses.

I had tried everything, made every possible overture to the government of Burma, even appealed through United Nations Secretary General U Thant, a former Burmese cabinet official. But Gen. Ne Win and the Revolutionary Council of Burma maintained a



Scrubbing for an operation, Doctor Seagrave puffs on cigarette with the help of a Burmese nurse, one of the thousands that he trained.

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Surrounded by some of his resident nurses—who all called him "Daddy"—Doctor Seagrave led chapel services every morning.

'I've waited so long to see you.'

stony silence. After a year I had just about given up and resigned myself to reading the old man's solitary downfall in those increasingly tortured letters that came about once a month. The last one—the one that read like an obituary—was dated January 28, 1965. Then, at noon on Thursday, February 25, a cable arrived from Burma. The old man had collapsed. He was in serious condition. If I could not get into Burma in a matter of days—visa or no visa—it would be too late.

There was no time to reapply for a visa through the Burmese embassy in Washington. There was no time to wait for commercial airliners and the unavoidable delays in making connections halfway around the world. There was no time to gather the scattered members of the family together for a conference. There was only one possible way for me to move fast enough.

I called Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell Jr. at Fort Bragg. Our fathers had been together during the Burma campaign. Old Vinegar Joe had been one of my father's dearest friends. I asked the general if there was any possibility of my hitchhiking aboard a military jet flight directly to Saigon. I knew after two years on a Washington newspaper that there were direct flights running almost constantly to Saigon. I could make my way on from there by whatever means available. Stilwell said that only the State Department or the White House could authorize it, and even in the most exceptional cases civilian travel was not permitted.

I knew a handful of people at the State Department. At one P.M. that Thursday I got on the phone and had the phone in one hand and a cigarette in the other until five P.M.

At 6:15 P.M. a White House aide walked into President Johnson's office with a stack of papers. One of them was an authorization for me to fly out by whatever aircraft available. The aide told the President what was happening to the old man.

The President knew the story. Jack Kennedy had given the old man a commendation, and there had been a move up on Capitol Hill to award the old man a medal.

The phone rang at seven P.M.: "The President has given his approval as a last gesture of the United States in recognition of Doctor Seagrave's long years of service to the people of Burma." It was an ornate way of saying that the old man had done a good job of carrying the flag through many tough, lonely years, without ever asking anyone to pay him back.

About 36 hours later I was at Saigon's Tan Son Nhut airfield, and General Stilwell was still helping me along. A sergeant and a captain met me at the plane, fed me three cold Japanese beers at the airport bar, collected my passport and a wad of money for tickets—and had me aboard a Thai International Airways flight in 20 minutes. I was in Thailand by late afternoon. It was Saturday back in the States. It was Sunday here. It was snowing back in the States. It was roasting here.

On the way into Bangkok from Don Muang airport my 16 years away from Southeast Asia vanished. I sat back in the taxi and squinted out at the palms and dense foliage. Except for the houses and the people, it could have been Florida. The houses did it first. The white temples with sharply peaked roofs of golden tile. The water buffaloes wading in the klongs along the road with urchins on their scythe-horned heads.

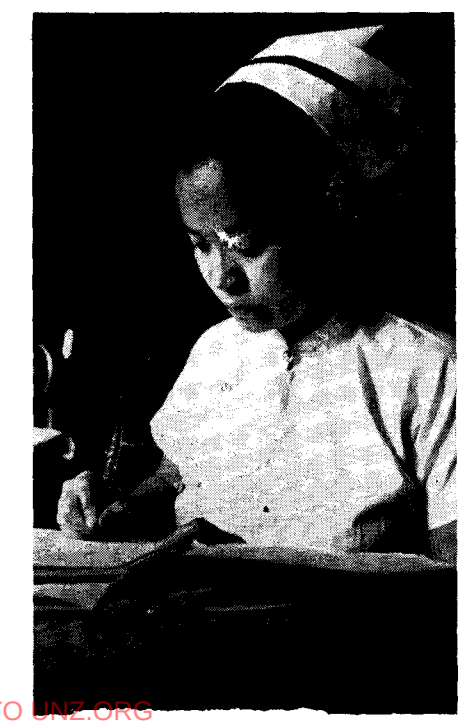
But what really erased all those years was the smell. A smell that exists only in the Orient, only where there are spices on the wind. It was a smell of many things cooking; of teakwood; of people with coconut oil in their hair and sandalwood soap on their bodies; of things eaten, and of things being eaten, by time; of things ripe and rich with moving life; of things dead or dying, and of humid birth. I was still a thousand miles from Namkham, still a government away from the old man. But I was home.

The next day I flew into Rangoon on a 24-hour-transit permit, the only permit for Burma still available. To get it I had to buy a ticket from Bangkok to Rangoon to Calcutta and back to Bangkok. I hoped to drag my feet a bit as I went through Rangoon—and maybe get north to Namkham.

I figured that 24 hours would give me time to present my case. The old man had had his differences with the Rangoon government, but the old man was dying. Certainly they wouldn't begrudge me a couple of days up-country.

When we began our descent out of the cloud layer, I could see the arteries of the great Irrawaddy River below us. There was a flash of sunlight on the left side of the plane, and I saw the glittering gold spire of Shwe Dagon Pagoda, one of the world's greatest Buddhist shrines, rising above Rangoon. The peak of the spire sparkled with precious stones, and beyond the smaller pagodas guarding its base stood huge frowning Chinthes, the mythical lions that stand frozen in stone along all the roads to Mandalay.

Leo Reddy, the American consul in Rangoon, met me at the airport with news that all government offices had closed early. The next day was Peasants Day, and I couldn't possibly see any officials until the end of the week.



Pansy Po, Doctor Seagrave's adopted daughter who worked with him during the war against the Japanese, heads nursing school.

What about my visa?

Everything possible was being done. Ambassador Henry Byroade had discussed it with the foreign minister. Leo Reddy had kept at it daily. There were some Burmese officials who held out little hope. There were others who said it would simply take time. One thing I didn't have was time.

What about the old man?

There was no word on him. Communications with northern Burma were difficult—the insurgents, technical problems. Everyone in Rangoon figured the old man was still alive. Dr. Joseph Newhall, the doctor who had come out from Florida to work with the old man two years ago, was managing to keep him alive somehow.

I thanked Leo and accepted his invitation to dinner. Then I caught the next flight out to Calcutta. I flew back to Bangkok the next day and shut myself up in a hotel room with a phone.

I sat and paced and slept and paced and sat. I sent one cable, to Namkham:

IN BANGKOK AWAITING ENTRY VISA STOP PLEASE HANG ON STOP COMING AS FAST AS I CAN—STERLING

After eight days of skulking around my hotel room in Bangkok, I got my visa. I was back in Rangoon on Wednesday night, March 10. The next flight north to Lashio was Friday morning. My visa permitted me to stay in Burma for two weeks. By Thursday night military intelligence had agreed to let me go up-country providing I was escorted by an official from the foreign office and an intelligence agent.

My escort, U Saw Hlaing, a pleasant, well-traveled Burmese only a year or two older than I, had never been in northern Burma before. We were both full of anticipation as we climbed into the old C-47 chicken coop at Mingaladon airport and flew north. Ahead of us went a telegram asking the hospital to send an ambulance to meet us at Lashio. There was still no word whatever about the old man. My only assurance that he was still alive was that I was being allowed to go north.

In Lashio we were met by our intelligence agent and by the white ambulance that CARE had given the hospital a couple of years before. Behind the

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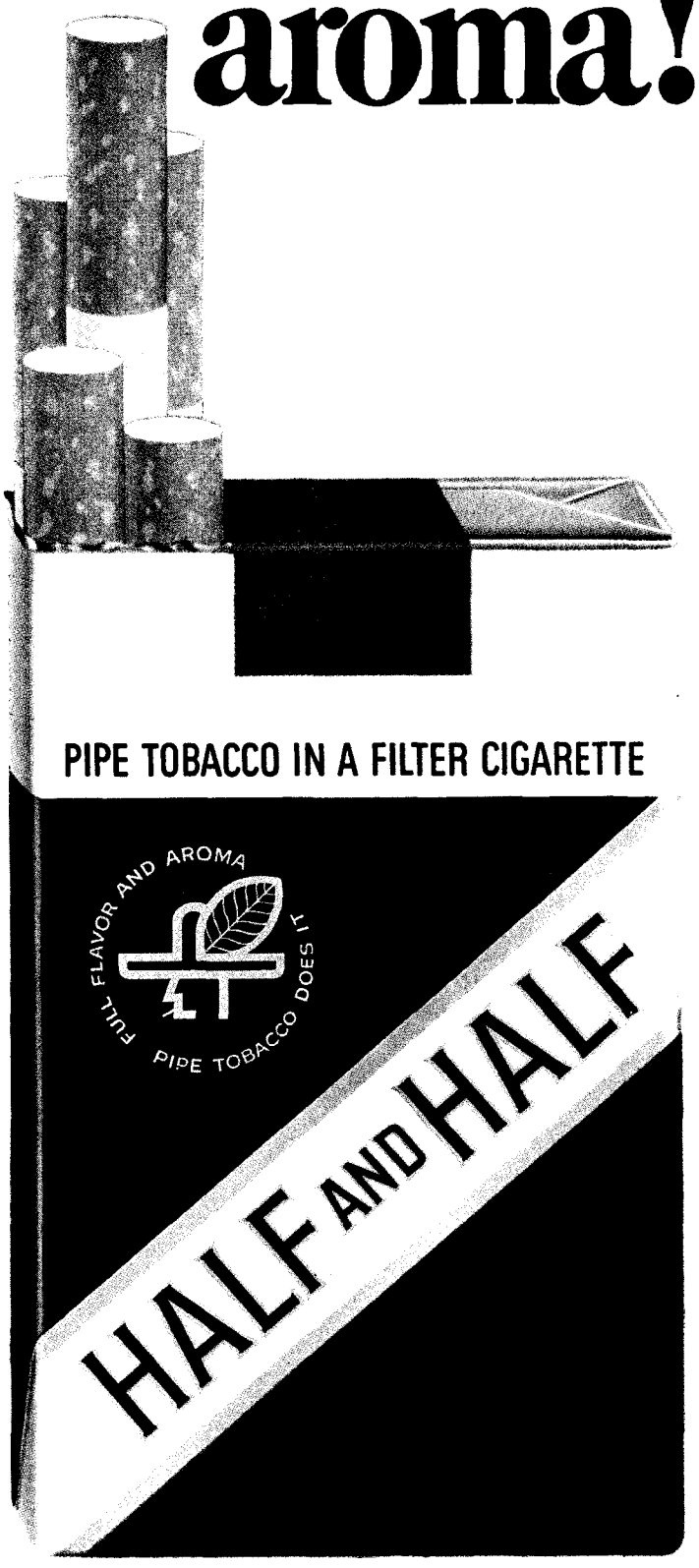

How about that Half and Half—putting pipe tobacco in a filter cigarette!

Product of The American Tobacco Company © A. T. Co.

We talked of the old days, when he an

BURMA SURGEON

wheel was Chuck, a Karen and the assistant administrator of the hospital.

"How is Daddy?" I asked him as we shook hands.

"Daddy's waiting to see you," Chuck said. His face was worried. "It's been touch and go."

We left Lashio in a hurry and headed still farther north on the Burma Road. Five hours to Namkham. Five hours of the roughest road anyone ever paved. Five hours through rebel country, where Shans and Kachins controlled practically everything except garrisoned cities. Country where anyone representing the Rangoon government either traveled in convoy or sat in the middle of the front seat of a Namkham ambulance with a Karen on one side and a crazy American on the other. Nobody ever shoots at Namkham hospital vehicles—by this time the old man had convinced even his worst enemies that he wasn't involved in politics. Everything looked perfectly peaceful to me, and at the moment the Burma Road was disturbed only by flocks of crows overhead.

I tried not to worry any further about the old man until I got to Namkham. So I concentrated on the scenery. Once you get up out of the hot purple plains of central Burma and start climbing that tortured road high into the Shan hills, the weather cools quickly. It was midafternoon, and we were passing through quiet Shan villages. Here there was an opium store. There, on the other side of the road, was a bazaar bustling with people who came from villages miles away.

We passed a stream filled with naked boys scrubbing several hardworking water buffaloes. The jungled hillsides were turning pink-white with dogwood. Just before sunset we began to weave down into the Shweli Valley. Across the valley was China, a range of green hills that looked as peaceful as the Berkshires. In places the border markers were within 20 feet of the road.

When we came around the bend under the big banyan tree and drove into town, I looked up the hill to my left and got the first surprise: The hospital had grown unexpectedly. The big surgery building the old man had completed in 1929 looked better than ever. Scattered on the hilltop behind it were two, three, five, seven stone buildings I had never seen before, some of them two-story with high-peaked roofs of corrugated steel.

And all around me suddenly were the nurses; the first-year student nurses in dark-blue lungis, second-year in red, third-year in green, fourth-year in pink and a smattering of staff nurses in pale blue. All in all there were about 200 of them, all going to and from their work in the wards or emerging from classrooms. We turned off the road onto a drive leading toward the old man's house at the edge of the jungle.

As we passed through the gate, I noticed a beautiful little girl of about 10 and a thin, tall man with a weathered face. Around them were several staff nurses I recognized. I climbed out of the ambulance, and the man came over to shake hands. "I'm glad you're here," he said. "I'm Tun Shein."

This, then, was the old man's best friend from the Burma campaign, the Karen he had finally persuaded to come north after the war to take over the administration of the hospital. He had damn near as many legends hanging from his bones as the old man.

"How is he?" I asked, nodding toward the house.

"We almost lost him yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that. If he hadn't received your cable from Bangkok saying you were on your way, I don't think he would have lasted this long. Don't go in right away. When he heard the ambulance pull up, he insisted that the nurses get him out of bed so he could greet you in his wheelchair in the living room."

Tun Shein turned to the little girl. "Augusta, come say hello to your uncle."

Shy, a little frightened, Augusta came over to me and soberly extended her hand. Augusta—one part Belgian, one part Burmese, two parts Karen. Her mother was Pansy Po, dean of the nursing school and one of the top nurses at the hospital. Pansy had joined the old man's medical team in the last weeks of the war and stayed on. Her sister Esther, who had been with the old man throughout the war, ran the laboratory. After the war he sent both of them to America for a year's additional training, and they were now the best lab technicians in Burma.

When she had returned from her year in America, Pansy made a disastrous marriage that she staggered away from three-months pregnant. Her family asked the old man to adopt her, as he and his parents and grandparents had adopted children over so many years. So he adopted Pansy and delivered her child, and here was the child, Augusta, now 10 years old and as pretty an adopted niece as any Seagrave could ever hope to have.

I grinned at her. "Hello, Augusta."

She managed a flustered smile. "I'm so happy you came. I've waited so long." The smile vanished and she was very somber again. "And Grandy is so sick. You look just like Grandy."

Tun Shein caught my eye, and I followed him into the house with a parting wink at my newfound niece. The old man was sitting in his wheelchair in the middle of the living room. A group of nurses hovered anxiously around him, and his battered hands were fumbling with a cigarette and an oxygen hose.

He looked terrible. I had been prepared for the worst. But my heart fell right down to my shoes when I saw him. I knew then that the old man had actually been dead for two weeks, only he didn't know it. Somehow he had managed to bolt that door shut by sheer willpower and had hung on, day after day, waiting. He was slumped down in the wheelchair, but he raised his huge, craggy head under that thinned white hair and peered at me.

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Tiny had come up into the Shan hills.

"Hello, Daddy. It's been a hell of a long time." I gripped his hand, and one of the nurses slid a footstool under me as I sat down beside him. He turned to peer at me again, and his shaggy white moustache quivered, and he grinned.

"My God," he rumbled. "You actually made it, didn't you?"

That was about all he could say, and it came out rough. One of the nurses cranked up the oxygen a bit. I gave him a breakdown of the trip out and everything that had happened. Then U Saw Hlaing, my escort, came in.

I introduced him to the old man. They shook hands. Saw conveyed the greetings of the government of Burma. The old man listened, then cocked his head at Saw: "When you get back to Rangoon," he growled, "tell the general . . . tell the general his granting a visa to my son was the act of a gentleman." When Saw had retreated, the old man turned back to me: "What burns me up is that they waited to give you a visa until I was too sick to hold a decent conversation with you."

Later I learned that the government had held back on my visa while the general dispatched a government doctor to Namkham to see if the old man was really dying. When they discovered that the old man wasn't going to last more than a week or two, I got my visa.

While the old man and I talked on around that oxygen hose, Pansy came in. I had never met her. She called a halt to the proceedings and had the nurses move the old man back to his room, to the big padded chair beside his bed next to the table where he had written his books, and where he had written his own obituary. I went outside to talk to Pansy and Tun Shein about the old man's condition.

While we talked, I watched the sun set across the valley. The old man always loved that view. In the rainy season, when the jungled peaks up behind the hospital were washed to a dark blue-green and the paddy fields terracing down the foothills to the Shweli were full, the sun would set deep-red beyond the mountains of China, and the red would bleed down through the overflowing paddy fields, until the entire valley was a wash of color. There was a festival each year when the nurses would make a giant rice-paper balloon and paint it and hang candles beneath the opening in the bottom. They would hold it over a bonfire until the balloon filled with hot air—then they'd let it sail off, glowing with candlelight, through the dusk into China.

Pansy looked awful. A small, handsome woman, she had been carrying by herself the full weight of the old man's disintegration. Two weeks earlier she had finally assigned three nurses to him night and day. Even then she had continued to stay up with him around the clock, never getting out of earshot, sleeping only catnaps.

Six times in the preceding week the old man had gone over the edge, and six times they had all given up hope. But each time he had come back. But each time not quite so far. Tun Shein had taken to sleeping in a chair in the living room so he would be at the old man's side when the time came. At 61, Tun Shein was one of the most vigorous men I'd ever met, but he was worn to a sliver. That night they both got their first real sleep in weeks. I stayed up with the old man. I left the days to Pansy and the nurses, but from then on I stayed up with him every night. It was then that he did his talking.

We talked of the old days, of the days when he had studied at Hopkins and married an Illinois farm girl, and called her Tiny because she wasn't, and taken her out to Burma. We talked of how he and Tiny had come up into the Shan hills and found the ramshackle remains of the old Harper Memorial Hospital—a single teakwood ward a fine old Baptist missionary doctor had set up a generation before.

The old man had been born in Rangoon, and he was speaking fluent Karen and Burmese before he learned English, but when he and Tiny arrived at Namkham they found that wasn't enough. There was hardly a trickle of patients to treat. The Shans eagerly accepted the religious tracts he and Tiny passed around—then used them for toilet paper and making cigarettes. So he and Tiny gritted their teeth, taught themselves Shan and Kachin, and set out on pony and pack mule into the mountains to flush out their quarry. And each time they returned to Namkham, the patients followed.

Soon the old building was overflowing, and the old man hit upon two magic ideas that were to serve him well the next 40 years: He began building a new hospital, using nearby river stone and his own bare hands, and he began teaching nursing to the local girls.

By 1929 he had his first building up and filled with nurses and patients. He went on to build more, and his nurses' training school became the biggest in Burma. He added a grade school and high school, and kept building.

By the time the Japanese invaded in 1942, Tiny had borne him four sons to join their daughter. The oldest son, Gordon Junior, drowned in a pond behind the hospital just before I was born. I was the youngest and the last—and the only son born outside Burma. They were back home on furlough in America, and took me to Burma when I was six weeks old.

The old man sent us all back to America when the Japanese invaded. But he stayed and lent his services and his team of nurses to first the British forces, then the Americans. He became a major in the American army, and when Stilwell led the retreat from Burma to India, the old man and his willowy nurses outwalked the GI's all day, cared for them half the night and then outwalked them again the next day. Because of that his nurses became famous. Because of that the old man wrote *Burma Surgeon* and its sequel.

He wasn't able to return to Namkham until 1945, when the Allies pushed the Japanese out of Burma. He and his nurses returned to find the hospital in

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Sitting amid the bombed-out ruins of his hospital, Doctor Seagrave watched a ceremony that celebrated his safe return from the war.

He lay awake mourning his broken dreams.

A student nurse waters flowers now growing beside the neat river-stone buildings that the old man and his staff rebuilt from rubble.

ruins. He told me how he lay awake that night mourning his old broken dreams—and the next day he and his nurses started putting the buildings back together, stone by stone.

We rejoined him after the war, the year of Burma's independence, 1948. But our return was short-lived. When the Communists took over China and rebellions broke out in our part of Burma, the old man sent us back to America again.

In 1949, just after we had left, a force of Karen rebels moved into Namkham with government forces in pursuit. The rebels seized the hospital, helped themselves to drugs, persuaded a promising young doctor, Dr. Ba Saw, to join them and then fled into China. The rebels tried to enlist the old man's help and invited themselves to his cottage for tea. He stubbornly refused to have anything to do with them.

But a few months later the government arrested the old man, charged him with treason, and hauled him off to jail in Rangoon. He was sentenced to six years' hard labor—which consisted of sitting around a house under guard, trying to find something to do. That, for him, was hard labor.

The case was appealed to the Burmese Supreme Court, and a year later the old man was cleared. But not before his health had been broken with a heart attack, chronic dysentery, malaria and the first touch of beriberi. Burmese public opinion was aroused, and the government allowed him to return to Namkham. The old man had been sadly disappointed by the treatment received from the people he had worked so hard for, but he was cheered when he discovered that his trial had given the Namkham hospital its best publicity in years. Patients came from all over Burma to be treated.

He fell in love with Burma again, and went back to Namkham determined to build an even bigger hospital that could provide free medical care to even more people. Money was beginning to come from America to supplement the grants of the Burmese government and from the Shan State. The old man's war buddies had banded together back home and formed the American Medical Center for Burma. They were scraping up drugs and cash donations from American citizens and shipping them out to Namkham. The old man told me how the hospital was booming by 1962. It had 300 beds, and the nurses' school was teaching about 140 girls.

But each night the old man came closer to death. During those long nights while he lay dying, the old man would talk of all those years, the disappointments and the successes. And sometimes, when he would slip off into a coma, Doctor Newhall and I would sit with Tun Shein in the living room and talk about the old man. And sometimes Sue, Doctor Newhall's wife, would join us. She was one of the old man's favorites, a lab technician who even did her share of teaching.

He didn't die for another 12 days. The reason he stayed alive was that a cable arrived saying my brother John had applied for a visa to bring his wife and two young children out from America to see the old man.

General Ne Win gave permission. They caught the next jet.

On March 18 practically the whole nurses' school came over to celebrate the old man's 68th birthday. They sang songs for him, including favorite old hymns he used to grumble in a deep basso when he was still able to get up to the stone church he had built. And when the nurses were sure the old man couldn't see them, they wept.

The next day, as a birthday present, I talked him into getting into his wheelchair and coming out on the porch where he could see the whole valley, and I got out his favorite Jeffery Farnol adventure novel and read it to him while he sat and adlibbed to the nurses in three languages.

When the sun went down, the nurses tried to get him back to his room, but he scared them away by growling, "Dammit, girls, can't you see I'm having more fun than I've had in years?" They let him remain where he was until I finished the chapter.

He loved those girls, all of them. Although he had never accepted a salary of more than $90 a month in his entire life, he had used part of it now and then to put a few mirrors into the nurses' home. "A girl has got to have a mirror to see at least part of her body in," he told me vigorously. "There are enough mirrors now to satisfy any girl."

John reached Rangoon on a Wednesday, and we expected him on the Friday plane to Lashio, the same way I had come. Although he had been given a visa, he had to wait, as I had, for permission to bring his family north. So the old man carefully inched his way to Friday, and then to Friday night, and there was no sign of John. Tun Shein returned from Lashio grim-faced. John wasn't on the plane.

Pansy and I had to go in to tell the old man. The way he was hanging by a thread, just waiting for the sound of the ambulance and the voices of the children, I was afraid the disappointment would kill him. He had been in and out of coma and in and out of crisis, until now you could hardly tell the difference.

"Daddy . . ."

The sound of my voice brought his head up.

"Dear God," he growled, "I'm glad you're here. Keep talking. It's getting so bad I can't keep awake for more than five minutes. And I'm so damned tired of sleeping. . . ."

Pansy ushered the nurses out. There were tears in her eyes as she sat down on the other side of his bed, her face turned away.

"Daddy, John didn't make the plane to Lashio after all. We know he's in Rangoon, but the soonest he can get here now is tomorrow night, if he catches the train to Mandalay and comes the rest of the way by car."

"That's all right," he rumbled. "It's too late now. I'm going home. Dear Lord, I'm going home. I've done my work. . . . I'm no good to anyone lying here. I'm sick of being babied by those nurses, and I'm sick of being sick. I've been in so much pain for so long now there's just no sense in my staying around any longer. So I'm going home. Dear Lord, I'm going home."

Augusta was in the doorway. She came silently to her mother and shattered into sobs. She had heard the old man. She had heard Grandy.

"What can I do for you, Daddy?" I asked softly.

"I want you to look after Augusta. And I want you to take care of Pansy. Tun Shein will run this hospital the way it should be run. Work for him. Do what you can to help him. Try to get the government to let you stay. . . ." He looked up. "Will you stay?"

"I'd already made up my mind that I'd been away from home too long," I said. And I meant it.

"Then help Tun Shein. He'll need someone who can keep in touch with the people back in America who help us keep this place going." He paused. "And the nurses need a Seagrave around here to hold them in line and keep their morale up. Maybe the government won't let you stay right now, but maybe when you show them that you're not trying to make trouble for Burma, they'll let you come back. Let them solve their own problems. Things may seem bad right now, but they'll solve them in time."

"You have my word on all of these."

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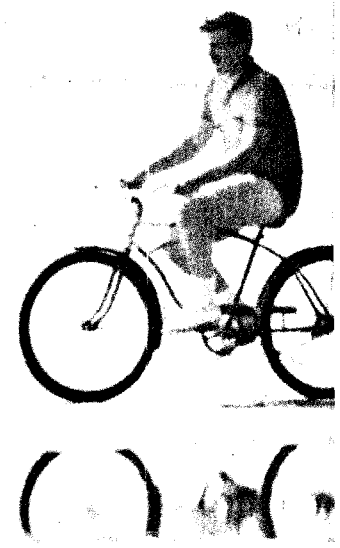

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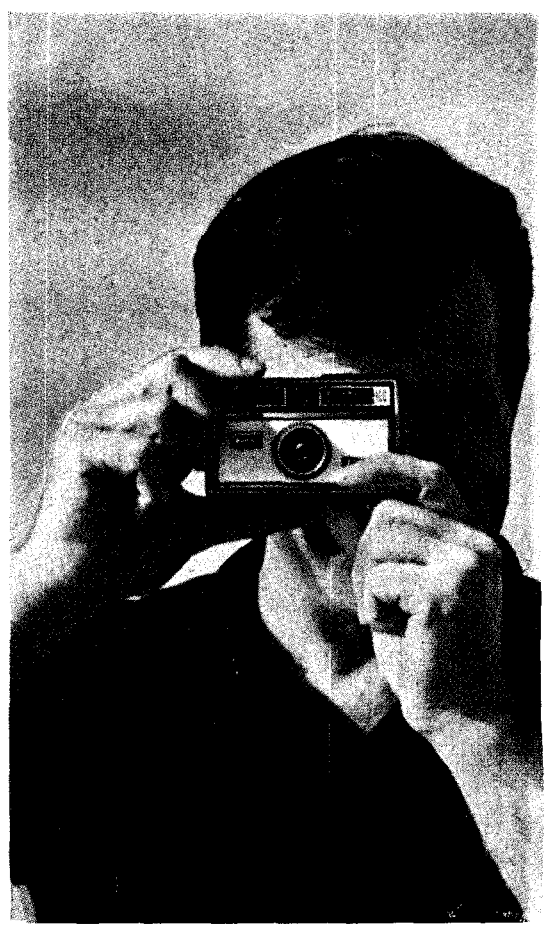

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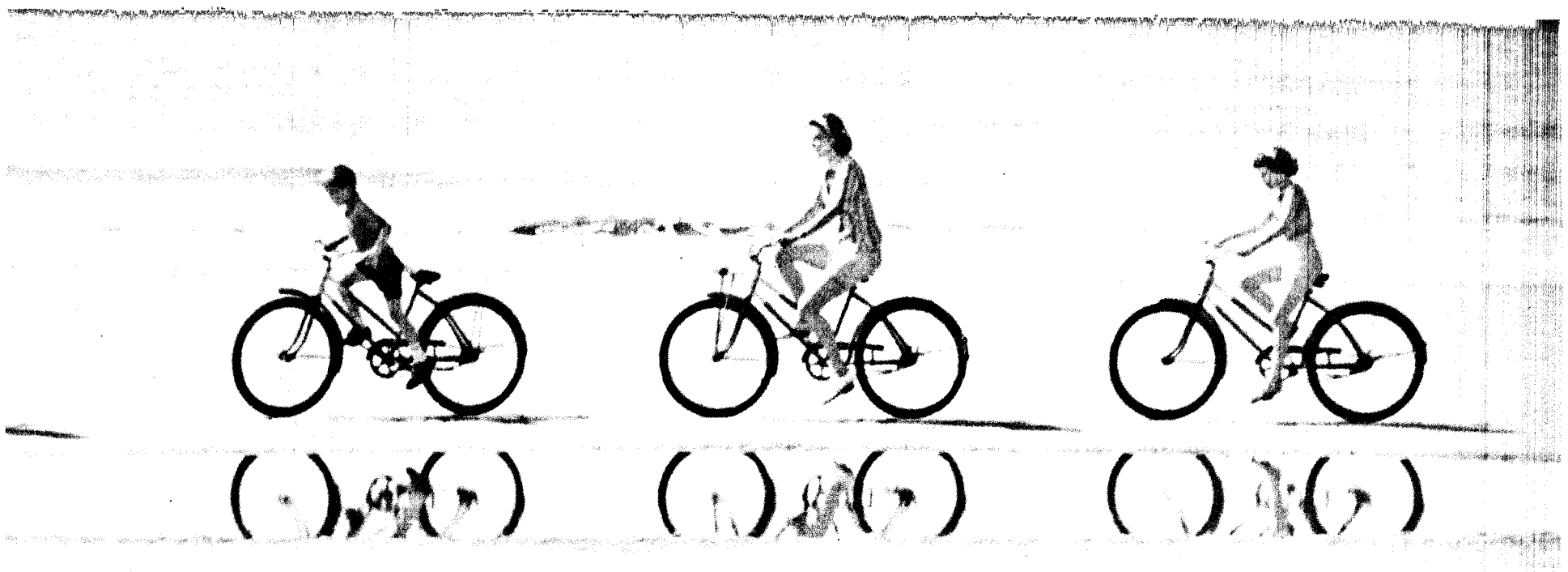

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'Dear Lord, I'm going home—I've done

BURMA SURGEON

"The only way they got rid of me was feet first."

"Then the only way they'll get rid of me is feet first."

One of the nurses had gone after Doctor Newhall. He came in, his face worried under that bristle of crew-cut black hair. His dachshund was right behind him, the only dog the old man ever allowed to sit on his lap.

"I understand you're thinking of leaving us," Joe said. He started to probe with his stethoscope and glanced at his watch as he counted the old man's pulse and breathing.

"Joe, I've had it. I'm tired of this pain. I'm going home."

"Don't you think you ought to stick around to see your son and his wife and your grandchildren? They've come a long way to see you."

"It's too late, Joe. I'm going home." He paused. "Give me a hand."

Joe's back went rigid. "I can't, Doc, you know that. I can't unless I go along with you." There was silence.

"Then let's go."

Joe got up suddenly and walked out of the room. I left Pansy with the old man and followed.

Joe was telling a nurse to ready a massive sedative.

"It's the only way," Joe said. "And I'm not sure we're in time, or if it will do any good." Then he turned to me and I could see he was having a hell of a rough time.

"You know what it is he wanted me to do?"

"Yes, I know. He's in great pain."

"Then you must know how much compassion I feel for him. I want to help him. I would give my life to help him, to ease his pain. But he knows I can't. I can't abandon everything I am responsible for."

I remembered Sue and that houseful of children—including the three-year-old Shan twins they had adopted. We went back into the old man's room.

It took half an hour for the sedative to knock the old man out, and during that 30 minutes he did everything he could to die. His breathing grew irregular, until it had all but stopped. His heart ceased beating for six seconds at a time. And then he was asleep.

That was all that got him through that night. The next evening when John arrived the old man was in a coma. He came only half out of it and only vaguely recognized John and his wife, Regina, and their two-year-old girl and infant boy.

The next day he awakened, but he did not speak. He smiled wanly at his grandchildren, and he listened to John talking, and he held on to Regi's hand for dear life.

The following day he was able to reply with a yes or no. That day we cabled an urgent plea to Rangoon, asking the American embassy and the government of Burma for help. They sent us what we wanted on a chartered airliner: a special oxygen respirator yanked out of a U.S. military hospital in Bangkok, and Burma's top heart-and-lung specialist, Dr. Ronald Lwin.

Ironically Doctor Lwin arrived just as the old man was entering the calm before the storm. He had slept for two days and nights, and then he had come out of it completely to lie wide awake for three full days, conversing with everybody who came within earshot. His lungs were clearing up, to everyone's astonishment. His breathing improved. He was raising hell with the nurses for practicing what he had taught them. He held long talks with John and Regi. Encouraged, Doctor Lwin went back to Rangoon.

On Saturday night, after Doctor Lwin left, the old man went quietly to sleep. On Sunday morning, March 28, at nine o'clock, his nurses ran into the living room where we were having coffee in front of the fireplace, slammed on the special oxygen apparatus from Bangkok, and dashed back into the old man's room. Doctor Joe and Pansy and John and I raced after them.

But the old man was dead.

We did everything we could in those final seconds, but it was Pansy who looked up at us, her face suddenly drained: "Daddy is gone."

One minute before nine, as we had been sitting in the living room sipping coffee, something had buzzed inside my head that said: "The old man is going to die now. Do you want the old man to die?"

And the answer was there too: "The old man said he wanted to die, now that his work is done, and he is too sick to go on. He is in terrible pain. Don't keep him alive just to suffer. We'll carry on for him somehow. Yes, let him go home."

One minute later he was dead.

We buried the old man next to his first son in a graveyard up behind the hospital. More than 20,000 people came from all parts of Burma to pay their last respects to the man who had become one of Burma's heroes. The ceremony was kept as simple as possible, in keeping with the old man's wishes for simplicity. But with 20,000 people on hand I couldn't help recalling something the old man had once said: "When I die, the Shans will butcher a pig, and there'll be a lot of feasting and festivities. I only regret that I won't be on hand to join in."

John and his family were returning to America the day after the funeral, and I hoped for permission to stay on. But the government refused to grant it; I was ordered to leave immediately.

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ny work.'

Sterling Seagrave surveys Namkham hospital with a medical student.

That was an order I found very difficult to swallow. I had a tough night worrying about the hospital, worrying about the nurses and the staff, now that the old man wasn't around to look after things. Most of all I wondered how I would ever get back to Namkham if I left. There were promises to keep, not just to the old man, but to myself. I had also promised to work with Tun Shein, and if I started raising hell it would only make matters worse for him during this crucial transition period. Somehow, Tun Shein had to work out all these things with the Rangoon government.

At four A.M. the morning after the funeral I set out with John and his family and our escorts for the long trip back south to Rangoon, and the problems were still filling my head.

I was in a nondescript automobile with our escorts. My brother and his family followed in the hospital ambulance. Three hours out of Namkham, as we began to wind down out of the mountains toward Lashio, the ambulance a mile or two behind us, there was a sudden sharp burst of machine-gun fire. Three slugs ripped into our car, narrowly missing the driver's head and the front and rear wheels on the right side. We ducked down, hit the gas and raced on blindly, never seeing our assailants. Whoever it was—rebels or bandits—didn't bother the Namkham ambulance.

It was a reminder that there was more involved here than a simple decision to stay or go. There was Burma to worry about, not just the hospital. And what happened in Burma would determine what became of the hospital. Despite its recent overwhelming nationalization policy, the Rangoon government might yet permit the hospital to continue the way the old man wished—a nonprofit, nonsectarian hospital serving all the people of Burma with help from American citizens. And with an American doctor on the staff.

But for the government to let it struggle on was not enough. The hospital needed more Burmese doctors. And it needed drugs and equipment. For decades we had been able to bring in thousands of dollars' worth of donated drugs. Recently the Rangoon government had reintroduced a 100-percent duty on all drugs entering Burma. It was a staggering burden for Namkham. One shipment of almost $15,000 in drugs and equipment had been rotting on a dock in Rangoon for nine months because we couldn't raise the duty. There was also no assurance that we would be able to bring in another American doctor to succeed Doctor Newhall when his visa expired, and the old man had deeply wanted an American surgeon to take up where he had left off in Namkham.

These were all things that Tun Shein had to work out in Rangoon—if the government allowed the hospital to continue in the old man's tradition. If the hospital were nationalized, no one could expect Americans to continue supporting it. Could it then ever again provide the excellent medicine the old man had established there? Considering Burma's already monumental burden with its economy, and with the many other institutions it had nationalized, the prospects were gloomy.

What would become then of the old man's dream? What would become of the hospital, the only sanctuary for the sick and injured in the Shweli Valley? Would Tun Shein be able to work out a solution in Rangoon?

The foundation which raised funds, drugs and equipment for the old man back in the United States [The American Medical Center for Burma, 8 West 40th Street, New York] has decided to stand behind Tun Shein, come what may. It is ready with funds and drugs, waiting for word from Rangoon and doing what it can meanwhile.

In Baltimore, Tiny will wait, as she has for years, to see if the dream she helped build will be permitted to continue. She may never see Burma again. While the old man gave his life at his hospital, she obeyed the old man's orders to take his sons to America and see them through college and onto their feet.

The next few months may tell. They should tell a great deal, not just of the future of the hospital, but of the future of Burma—where the government must struggle with the economy and the insurgents.

All anyone could really do if he really cared about Burma, really cared about the hospital, the old man's dream and the people of Burma, was to take a deep breath and start praying. That's what I'm doing—and at the same time I'm also busy in Bangkok, trying to get permission to get back into Burma and keep those promises. □

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HOME FIRES BURNING

A short story by MALCOLM WOOD

Early summer, Denver, 1946. Forty-three years old I was; single again; and, for me at that time, rich. Overtime in a San Francisco shipyard and a lucky half interest in five Uniforms-Pressed-While-U-Wait shops had produced a World War II net of just under nine thousand dollars, legal. I went home to Denver and paid three thousand cash for the Dart Sightseeing Service. Assets: two black nine-passenger limousines, as is; ticket-desk space in a second-class hotel; good will; seven lap robes; and a Western hat. I had a boy wax the cars, I had the spark plugs cleaned, and I dickered for retreads. In early July there I was, lecturing about lodgepole pines and listening, in between, to the oily, twelve-cylinder throb of the Packard touring sedan which, actually, had hooked me into the deal. Coming up to Echo Lake, the passengers began to oh and ah at the cold air and the snow fields. About then the grade and a tail wind made the Packard boil, and a big white fan of steam pours back past the windshield, wiping out the view. I open my door, which on the 1935 Packard latches at the front, and, leaning way out and down, my chin practically in the chuckholes, try to peer under the steam, steering with one hand and hollering, "Hang on! We're almost there!" After five hundred yards of this we pulled up to the edge of Echo Lake, the passengers getting out, their hearts going pitty-pat, too excited to see the chickadees in the spruce trees.

Well, Viola Kaltenborn, the looker with penciled eyebrows and a high-heeled, swingy walk, naturally got chilly and climbed back in the Packard. Her earrings and bracelets, and that slick rayon dress, didn't keep her warm at ten thousand feet in the Rockies. Her screwy fox furs, with those sharp snouts and eye marbles, couldn't even keep themselves warm.

The Texan and his wife gave the lake their double-chinned look. Like all Texas sight-seers, they began talking about what it reminded them of back home in Texas.

The tired-looking widow from Rocky Ford, who'd brought along her three farmer's daughters, was actually seeing sights. She and the middle girl asked how deep the lake was, the name of this mountain and that tree, how glaciers work, and such. I mostly made up the answers—they'd never know the difference, didn't really *care*, actually. The youngest daughter had tagged after Arthur, who was on the bridge where the creek runs out. "Hey, driver," called Arthur, "how long we going to be here?"

Arthur was my son, tall and skinny, twenty-four years old and wearing those Air Force sunglasses that made him look like a raccoon. He'd come along to learn the route, since I planned to have him drive this run himself the next day. Meanwhile he was faking it as a paying passenger. In his left-handed way he probably figured that was the best scheme for overcoming whatever resistance Viola Kaltenborn might have been putting up. To give him his due, though, he'd already cheered up the youngest farm sister, who was about fourteen and had cross-eyes, also ankles as thick as her calves, really pathetic. That was Arthur. Little people took to him. Lonesome kids, certain old ladies, gaunt waitresses, parking-lot attendants with shoes that turn up—he had something for them. I never figured out what it was.

"We'll be here an hour for lunch," I announced. "The Inn is just a short walk up around the curve."

"COL-O-*RAD*-O!"

"Col-o-rad-o" rebounded the echo from the cliff across the lake.

"Wow!" said May Belle. May Belle was the oldest of the farm sisters, about nineteen, I guessed. She had been at the edge of the lake, skipping stones. Now she sang out, "*COOL* COLORADO!"

". . . *ool* Colorado" sounded the echo.

May Belle walked toward where her cross-eyed sister was watching Arthur try to retrieve a snagged trout spinner from under the bridge. This May Belle was the only one of the family in saddle shoes and socks instead of high heels. She was wearing a fresh, white, dotted-

Illustrated by Erik Blegvad

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COLORADO
THE TEXAN AND HIS WIFE GAVE THE LAKE THEIR DOUBLE-CHINNED LOOK
THE FARM WIDOW AND HER MIDDLE DAUGHTER ASKED HOW DEEP THE LAKE WAS AND A LOT OF OTHER QUESTIONS

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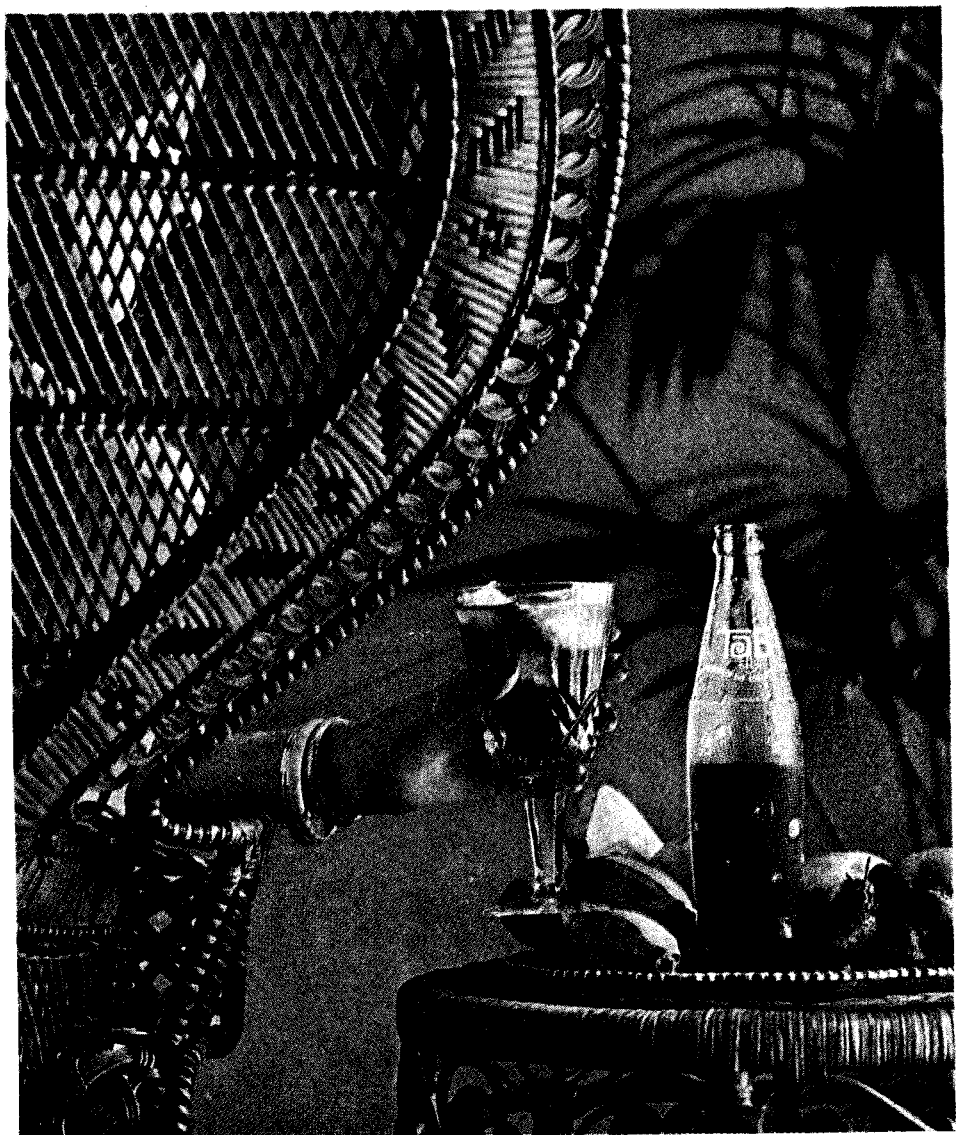

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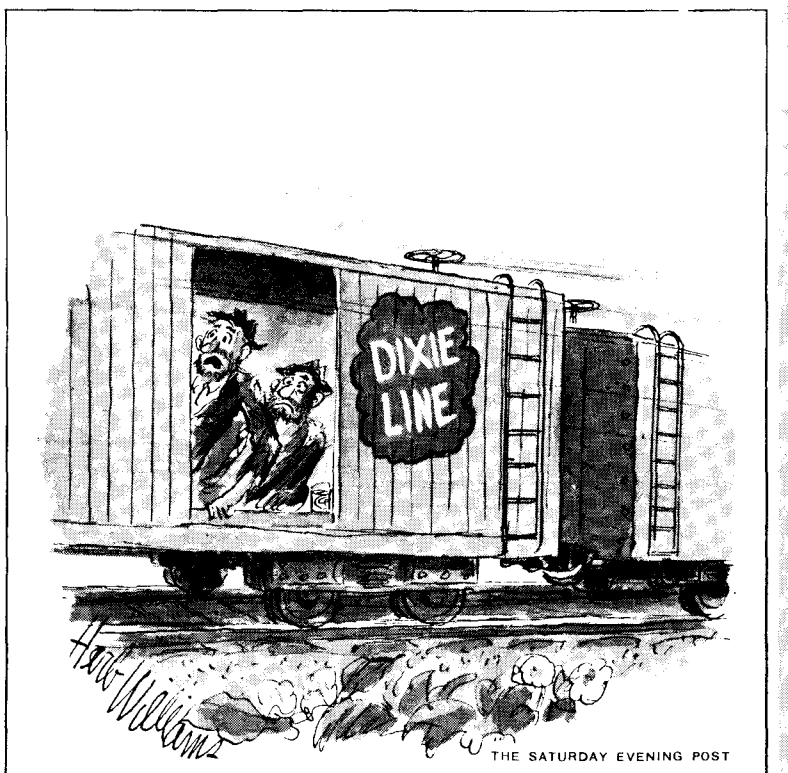
America, America



"Let's get off, Willie. If we go any farther South, they'll think we're beatnik pickets."

cotton dress, and she had flushed spots on her cheekbones and her hair put up short, leaving her bare neck in view with those stray wisps near the ears that drove you crazy when it was your sweetie in the desk ahead of you back in grammar school. She was shaped full, dressed modest—exactly the kind who got a fellow to Christian Endeavor on Sunday nights and made him, in spite of himself (and herself too, maybe), think evil thoughts the whole time. Not that I spent much actual time around a church, or that it ever took on me. But there went May Belle over toward Arthur, her feet coming down easy, solid, apart from each other, like a base runner moving back to first after a fly out. Arthur was on a wobbly rock, crouching to reach under the bridge. May Belle squatted to watch. Then she reached out and gave Arthur a definite push. No question about it. He planted a white-and-tan oxford and ten inches of pressed gabardine pant-leg in the cold water. When he'd jumped out of the creek and shook his foot good, he snarled at May Belle, "What in hell's wrong with *you*?"

May Belle, still squatting, looked up at him like she was studying a specimen. Her sister squealed, "*I'm* going to tell *Momma!*" May Belle looked up at *her*, thick ankles, cross-eyes and all, then passed her palm and extended thumb once, slow and solemn, in front of her nose.

I'd been around some, and was hard to surprise, and I certainly wasn't about to interfere for Arthur, who was old enough to defend himself. But I was astonished that day by the way the melon-grower's daughter, that hick kid fresh out of high school (or so I thought), tormented Arthur, a perfect stranger. He turned silent eventually, but not before May Belle wangled out of him that he'd been an Air Force supply sergeant in the war and was planning to study law. She razzed him about being a "chairborne paragraph trooper." She referred to him as "the shyster" and "our aspiring ambulance chaser." She was an attractive girl, but there was nothing pretty about her sarcasm. Her mother got furious at her. Before we went into the Inn for lunch, she took May Belle aside and gave her what for. May Belle just listened, drawing with her toe in the dust, not arguing back at all. Three minutes later, in the dining room, when we were all hesitating around the table about where to sit, she says, "Lover Boy probably wants to sit next to the divorcée."

Viola Kaltenborn reddened. "I'm *Miss* Kaltenborn," she said, "and I'll thank you to *call* me Miss Kaltenborn." She flipped a fox-skin up over her shoulder.

Arthur jammed his chair up against the table. He growled to Viola Kaltenborn, "Come on! Let's get out of here. We'll eat in the Grill Room."

Miss Kaltenborn threw me an appealing look which I didn't understand, then followed Arthur through a door with a neon cocktail glass above it. The rest of us sat down. The girls' mother insisted on buying my lunch, so I told her I had doctor's instructions to eat only lean meat, and ordered a sirloin steak. After dessert and coffee, the others paid their bills and made a beeline for the curio shop. I stopped at the register to pick up my $2.25, the price, in those days, of a sirloin steak. The Inn always gave us drivers our meal, see, and when a passenger paid for it, the management kicked back the amount.

In the curio shop I lined up against the wall with three drivers from other companies, and we made like we were chatting and smoking. Actually we were watching the cashier. When one of my passengers paid for an engraved cowbell, or an Indian doll, or a brass grizzly bear, I would nod to the cashier, and ten percent of the sale would be in my envelope at the end of the month. This was standard at curio shops.

I went in the Grill Room to find Arthur, and when my eyes were accustomed to the dark, I spotted him at the bar, one long arm around Viola Kaltenborn. She didn't seem to like this much, but he'd bought her lunch and gotten half of a Martini into her, which at ten thousand feet probably gave her a fuzzy notion that he was entitled to something. I hung back. Just then May Belle came in the other door, walked straight to the stool next to Arthur, sat down, and ordered a root beer.

Arthur said, "Go home, brat. Your mother wants you." May Belle stuck out her tongue at him. Viola Kaltenborn smiled and seemed glad to see May Belle. "Here, finish my drink," she said.

"No, *ma'am*," said May Belle. "I'm just an innocent schoolgirl."

"Where's the powder room, hon?" asked Viola. "C'mon. Help me find the powder room."

That Martini had snuck up on Viola, but she'd figured it out. Watching the careful way she climbed off the stool and went with May Belle on those clicking high heels—slow, dignified, her fine chest high and haughty—I said to myself, There's a doll who knows how to handle hooch.

The Mt. Evans road was plowed up to about twelve thousand feet, some places cutting only one lane through drifts fifteen feet deep on one side, with a fifteen-hundred-foot cliff on the other. The Texas couple naturally remarked that Texas had a good deal of snow, too—"up in the Panhandle." There was snowballing, of course, mostly between Arthur and the youngest girl. May Belle seemed content to let Arthur play with her homely kid sister. Viola Kaltenborn got out of the car once and squatted, ladylike, her knees to one side in her tight dress, to pick up a bit of snow. Arthur was puffing from chasing the kid sister in that thin air, and he leaned over to pant, palms on knees like an infielder.

Maybe May Belle thought he was trying to get an eyeful at Viola from that position. Anyway, she threw. The snowball grazed Arthur's temple and hit a rock behind him, thrown so hard and packed so tight that it went *thock* and shattered like ice.

That was May Belle's only snowball. Arthur didn't fire one back, or wash her face with snow, or anything else. He just pushed his dark glasses up on his forehead and stared at her. Since Arthur has a fairly wide streak of meanness in him, it was a pretty snarly stare. May Belle brushed the dirty top layer off the snowbank, ate some snow, watching Arthur as she did so, then clapped the snow from her hands and climbed back in the Packard.

On the trip into Denver those farm sisters got going on riddles. Why is a chimney black inside? Why is a cave like a sour orange? What's the difference between a battleship and a beautiful woman? Next it was harmony singing, the three sisters and the mother, too. *Genevieve, Drifting and Dreaming, Little Grey Home in the West.* Lord Almighty, but they were wholesome. May Belle was no longer needling Arthur. She sang with the others, starting off the tune sometimes, sweet and good as spring water. You could practically see those females around a farmhouse organ, the cat purring, soupbones bubbling in the kitchen, jelly bags dripping on the back porch. It was pretty singing, but awfully rich and sweet. When they got going on *Rock of Ages*, Viola Kaltenborn began to weep. That did surprise me; for all her telling May Belle about being *Miss* Kaltenborn, she had that been-married look, a nothing-will-surprise-me-but-I'm-on-guard set to the eyes. Waitresses usually have it. Well, she sure was a weeper, nonetheless. I was noticing Viola because a few minutes earlier I'd stopped the Packard where you can look across to a wild meadow and usually see deer. The passengers like that. Viola was sitting in the front then. Pretending to try to see better, she leaned against me in a way you might call unnecessarily heavy. She was a mighty stylish woman, age hard to guess.

Well, the girls laid off of *Rock of Ages* and started on *Tenting Tonight*. The three sisters were sitting on the three middle jump seats, and in the mirror I could see Arthur in the rear, scowling. He lasted through *Tenting Tonight* and *There's a Long, Long Trail*. Then it was,

Keep the home-fires burning,
While your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away
They dream of home . . .

"Aw, knock it off," Arthur snarled. "That's goin' too far."

I caught May Belle in the rearview mirror as he said that, and I'd swear she was expecting it. The singing stopped. She said instantly, "What's the matter. Air Force? Was war hell? Can't stand to be reminded of it?"

She hit some sort of touchy spot. Arthur swung his head from one side to the other, not answering. You'd think those two had hated each other a long time. The woman from Texas said, "Never mind *him*, girls. I declare, you sing just beautiful."

But they were sung out. We came rolling out of the foothills east of Morrison, the sun setting behind us, the cottonwoods and knolls casting long shadows, crickets singing, frogs croaking, evening cook smoke rising out of the farmhouses, tractors going in. Everyone was quiet. Then the girls' mother says, "The end of a perfect day," as someone was bound to.

"Yep," I says, ready. "It's been pretty nice. Too bad ——" And away I went on all the things they *hadn't* seen: the Garden of the Gods, the Cave of the Winds, Seven Falls, a real gold mine. The most important thing a sight-seeing driver does, besides keeping the car on the road, is sell the passengers on another trip next day. I described the tour I would be conducting next day—the bighorn sheep they might see (fat chance), antelope for sure, a mountain that looked like Herbert Hoover, dinosaur bones, and napkin rings made from petrified wood and priced reasonable.

Our display and ticket desk were in the front window of the Hotel Enterprise ("Permanent & Transient"), located on 17th Street where there was plenty of good foot-traffic. Well-heeled tourists, leery of the "Sight-seeing

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Tours" desk in their own fancy hotels, would see our shiny limousines in front of the Enterprise, our display of mountain photos, our huge sign:

MT. EVANS $8.95 ROUND TRIP

and they'd come in and sign up. That's exactly what the Texas couple, and the family from Rocky Ford, and Viola Kaltenborn had all done. That evening I delivered them back to their own hotels, and the Texas couple, at least, signed up for the Pikes Peak trip next day. The widow said she and her daughters were starting home to Rocky Ford in the morning. Viola Kaltenborn said she *might* take the afternoon Red Rocks trip. She was staying at the Brown Palace, a high-toned hotel, and Arthur got out there with her. He winked at me and steered her directly toward the street entrance of the cocktail lounge.

I gassed the Packard, ate at Walgreen's and relieved the room clerk at the Enterprise. The clerk covered our desk when we weren't around, and I worked the hotel desk from seven to eleven P.M.; Arthur and I got our crummy double room free. During the evening shifts at the switchboard I could exchange calls with the other sight-seeing companies, swapping passengers so that no customers were turned down and no cars went out half full.

About dark Arthur strolled in alone, hands in pockets, and sprawled down on the settee opposite the switchboard. The light bulb inside the elevator grillwork made a pattern on his long legs. The lobby was empty, as usual.

"A teaser," he growled. "Lunch and dinner she lets me buy, and cocktails that she doesn't drink. Then at seven-thirty she excuses herself, says she's exhausted and has a headache. She just squeezes my hand and says, 'Darling, I'm too old for you anyhow,' as if I'd *proposed* to her or something. Judas!"

Since he'd be driving the Mt. Evans trip himself in the morning, I suggested he hit the sack early. "Nuts to that," he said. He went out again, probably down to the card room back of the Serenader Club on Welton. In the Army he'd become quite a card hustler.

Maybe you wonder why I've shown kind of a low opinion of Arthur. Facts, that's all. I assumed by then that even if he succeeded in cheating his way through law school, he'd turn out a shyster. His supply-sergeant job in the Air Force was just a front for black-market operations. He got caught, too, and the two thousand bucks he'd won at poker from his buddies paid off a statement of charges on six hundred missing field jackets. He was lucky to get out with an honorable discharge.

I blame the Army. He went in too young, and swallowed the Army notion that anything's all right if you get away with it. But he was pretty sneaky-tough before that. In high school he was good-looking and popular, an athlete. A pretty fair fast-ball pitcher, actually. But he was dropped from the squad his last year for persisting with beanballs and spitters. He had kind of a killer instinct. I date it back to a game in the Young America League, the Little League of the thirties. At twelve, Arthur was a pitcher already. A line drive caught him on the left wrist. It must have hurt plenty—we learned later it had cracked two bones—but he kept pitching. Two innings later a bad hopper hit him in the head and knocked him out cold. Any other kid it would have scared out of baseball, but it just made Arthur hate batters.

Well, sure, I was some responsible myself for Arthur being the way he was. Our family life hadn't been right. My wife left finally, and without going into it, I'll say she had reasons. Our oldest, Charlene, had just married, and there was this red-haired cocktail waitress. My wife warned me. Arthur was about sixteen then, and he lived with me, but we were more like uncle and nephew. Just roommates. I never could bring myself to punish him or lecture about right and wrong. It just never sounded right from me. So he turned more and more into an operator, a wheeler-dealer. And we were just friends, even borrowing each other's clothes. He only planned to work the sight-seeing with me until college started again in the fall.

Don't misunderstand—Arthur wasn't really bad. He was broad-shouldered and thin, usually with a grin on one side of his face and a way of brushing back his hair with one hand that looked kind of modest and shy. He was quiet, never a braggart, and he could be nice, especially to kids and old people, people down on their luck—anyone who didn't give him an excuse for the underground soreheadedness he was always ready with.

That night I may have been thinking these very things, when who walks into the lobby and up to the desk but May Belle. She was wearing dress shoes (kind of low-heeled, though), stockings, a suit, church-type hat with veil, and carrying a coat and suitcase. "Jeepers, Sid," she said to me, "you're putting in a long day."

I asked what she thought she was up to.

"I want a single room for two nights. With bath." She opened her purse. "And sign me up for a sight-seeing trip tomorrow. Which trip is Arthur driving?"

To stall, I fished for cigarettes and matches. How did she know so much? When I was finally lit up, I said, "Where's your mother? I thought you folks were going back to Rocky Ford tomorrow."

"I've severed relations with that group. Temporarily. C'mon, Pop, which trip is Arthur driving? He *is* your son, isn't he?" She was leaning both elbows on the counter, looking down at me. "He's got to be. Spitting image. A block off the old chip, heh-heh."

"Have you been talking to Arthur?"

"Nope. The last time I saw him he was chasing off after that divorcée, Viola. He's probably taking advantage of her somewhere this very minute. You have a responsibility there, Sid. She's basically a very simple, innocent person, much too good for Arthur. Say, she'd be good for you, Sid. I mean it. Give her a whirl. You're a pretty neat-looking hunk of man yourself, you know that?"

"Are you through now?" I said. "You'd better get back to the Shirley-Savoy before your mother has the police looking for you. How old are you, anyway, May Belle?"

She suddenly looked matter-of-fact, tired, a wilted hollyhock. "She won't call the police, Sid. I'm older than you probably think." She straightened up. "C'mon, take my money and give me my key. And put me down for Arthur's car."

"He's going to Mt. Evans. You've already been there."

"I'll go again."

I gave her her change and a room key. "Listen," I said, "Arthur probably won't let you get near his car tomorrow. I wouldn't blame him, after the way you acted today."

May Belle took her purse and coat off the counter, picked up her suitcase, and started for the elevator. She just said, "Ask him."

I was asleep before Arthur came in. In the morning I asked if he'd known May Belle somewhere before. He shook his head. I told him she wanted to go to Mt. Evans again—in his car. He looked at me, surprised. Then his eyes took on a broody squint.

"I'll tell her the car's full," I said.

"Aw, let her come."

"If she gives trouble, let her off in Evergreen. She can come home on the Greyhound." Arthur shrugged. At nine o'clock he went off with a full load, including May Belle. Beforehand, she was as silent and meek as a sailor in church.

I had only signed up three fares for Pikes Peak, not enough to make the run myself, so I peddled them to Eagle Sightseeing and Rocky Mountain Tours. In the Buick I took one city tour, then stayed the rest of the morning at the ticket desk, lining up a full car for the afternoon trip to Red Rocks Park and Buffalo Bill's grave. Viola Kaltenborn called me on the phone from the Brown Palace.

"I need some advice, Sid," she said. "I've got to find a cheaper hotel. This place is breaking me." "How much you want to pay?" I asked. "As little as possible," she said. "I'm not working." I suggested the Enterprise. She arrived shortly in a yellow cab, dressed elegant in a black dress, plenty of jewelry, with a real fur coat over her arm and eight pieces of matched blue luggage for the cabbie to unload. She winked at me, asked the clerk for the cheapest room in the building, and, without batting an eye, took one on the fourth floor with an air-shaft window and no bath.

That evening I must have been in Walgreen's eating when Arthur came back from Mt. Evans. He left a note on the ticket desk:

> Four for Pikes Peak tomorrow. I'm using Packard tonight. I'll gas it.
>
> A.

I was sleeping soundly when Arthur came in, turned on the light, and said, "Hey, Dad, wake up. I'm gonna be married. Wake up. Big deal." I would have growled at him to turn off the light and shut up except for the "Dad." In nine years he'd hardly called me anything but "Sid," or "Skinhead," or "Pops."

"So who are you going to marry?" I said. I was still groggy.

"Who do you think?"

"How should I know?"

"May Belle. The gal from Rocky Ford. You know. May Belle."

I sat up in bed and lit a cigarette. I looked over at Arthur. "She can't be in trouble *this* soon," I said.

Arthur came toward me. I think he was going to punch me in the mouth. Then he kind of sagged and sat down on a chair, real depressed. "You could never believe I was on the up-and-up, could you?" he said.

I watched him. He was broody now. "Look, Arthur," I said. "You just met

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You know, for a gazelle, you're an awful klotz!"

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the girl yesterday. She and her family are about as different from you and me as a dove is from a mongoose. What do you expect me to think?"

"She and me aren't so different," he growled.

"You mean she heats up quick? Like you?"

"No!" He looked like he was going to cry. He put his face down on his arms on the dresser. I smoked hard. After a minute I took back what I'd said. "But criminee, what am I supposed to think?" I said. "All of a sudden you're in love or something. Yesterday you and that girl hated each other."

He raised his head. "You must be blind. She was driving me *crazy* yesterday. I couldn't even look at her. She knew it, too. Didn't you notice the way she smelled? That Viola had on about a gallon of toilet water. But May Belle, she just smelled like fresh laundry and woman. And *soap*. And her arms, Pop, those arms—above the elbow. And her eyes? And neck?" He stood up and began pacing the room. "Let's not talk about it," he said.

"What about all the needling?" I asked. "'Air Force,' 'Shyster Kid,' 'Lover Boy.' What about pushin' you in the creek?"

"Ruined those shoes. Pants too. Hell, that's what's so fantastic. She was telling me that she *knew* about me, and that she wasn't too *good* for me. See? And when I was too stupid and scared to go after her last night, she fought with her mother, moved over here, and signed up for Mt. Evans again. She's all guts, Pop."

"So what happened today?"

"I mean it was *weird*. She didn't say a word. She was just *there*. I felt I was surrounding her, like, even when she was in the rear seat. But something made me very hard with the passengers. I pushed the curio junk like crazy. When they asked questions I gave 'em some fatter lies than even you do. I wondered what she was thinking. I chiseled a steak luncheon from a railroad fireman from Wichita. At the end I put on a real hard sell for the Pikes Peak trip tomorrow and got all the money in advance. I even sucked for tips. Something made me do it. I ended up down in front with just May Belle in the Packard. 'I'll take you to dinner,' I said. I was scared. She just nodded.

"We went to the Chophouse, but we didn't say much, just looked at the food. We went out to the Trocadero at Elitch's Gardens. Man, that Ted Weems plays danceable music. She's not too hot a dancer, Pop, but she's kind of both soft and strong. The music begins, she doesn't shove herself at you hard, like some dames. She just sort of moves in close to be *with* you. I can't explain it."

"You sound like a high-school kid."

"Maybe I do. I can't help it. I guess she knows every popular song there is. She started singing in my ear in that low voice. She asked if I minded. Did I *mind?* After a while we went out and walked through the amusement park. We didn't go on any rides. We went into the rose garden part and swung for a bit on one of those old double-seated swings. After that I kissed her.

"Maybe I expected her to turn herself inside out. Uh-*uh*. She did make me think she was holding a whole lot back.

"I'm in just for throwing a party . . . out a third-floor window."

Dad, all of a sudden a wave of *heat* went over me. It scared me. It seemed like the trees were on fire. 'May Belle, get away from here,' I said. Maybe she saw some kind of expression on my face. We were real near some dark, bushy places. She got clear of me and walked away fast, out toward the lights. She didn't look back, but I think she'd have known to run if she'd heard me coming.

"Then I broke into the worst chills I ever had. I was shaking so hard I couldn't stand. I sat on the swing, but it rattled so with my twitches and shakes, I had to sit on the walk and hug my knees. I felt like I could actually die, or have a fit or something. It passed finally. When I found May Belle she was in the bright lights across from the Fun Arcade, watching for me. I was still shivering. I showed her. She suggested getting some hot soup. So we went into Elitch's coffee shop. It was in there we had the talk. You interested?"

"I'm *in*terested, sure. But jeez, it's late, Arthur. I see you're shivering right now. You don't *have* to tell me all this, you know."

"If I tell you, maybe I'll believe it myself."

"It's hard to believe, for sure," I said. "You're twenty-four years old. A farm girl gives you one kiss and your fuse blows."

"Listen. First she asks about the rebates for the lunches the passengers buy us. Then she mentions that you and I give different names to all the trees and rocks and waterfalls. Then she asks about the kickbacks from the curio shops. She'd figured that out, too. Finally she says, 'Do you guys *have* to give your customers such an awful rooking?' 'It's the system,' I explain. 'Everybody does it. It's a competitive business.' She's silent a while, then she says, 'My family is pretty wealthy. Do you know how my dad, and uncles—my brothers too, now—made their money?' 'How?' 'By working twelve hours a day, growing cantaloupes and wheat and onions for people to eat.' 'Well, aren't *you* the virtuous one?' I said. 'I suppose they don't pay off senators to get phony subsidies for their prices?' 'A little of that, too,' she says, 'but basically they're workers, not liars. I just thought you should know.'

"We were quiet for a while. Finally I said to her, 'So where does that leave us?' 'Well, I'm going back to Rocky Ford tomorrow morning,' she says. 'Damn it, May Belle,' I said, 'I wish you'd marry me.' 'I will,' she says. I thought she was kidding. 'I'm not kidding,' she says. So we shook on it."

I got out of bed and went down the hall. When I got back, Arthur was in bed, hands behind his head, looking at the ceiling. I asked *when* they were going to get married. In late October, he said. "In late October!" I exploded. "For God's sake, Arthur, this is *July!*"

"I know. Her grandfather's in Japan. He's a colonel of some kind in the Occupation. She says she won't marry until her whole family, grandparents included, can be there in the church."

I groaned, turned off the light, and climbed into bed. It was two-thirty. "Listen," I said. "In *mid*-October, if you're still getting married in *late* October, tell me about it. Then I may believe there's something in it."

Arthur began going out to Rocky Ford every weekend. I had to hire a young architect who needed extra money to drive in his place on Saturdays and Sundays.

He had the roughest time the first weekend. It seems May Belle was actually twenty-three, and already had two red-hot suitors. She also had three older brothers who were intensely interested in getting their favorite sister married off, and not to any pip-squeak Denver slicker in dark glasses and two-toned shoes.

One of these suitors had inherited the Rocky Ford Chrysler-Plymouth agency and was making a go of it. The other was a local rancher, son of the congressman from that part of the state, and an ex-fighter pilot. He landed his own Stearman biplane behind May Belle's barn and practically broke Arthur's fingers with his handshake.

Arthur got the horselaugh for trying to mount the wrong side of the horse, for not knowing the difference between alfalfa and rye, for not being able to come close to a jack rabbit with a twenty-two. On Saturday afternoon they let him play right field in a town ball game. He struck out the first time at bat; in the next inning, trying to catch a runner at home, he threw his arm out, naturally.

After supper they played casino, hearts, and finally stud poker. At three-thirty A.M., May Belle's brothers were willing to quit. They'd all lost heavily, a hired hand had won about five dollars, and Arthur was almost two hundred dollars ahead. He didn't count it. He shoved all the bills and chips into the center of the table and said, "I could have played clean and *still* wiped you out. But when I caught on to your lousy scheme, I began palming and dealing bottoms. Here." They'd been signaling to each other, trying to gang up and whipsaw Arthur. He told me later he was a sucker to give back their money, but he was afraid Orville, the eldest brother, suspected. Arthur didn't want to risk losing May Belle.

She must have mostly lined up with him. She surely gave him *some* reason for going out there every week. But she showed no more wild behavior. She made Arthur carve the turkey once, and I guess he made a mess of that; she made him listen to her and the other women sing their schmaltzy songs in the parlor; she made him go to the Presbyterian church with her every week, shake hands with the preacher, the whole route. They didn't have much time alone, but once when they did, she told him her family's ranch was worth a lot of money, but that it went to her brothers, that he and she wouldn't get a penny of it and he'd better not expect to. And it was that first weekend, I believe, that she announced outright that until they were married he would get a couple of kisses at the end of an evening, nothing more.

The wedding took place in late October. The grandfather was right there in the church, and so was everyone

Malcolm Wood grew up in Denver, the setting of HOME FIRES BURNING, *and he still thinks of that city as his hometown. In 1946 he drove briefly for a small sight-seeing company, but regarding autobiographical content in* HOME FIRES BURNING *he says only: "I remember vividly a trip on which one passenger was an attractive divorcée who reeked powerfully of perfume and faintly of gin. Another passenger was a shapely and good-natured farm girl, one of three sisters who harmonized such songs as* TELL ME WHY, THE DEACON WENT DOWN, *and* HONEY." *At the end of the trip, according to Wood, all those females climbed out of the limousine and vanished from his life. But some seeds for this story, which he finally got around to writing nineteen years later, had been planted.*

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else, including me and Viola Kaltenborn. Yep. We had put a ticket desk in the Union Station and another in the Cosmopolitan Hotel, and Viola moved from one to another, depending on the time of day. I bought two more limousines and Viola kept them full.

By this time we were rooming together. Viola had been married once when she was real young. Then some telephone company executive had got her accustomed to fancy hotels and matched luggage, but he'd recently been transferred to Boston. Viola was a trusting person—that had always been her problem. Eventually we got married. I sold out Dart Sightseeing for a nice profit, and we moved into truckers' eat stops. It turned out Viola had once been a fry cook, and she was good. Not only that, she could *boss* waitresses and cooks. We bought run-down cafés in good locations, worked our legs off to build up the business till it peaked, then sold for a big price because of the "trend." Buy low, sell high. Elementary. Most people do it the other way.

Viola had never been able to have children, but I discovered she could put out a fantastic day's work so long as she had wall-to-wall carpets, a sunk bathtub, jewelry, filmy clothes, and perfume to get into for a little while in the evening. We went from truck stops into Laundromats, then into bowling alleys, mostly out here on the Coast. That's over a period of twenty years. We don't work much now. Viola has her poodles, and usually she's playing with at least one race horse. Our money's mostly in apartment houses around San Jose and over in Oakland where May Belle and Arthur are.

Their oldest boy's eighteen now, and they've got three others, two girls and a boy. You're damn right they've had troubles. Arthur did get through law school, mostly on the proceeds from a herd of milk cows it turned out May Belle had raised herself from a single heifer her dad gave her back in 4-H days. But Arthur didn't have the right temperament for law—too greedy and impatient. He went from there into real estate and did better. Then he moved to Colorado Springs and bought the dealership for one of those little English cars. You don't hear much about that particular car any more; I'm not sure they still make them. You'd have to say Arthur went bankrupt on that.

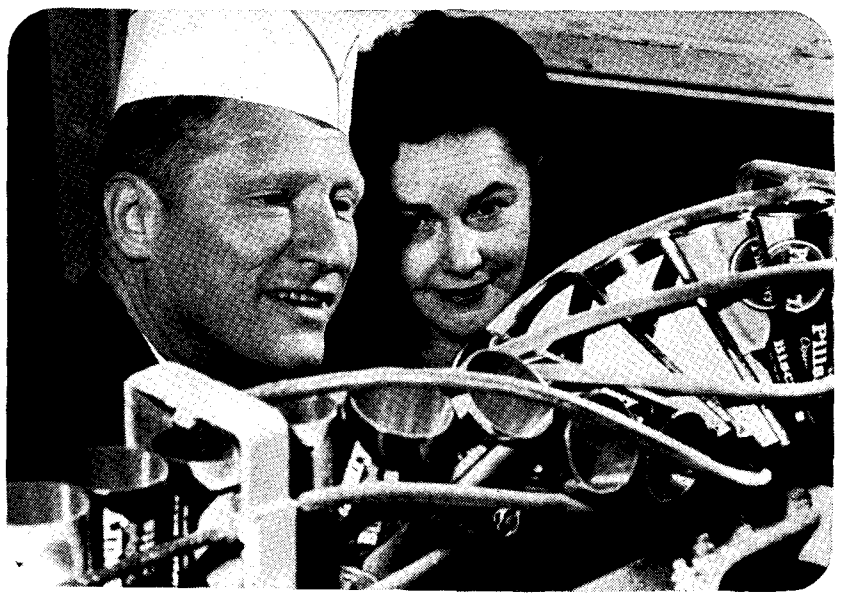
Out here on the Coast he finally found the handle—used cars. He has four lots. He's unloading a ninety-five-dollar clunk on a cannery worker one minute, wholesaling fifty shot fleet cars the next, then turns around and gouges a Cadillac commission out of one of his own salesmen. Phony credit plans, insurance, repossession—the works. Deal, deal, deal. He doesn't make a whole lot of money because half the time he outsmarts himself. But he likes it. "In used cars the other guy don't trust you," he once told me. "He hates your guts and you know it. It's him or you, even Stephen, there's the bell. Alligator rasslin'." I don't mean he swindles everybody. If the customer's a friend of mine, or one of May Belle's churchwomen, or one of her friends from the P.T.A. or Y.W.C.A., he'll practically give 'em the car. But that's the exception. Mostly he deals hard and spends a lot of time in court.

Last month he barely weaseled out of a fraud charge, and I asked May Belle, "How come you ever married a guy like Arthur?" May Belle hasn't changed much: gray-haired now, buxom, but she still has those clear eyes and that girl's complexion. She always looks like she's just baked a pie and is about to knit. "Arthur's not all bad," she said. "He's wonderful with our kids." That's more or less true, though the other day his oldest told me he was going to be a doctor because "there's big money in it." I guess I'm in no position to criticize. Arthur *is* on the board of directors of the Campfire Girls. He was active in Little League, too—umpired every Saturday for years until a father gave him too hard a time and Arthur went after him with one of those kids' bats.

Anyway, May Belle tried to answer my question. "It's peculiar, all right," she said finally. "I just *needed* Arthur, and I needed the selfishness and meanness in him, too. I still do. It's like a rich soup needs a whole lot of pepper. Why, I've been trying for years to get him to grow one of those nasty little trimmed moustaches—like a riverboat gambler. I'd *love* him in one of those." May Belle laughed heartily. Then she said, "Sid, don't you remember Arthur on that first trip up to Echo Lake? Those silly, sharp creases in his pants? The way he tipped his head to one side and snapped his cigarette lighter? The way he rolled his white shirt-sleeves just a couple of turns above the wrist? Gosh Almighty, he was a handsome man!" □

Springfield, Illinois. Don Faro (left), Employers Mutuals *National Accounts Representative and Ray J.* Kerber, Pillsbury Consumer Division Safety Director, select safety posters. Mr. Kerber is known nationally *for his studies in costing of accidents.*

Minneapolis, Minnesota. As a new idea comes from the oven in one of Pillsbury's product-development kitchens, Employers Mutuals Representative "Lindy" Williams (left) and Douglas L. Hail, Director of Corporate Insurance for The Pillsbury Company, anticipate a sampling during tour of Company's headquarters.



Los Angeles, California. Virginia Daly, Industrial Relations Representative for The Pillsbury *Company and Michael Tillisch, Employers Mutuals Claims Manager, meet regularly to re*view claims handling procedures. As a result, settlements are reached quickly and efficiently with appreciation of both policyholder and claimant. Here they watch packages lining up to be filled with Pillsbury's refrigerated biscuits.

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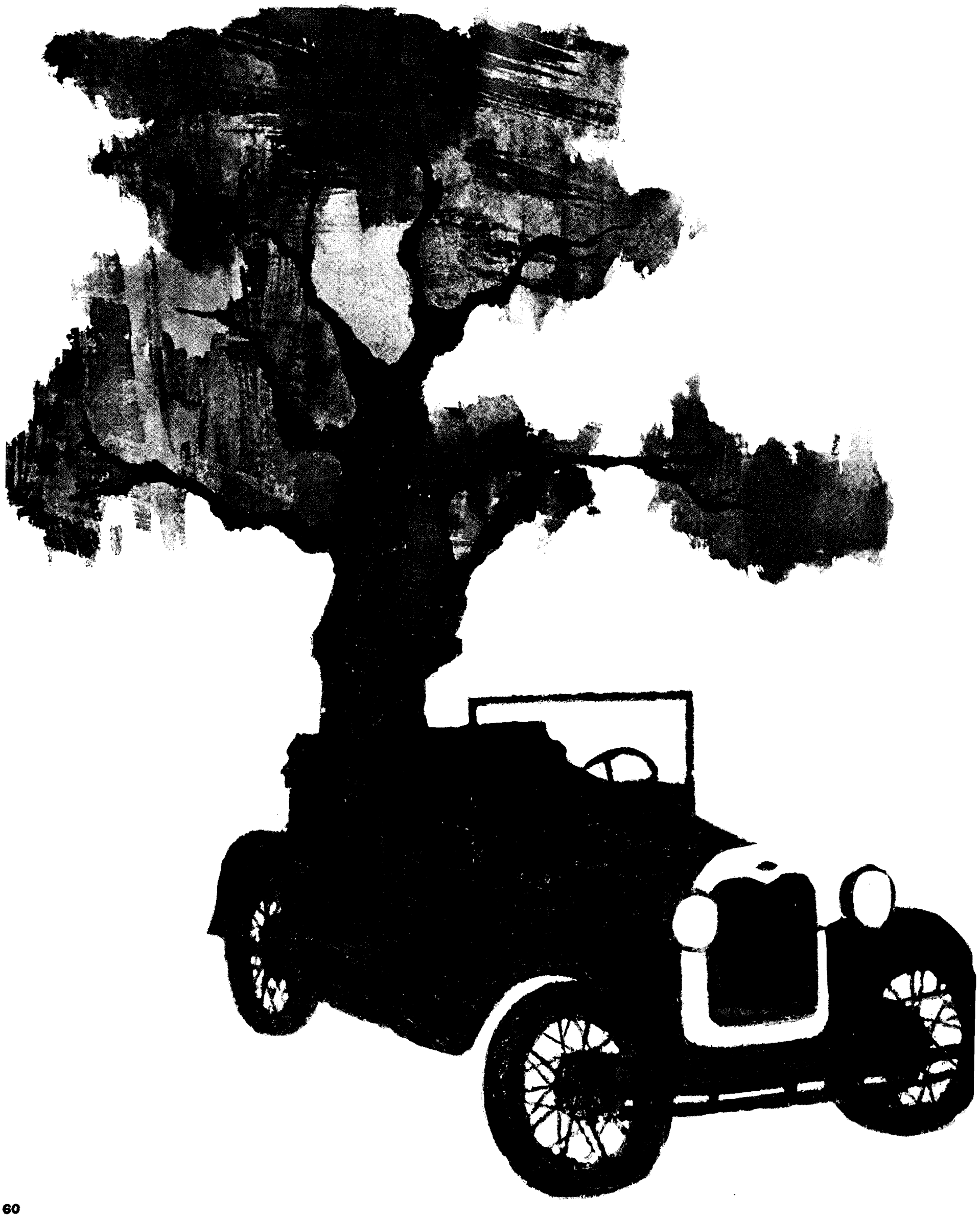

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The world as it is always violates the dream of how it ought to be: Just as the mother said, "You won't forget us?" there was the death-scream of a truck horn.

By KAY BOYLE

One sunny morning

His bicycle was home in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, so he pedaled along on a borrowed one that was too big for him. From the eye of a caterpillar weaving its evil spell in the massacred trees, the land itself through which the boy rode might seem too big as well, but he knew it was not. As he bore his weight to the right or the left on the tarnished horns of the handlebars in order to follow the shade from one side of the road to the other, he could see in his mind the outline of it. It was no more than a narrow passage of land between two bays, known in geographies as the state of Delaware; but to him it was a lonely pathway leading from the far front stoop of home. The leaves of the roadside trees were shriveled to paper by drought, and their edges were scalloped by the grinding of a thousand insects' teeth. Beyond them lay cornfield and chicken-farming country, burned to a crisp, the air above it already shimmering and quivering. But he knew, pedaling in and out of the tattered areas of shade, that by noon it would be hotter; and yet this place had nothing to do with the real South. Philadelphia had twelve letters in its name, he was thinking, and he had been twelve days with his aunt and uncle, and they had the number 12 on the front door of their house. It might be another twelve days before they would put him on the train to go back home again.

He had been sent out on the bicycle like this to get the answer about the Chesapeake Bay retriever. You kept on going a mile and a half, maybe less, down the road, his uncle had said, and then, just around a turn where some trees stood in a little hump or clump ("hump," said his uncle, and "clump," said his aunt), you came to three houses, and the boards of them had been white once, but were not white any more. There would be two on the left and one on the right, with a stream running in a dip and a gully past the one house, and on down through the trees. "Except the water'll have dried up there like everywhere else," his uncle said. "But there won't be any old sofas on the front porch, or any rusting bedsprings, or an icebox without a door in the front yard, like you might think. They're better than most. It'll be the house on the right, and the kids'll have shoes on their feet, and if Sam Ticer's home there'll be a Chevy standing in the driveway, if you want to call it that. You tell him you're Doctor Edgeworth's nephew down visiting, and if Sam isn't there, he'll have left word with his wife, and she'll let you know."

So the boy made the curve, pedaling slowly, thinking there was never any comfort in visiting, and that this was the worst day of all. It was the saddest of the whole string of days that seemed like a season in themselves, longer than any long summer in territory that he knew. There were the houses, faded and worn, in a sudden oasis of shade, and in the middle of the road stood an ancient Ford, a Model A, the boy knew at once, leaning sideways there where it had no right to be. He dragged the toes of his sneakers on the ground, and then swung down from the bicycle. There was no Chevy anywhere, and there was no sign of any living thing. The great brown coarse-haired dog his uncle wanted did not run out to jump on him or lick his hand. Without raising his head, then, he saw the woman come through the front door of the Ticer house, pushing the screen door silently before her, and wait on the threshold without making any sound. He could see she was thin, and that two small children were enfolded in the skirt of her violet-colored dress. He knew they were watching him set the bicycle against a tree. When he had come as far as the porch steps with no sign being given, he looked up at the woman and said the whole thing wrong.

"I was to ask about the Chesapeake Pay receiver—the lady dog you want to sell. I'm Doctor Edgeworth's uncle. I mean, he's my nephew. I'm down visiting from Philadelphia."

"My, you're a long way from home," the woman said, her voice scarcely louder than a sigh. "A long, long way." She might have been referring in true sorrow to a place she too had left somewhere. She stepped onto the long, worn boards of the porch, and the screen door clapped behind her like the soft sound of a hand. The two children moved with her, so close in her skirts that it might have been a six-legged creature that advanced. "That Ford," she was saying. "My husband wanted to get it up into the yard before he left for work, but the engine got flooded. I told him I'd take care of it, but I guess I put no trust in myself. That's what my husband says. I can drive when I make up my mind to it, but I don't care too much for driving. When the engine's dried out real well, I'll have to try to get it in."

"It might be dangerous if anybody came around the corner," the boy said. He turned back from where he stood on the step to look at it again.

"Yes, it's dangerous, dangerous, dangerous," said the woman, in her soft, sighing voice, "but anyone careful could go around it if they wanted to."

"Once I backed my father's car around at home," the boy said. "He sat beside me and told me what to do."

"I could sit beside you, but I wouldn't be much good," the woman said. She and the children had halted at the top of the porch steps. "I have trouble keeping the gears straight in my head." Her voice drifted quietly back to what she wanted to say to him. "You surely are far, far from where your home is, and you're surely warm. You come in and cool off inside the house where there aren't any flies," she said.

There was no sense of shade in the kitchen, although Venetian blinds were hanging in the windows, for the yellow seats of the chromium-legged chairs were as bright as any sun. The little girl had come out from her mother's skirts, and the blue ribbons woven in and out of her short, erect braids of hair could be seen now; worked in and out as neatly as embroidery, and the braids too many to count. Between them, the little

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"ONE SUNNY MORNING," *Kay Boyle tells us, "is a story I've wanted to write for a long time. I began wanting to write it ten or eleven years ago when I was lecturing in Delaware. My ten-year-old son was with me, for no reason except that I wanted him to see what this other side of America was like. He had never before seen families living in abandoned chicken coops. He saw them then. He had never before sat in the immaculate, modern living rooms of Negroes who were not allowed to eat in the restaurants we ate in. I wanted my son to get a little closer to this aspect of our national history in which he had as yet no part to play. But he found his part when he did exactly what the white boy in this story did."*

pathways of her scalp were as sharp as if they had been drawn with a pointed pencil. The brother had emerged in his own right, too, his face not as round and not as dark, and his hair placed high back from his sloping forehead in a small, elaborate crown. He sat down on one of the yellow-cushioned chairs and crossed his bare arms on the table. They were narrow, like laths of kindling, and the skin on them was a light tan.

"You take a chair like Ezra's done," the mother said. Against the dead alabaster of refrigerator and washing machine and stove, her face was pansy-black. "Would you prefer to have cream soda, or lemonade, or orange drink?" she asked, holding open the refrigerator door.

"I'll take a soda," the boy said, but he didn't sit down. He could feel the grit inside his sneakers as he shifted where he stood. He hadn't put on clean jeans that morning, because this was to be the worst day; and now it mattered that there was a button off his plaid shirt. "My uncle, Doctor Edgeworth, he wants to know the price of the dog, the lady dog," he said. ("Female," his aunt had specified; "bitch," his uncle had said.) "He sent me to ask because you didn't have a telephone."

"Yes, we just couldn't keep the telephone," the woman said, and the light behind her died as she closed the refrigerator door. She put the soda bottle and the glass pitcher of lemonade down on the gilt-speckled yellow of the tabletop. "It kept ringing so much at night, so after a while we just didn't answer it. Alice and Ezra here, they couldn't get their sleep."

"It was always wrong numbers," Ezra said in a high, clear voice as the mother took the glasses from the shelf.

"Always wrong numbers," the mother said, the words like the beginning and the ending of a song. "The children here, they're trying to get their growth still. Waking up every night, dreaming, and crying—this can stop you from growing." She opened the bottle of soda for the boy, and she poured lemonade for the other two. Ezra reached out his thin, tan arm and hand. "Alice and Ezra, they're four years old and eight years old. We've got other children," the mother said, speaking to the standing boy as if he were a man. "They're way too big for the elementary school. They're big like you."

"I'm twelve," the boy said.

"My, that's a wonderful age," said the mother. "That's a wonderful, wonderful age to be. Nowhere's too far to go, and nothing's too difficult to do."

The boy sat down, and he saw the whitish hairs on his own arm as he took a swallow of the soda. And now the little girl pulled one of the bright chairs over close to his and knelt on it as she drank.

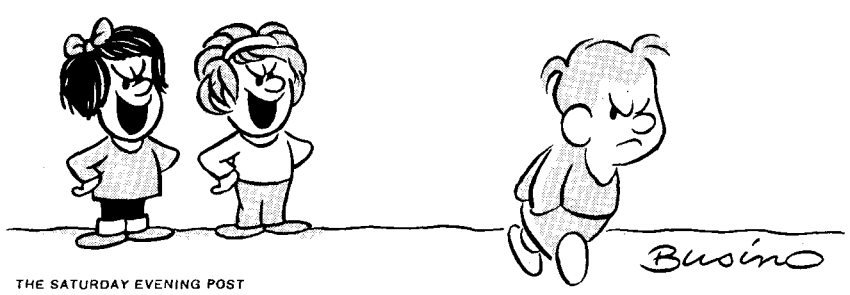
"Where are your bigger children now?" the boy asked this mother he had never laid eyes on before in his life, this mother who also sent her children away.

"They're visiting relatives," she said. She took an apron with great pale roses on it from a hook, and she tied the strings of it around her waist. "With school beginning soon now, we sent them up to New York to visit relatives. That way they can go to school with New York children, and they'll learn better. They'll be visiting relatives for a long, long time," she said.

"I don't like visiting very much," the boy said, drinking his soda. "My mother got another baby, so I came down here. I don't like visiting even relatives."

"Sometimes it's the loneliest thing anyone can do," the mother said. The little girl held a toy truck in her fingers now, the kind of truck that fits into a matchbox, and she ran its wheels up over the boy's bare arm with the light hairs on it, and over his shoulder, and up the back of his neck into his close-cropped hair. She did this over and over again, and each time the truck ran into his hair she laughed until she had to put her head down on the table, laughing and laughing, with the small jet braids erect as pine trees along the myriad pathways of her scalp. "We went visiting down to Mississippi last month," the mother said, her fingers touching the shining high crown on her son's head. "We took the children down to see my people, and visiting's visiting no matter if the same blood's running in your veins."

"I didn't like that trip to Mississippi," Ezra said. "We had to sleep in



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Sonic jars and irritating tars and sirontinum 90, that's what little boys are made of."

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the car and eat in the car." His sister ran the truck over the bumps in the white boy's spine, laughing until she was weak from it, and then running the truck up and down his spine again.

"The children were kind of cramped on the trip," the mother said. "We didn't have time to stop much on the way. So we carried the milk and the water and the sandwiches right along with us. That way, we didn't make any trouble for anyone."

"Sometimes we stopped, but there wasn't never any room," Ezra said, looking straight ahead through his light tan mask. "You said we were going to sleep in a motel, but they told us there wasn't any room. And you said we'd stop when it was time to eat again, but you didn't stop. I wanted a hamburger, and Alice wanted one too," he said.

"Everything's crowded, crowded, in the summertime. Everyone's traveling every which way," the mother said. "This boy's going to have the best kind of life anyone could have," she went on saying, touching his hair, "without too many trials or tribulations to contend with. He's going on to university when he's grown. Maybe he'll go to the University of Pennsylvania, or anywhere he finds he wants to go."

"I might be going to the University of Pennsylvania too," the older boy said, and he drank the last of his soda.

"I don't want to go to Pennsylvania. I don't want to eat and sleep in the car," Ezra said, and he shook his mother's fingers away.

"There'd be more room in Pennsylvania. There'd be lots of room there," his mother said. She laid her long, dark hands on his thin shoulders. "Maybe someday you two might meet at the University of Pennsylvania," she said, looking over his head at the other boy. "And then you'll remember sitting down here with us, and you'll remember Ezra Ticer. He'll just be beginning when you're finishing, and you'll be able to show him around."

"I don't want to be shown around," Ezra said.

"You'll make him feel like he's at home, not visiting relatives," the mother went on saying. "You won't forget." Although it was not a question she asked, still the words beneath the sighing of her voice had their own urgency. But whatever answer was expected was never given because of the sharp death-scream of a truck horn on the road, and the thudding of a heavy motor, rhythmic and ominous as the beating of funeral drums. The mother's long-fingered hand fled to her heart. "That's what I thought might happen. That's what I was afraid of all the time," she said.

The two children were in her skirts again as she moved across the kitchen, and the boy followed behind as she gently pushed the screen door open and moved out onto the stoop. There was the truck, halted just short of the blunt-nosed Ford, its load of slipping gravel overflowing in rivulets down the peeling red and the blistered green of the long-unpainted siding boards. The man behind the wheel leaned across the vacant seat to the truck window. Then his mouth stretched open in his swollen, putty-white face, and he began shouting out the words.

"Damned upstate double-dealers selling out!" he might have been saying; or: "So you figure you own the highway too!" But the boy could not be sure, for his mind, or his ears, or what his life had been up to this moment, had not equipped him to deal with the violence of this sound. The man's round skull was inflating in the window, his neck expanding, the muscles of it pushing his plump shoulders wider and wider on either side of the blue bib of his overalls. "I could have you run out of town, the lot of you!" he might have been shouting from the height on which he sat, while the sliding gravel spat like raindrops in the dust. His body had certainly grown too big to pass through the opening of the truck door, but still his bare arm struck it wide, and he squeezed past it and jumped down on the road. And now, as he came toward them, he took on the proportions of a carnival figure in a department-store parade. The face had relinquished its resemblance to that of any man the boy had known: The eyebrows sprang in whitish bristles above the baby-blue, ballooning eyes, and the pink lids had grown as big as tents as he advanced. He had reached the path now, and he surged forward, inexorable as a tide, toward the steps, toward the porch on which they stood. "There's four trucks coming fast, so get that tin can out of the way before I haul you in for murder!" he was shouting, the actual substance of his voice filling all space so now there was no air left to breathe. *So we'll have to suffocate,* the boy thought in reeling panic. Some act, some word, was being asked of him, but he did not know what act or word it was. *We'll suffocate,* he thought, *with our tongues rammed down our throats because there isn't anywhere else for them to go.* The truck of gravel, the broken Ford, the rusted bicycle that leaned, no larger than a cricket, against the tree, were blotted out by the tower of flesh in the faded overalls. It had pushed aside the landscape until nothing but the fury of one man was there. The floating head seemed to be tangled in the top branches of the shade trees as he came, shouting aloud his abuse. *So we're going to die,* the boy thought doggedly; *Alice and Ezra and the lady and me, we're going to die.*

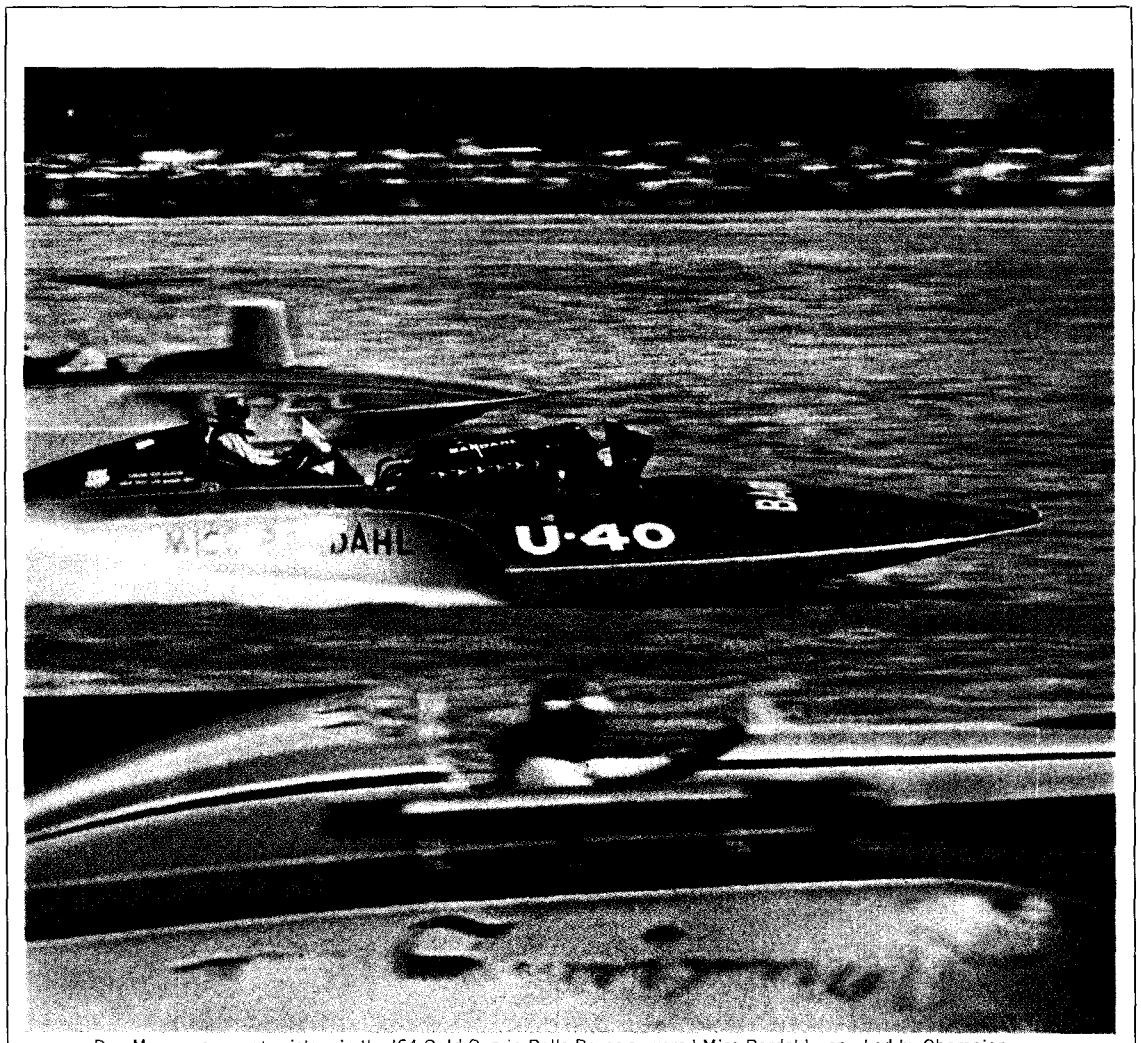
But that is not what took place. Instead, without any warning, the boy went running across the boards of the porch, and down the steps, and out onto the road.

"I backed the car around at home. In Philadelphia I did it," the boy said to the summer morning. He was sitting in the jalopy now, and his hands moved quickly, bringing it to shuddering life. As it gasped out its complaint, he backed it, jerking and bucking, into the Ticer driveway ("If you could call it that," said his uncle's voice from somewhere else), and stopped it in the fresh cavern of shade.

The truck driver had diminished. He sat, the size of ordinary man again, behind his wheel, ramming the truck into gear. It might have been that he had never moved from there, and never wrenched the breath out of their mouths. Then, just before the first of the four trucks made the curve, he swung the slipping, sliding, spattering load of gravel on its way.

"If you'll wait," the woman said from where she stood, six-legged because of the children in her dress; "if you could wait until noon, my husband will want to talk with you. I know that." The words that followed were lost for a moment as the second truck, and then the third, and then the fourth, came roaring through. "He'll want to talk to you about the dog. It might be he'd want to *give* the dog to Doctor Edgeworth," she said, the soft voice like a hammock rocking gently, gently, in the shade. "I don't know, I couldn't say for certain, but that's the way he might want it to be."

The boy did not speak. He sat on the cracked leather and the mildewed stuffing of the split-open seat, not hearing, and having forgotten it was not for this moment of pride that he had come, but for something else entirely. □



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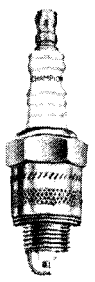

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For four years she had tried to break out of the numbness that had set in after her husband's death. Now there was a letter from someone who had loved her in the past.

The Visitor

BY
AUDREY A. BOUGHTON

Instead of lessening, the heat of the day before had thickened during the night, and by morning it lay in a pulsing gray state surrounding the house. Ruth moved heavily about her room, lowering the blinds against the hot, still air. In the next room, the children, having slept badly during the night, had finally fallen into a deep, moist sleep. Hoping to prolong the quiet, Ruth shut their door as silently as possible, and slipping her nightgown from her shoulders on her way to the bathroom, she climbed into the tub. Turning on the shower full strength, she stood for minutes under it not moving, letting the tepid water glue her short hair around her skull like a cap. Then she got out and, ignoring towels as she had the soap, she stood, naked and dripping, looking out of the window. The hell with the neighbors, she thought, the hell with them. But she knew that no one could see her.

Far off in the distance a plane seemed to impale itself on the Washington Monument, shimmered past it and headed for the National Airport. Turning from the window, Ruth made a cocoon for her body of a large brown towel which she fastened with two clothespins. The towel had been her husband's. After he died, she had given away all his belongings—clothing, male things that she could not bear to look at or to have around. But it had made no difference, and had not helped. The numbness that had settled in her, four years ago, was still there. The children got through to her and exercised what emotions she had left, but nothing else touched her more than superficially. She had tried to break out of this numbness, knowing that it was not right or healthy, and that in this era of endless analysis a young widow who remained unmarried after a "decent interval" became sometimes an object of curiosity, no longer one of pity. She did not know which was worse, and did not really care.

Downstairs in the kitchen, she propped her long bare legs on the red enamel table, hearing but not listening to the seven-o'clock, Monday-morning, bright-and-early news, drinking but not tasting her breakfast, a mug of steaming black coffee. The unplugged, nonfunctioning toaster on the ledge above her served as a repository for unpaid bills (none today), invitations (seldom any), and other mail that might require attention. From it Ruth extracted a letter with the faint outline of an Atlantic City hotel printed so as to cover the entire sheet.

"Dear Ruthie," it began, and continued in a slightly cramped, tidy hand:

"After all these years, I dropped in on Edgeton, phoned your folks, and heard the sad news. I send my deepest sympathy and would very much like to see you. I agree with your folks that you should move back to Edgeton with the kiddos. I will be in D.C. on the eleventh and would like to see you then. If this isn't convenient for you, phone the Monument View Motel. Otherwise I'll drop in sometime Monday.

Yours as ever,
George"

Then as though it had come as a brilliant afterthought, written in an altered, tighter hand, "Much has happened these past nine years."

She had not called the motel. She had not even been very surprised by the letter. She had not known that it would come from George specifically, but she had felt that a comparable letter would come sooner or later from someone like George. She knew what would come of it and was resigned to and already a little bored by the whole thing. She assumed that the "as ever, George" meant that he was still patiently in love with her, and that the "much has happened these past nine years" really meant that nothing much had happened to George. She supposed that she would marry George after an arid though fervent (on his part) courtship—she had been through it before with him, but this time she would say yes instead of no. Her numbness would make this no problem, and the little girls would have a good, kind father, and she would have a good, kind husband, and they would live dully but smoothly ever after and that would be that.

Upstairs on her night table the forgotten alarm clock rang out; the children, already half awake now, came up from their perspiration-soaked pillows and flopped with puppy clumsiness down the stairs and into the kitchen.

"It's my turn to choose the cereal," said the smaller one. "Pammie always chooses soggy ones. Why's your hair wet, Mummy? I want cornflakes with no milk." Ruth bent down and held the little girl close; then, moistening a handful of paper towels, ran it over the child's damp face. The little girl squirmed away, giggling. The older girl,

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

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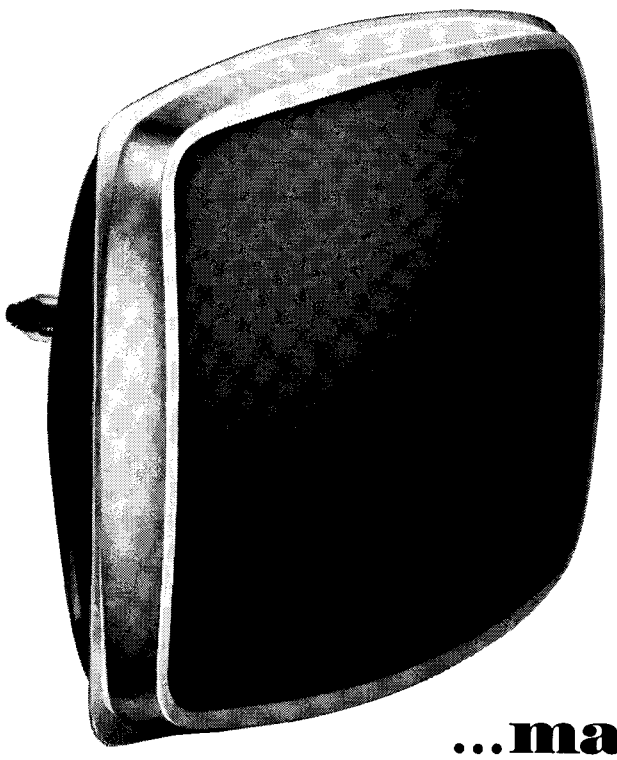

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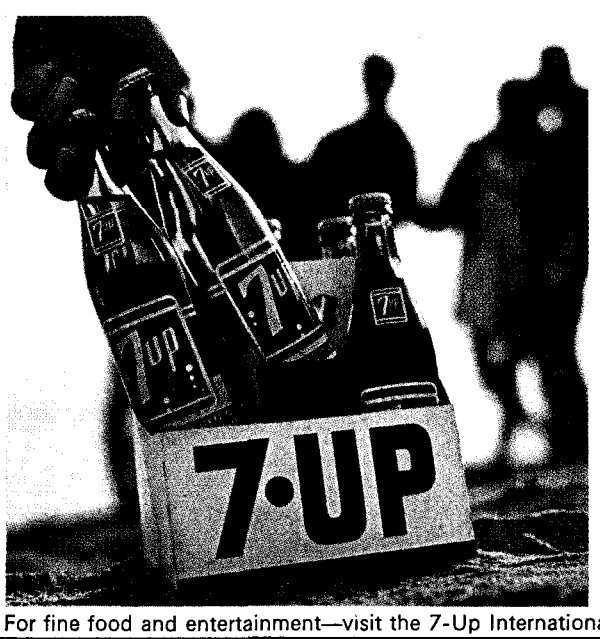

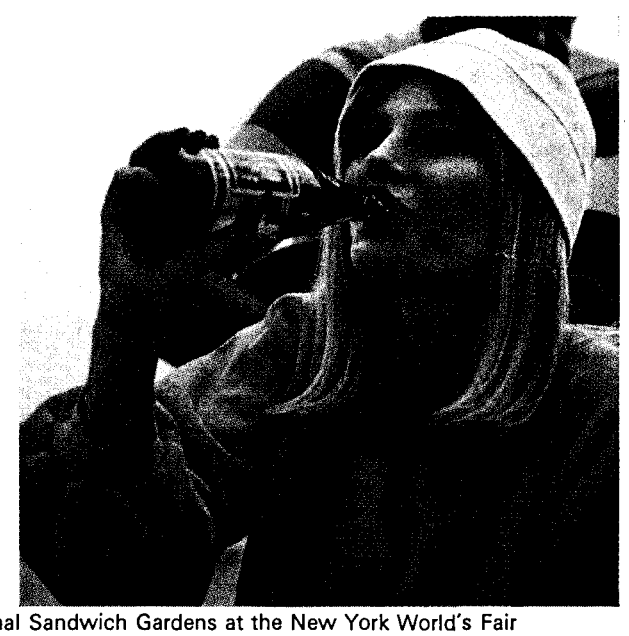

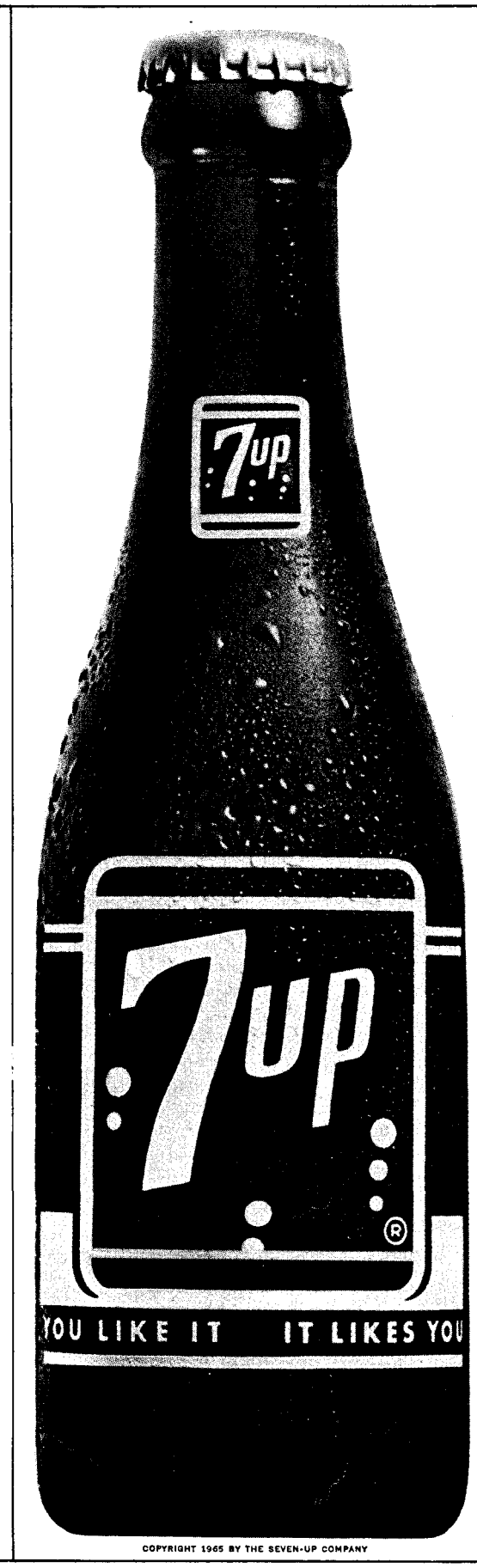

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with the quiet dignity that comes to some seven-year-olds, was already seated and busy coating a huge piece of rye bread with jam, having decided to boycott her sister's choice of cereal. Ruth poured out two glasses of orange juice and, finding a barrette on top of the icebox, used it to clip back some of Pamela's hair, which hung like two white wings on either side of her face and threatened with each bite to mix with the jam.

"I expect you both to be very good today," Ruth said. "Especially good. An old friend of mine is coming to see us. Maybe for lunch, maybe for dinner."

"Will she bring presents?" said Anne, the littler one.

"Can we wear bathing suits in the yard?" asked Pamela.

"Yes, but wear the new green ones," Ruth answered. She hesitated. "My friend is Mr. Willer. And I don't think he will bring presents for you, Sweet." She filled a pan in the sink and began washing the few breakfast dishes.

"How come your friend is a man, Mummy?" asked Anne. She paused to pick up some cornflakes with the tip of her tongue. "Is he a nice man?" She went back to the flakes.

"Why is he coming, Mummy? We don't know him, do we?" said Pamela.

The heat was getting worse. Ruth tried to open the window over the sink, but it was stuck. She switched on a small fan and, putting her face quite near it, stood silently for a minute with her eyes closed.

"I've known him for a long time. He's an old, old, old friend of mine and he knows Grandmother and Granddaddy, and he used to live in Edgeton. He's in Washington for a few days, so he just thought he would stop in and see us."

This explanation seemed to suffice. There were no questions; for the moment, George Willer had been accepted.

By eleven, moving slowly through the wet heat, Ruth had finished with the morning's work, which consisted of little beyond bed-making and a casual putting of things into their places. She wondered vaguely if George would really come, but she was sure that he would, just as she was sure of the outcome of this meeting after nine years, just as she was sure of what life with him would be like for many times nine years to follow.

Outside, the children were filling a large, partially inflated plastic pool with the garden hose. Most of the water sloshed over the sides, and the pool writhed and glistened beneath the weight of the moving water. The heat did not seem to bother the little girls. They danced in and out of the pool, now pushing, now pulling at each other, filling the motionless air with volleys of shrieks and giggles, coloring the nearly opaque gray air with fireworks of laughter.

"Be careful!" Ruth called to them, but care, she thought, is the last thing I want them to be filled with.

"Be care free," she said silently, "let them be care *free*." Using a long pole with a hook on one end, she pulled down the folding stairs which led to the attic and climbed them. Here the heat was so great that for a moment she stood motionless while it surrounded her. A small, dirty window sewn up by countless spiders squatted at the end of the room. From it, Ruth could see to the intersection that anyone coming to her house had to cross. The street and sidewalks were empty except for a parked car and an abandoned scooter. In the next yard a fat woman, face hidden by a huge straw hat with PUERTO RICO written around it, lay oil-covered on a pad in the brown grass. And below Ruth, made quite small by the height separating them, the children played on. Abruptly, she unlatched the window, ripping cobwebs, stirring up a little maelstrom of dust, and, smiling down, shouted, "Boo."

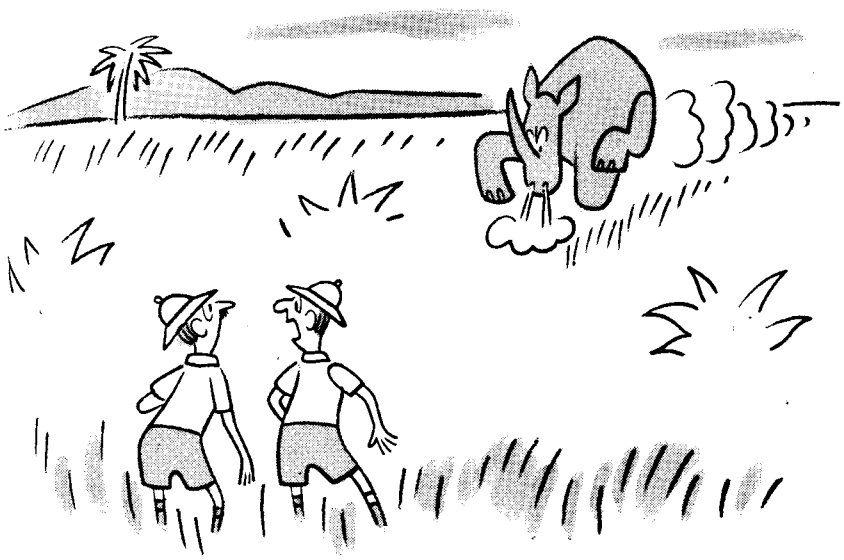
The children paused a second, then found her. "Mummy's in the attic," they laughed, shielding their eyes from the glare as they looked upward. They tried to reach her with the jet of water, but the spray fell short and rained back on them.

"Can we just have ice cream for lunch?" called Anne, squinting against the sun. "Just ice cream with Mr. Willer-Diller-Siller-Piller?" Among some papers near the window, Ruth found an old, dog-chewed ball; she aimed it at the pool.

"We'll see," she said. "We'll see." And as she closed the window, she saw a taxi moving slowly toward her house. She stood very straight under the eaves and felt her heart quicken. Briefly she wondered at this feeling and thought it might be in hopeful anticipation, but she knew it was in ultimate resignation to the not-evil, not-anything world of George Willer.

After eating they sat on the dry grass watching the children rolling up and down a little incline on their full, firm bellies. The children had accepted George easily, as children accept most things that do not seem a threat or a demanding change. They liked him as they might have liked a new pair of living-room curtains, or a new plant for the dining room. They had not been shy before him, nor had they put on little acts of cuteness. Ruth had watched the three of them from her end of the table. She had felt dizzy and very light, invisible, watching the three talk and eat. Her body no longer felt a part of her, no physical sensations touched her; she was conscious neither of the heat nor of the time and place. Through a haze she could see George and the children chewing, drinking, talking. Anne wore a moustache of milk—white tinged with pink, the vestiges of beet salad. Pamela's hair was in sticky spikes from having trailed through her lunch. Ruth looked at George. Nine years of aging had not changed him very much. Nine years had settled gently on him, singling out no one part of him to alter. I feel nothing toward this man, thought Ruth, as they left the table and went outdoors; I can be his wife.

Through the wire fence Ruth could see that the fat woman in the next yard



"Wait until the last minute and then jump to one side!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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was now lying on her stomach, arms outstretched, peering under an arm at George. Surprisingly, Ruth was pleased. She went over to where George was playing with the children. He had taken off his shoes and his tie, and was swinging Pamela around and around, holding her by the wrists. The child was screaming delightedly in fake terror.

"Me next, me next," Anne shrieked, bouncing up and down around the human Maypole. His shirt had come untucked and flapped soddenly as he spun.

"Iced coffee, beer, iced tea?" Ruth asked him, smiling.

"Iced coffee'd be great," he answered as he pretended to topple over, and let both children, howling with pleasure, scramble over him. As Ruth walked toward the house, she saw in the south sky a caul of dark gray moving almost imperceptibly toward her. Before starting the coffee, she stood over the sink for a while, letting the cold water flow over her wrists; that, and the hope of rain clouds, seemed briefly to lessen the heat. Although he had said nothing about staying for supper, Ruth was sure that after eating, after the children were in bed, George would begin the renewal of his long-halted courtship. Perhaps he would spend the night. He was courting the children now; the rest would come later. I will tell him the truth, she thought: that I am numb and dead, without feelings, that I love the children for their father; that, knowing this, if he wants to marry me, he may. Before she went out with the coffee, she took two aspirins.

The girls were back in the pool. George was standing against a tree, putting on his shoes and watching them.

"They're good kiddos," he said, reaching for the coffee. "I'd like a couple like them myself." Not now, thought Ruth; don't start it now. Please, please wait.

"More coffee?" she asked, taking his glass. He pulled his tie from a pocket and knotted it loosely through his rumpled collar.

"Fine," he said. "My God, it's hot here. It's awful. Ruthie, move back to Edgeton, for the kids' sake. For your folks' sake. For your sake. You don't belong here." He hesitated. "I'd like it too, Ruthie. I'll be back too. It's sort of a secret still, but anyway, I'm finally taking the big step—getting married next month. I know you and Claire will be friends. She'll be strange to Edgeton, and it would be great having you there. Come home, Ruthie."

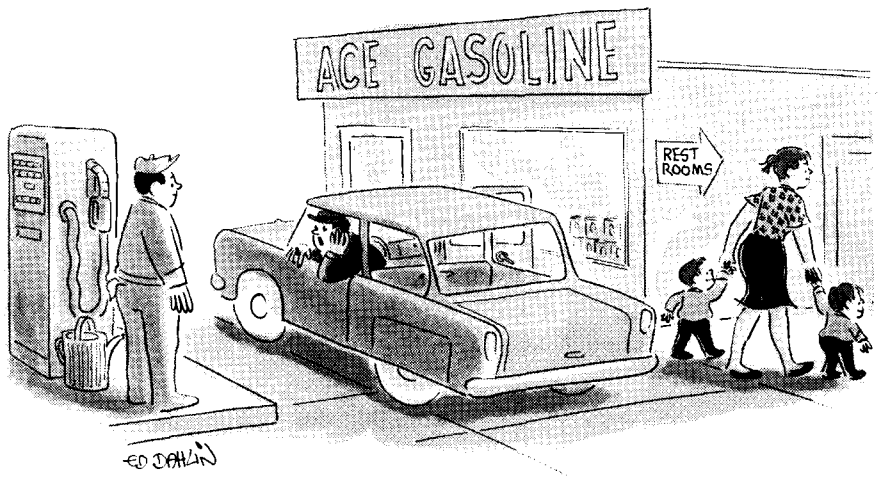
The children ran toward them.

"Look, Mummy, look at the sky. It's gone all dirty and it's coming near us," said Anne.

"It's because it's going to rain, Dumb-dumb. Isn't it, Mummy?" Pamela said, patting her mother's hand to get her attention.

"Yes, darling." Then Ruth turned back to George. "What good news," she said. "What good news. I am so happy for you. How very nice."

George looked at his watch. "It's nearly five," he said. "The cab will be back any minute. The plane's at six—maybe the storm will hold off until then."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I get about twenty-two miles per rest room!"

After George left, Ruth waited in the yard as the little girls gave themselves one last spraying under the pretext of removing the dried grass and dirt that had stuck to them. She gave them salad and eggs for supper, and while they played with their food, their appetites diminished by the heat and the excitement, she waited.

"Is Mr. Willer-Diller coming tomorrow?" asked Anne. "Do I have to eat all my egg?"

"No," Ruth answered.

Pamela looked questioningly at her mother. "The day after?" she said. "Will we ever see him again, Mummy?"

"I don't know," said Ruth. She filled the sink with soapy water and waited for the children to finish. Through the window she saw that the rain clouds were low over the house, and the atmosphere was tinged with a yellowness.

After supper the girls watched a television program. Ruth sat with them and waited. By seven-thirty the children were in bed; Anne fell asleep almost immediately. The older child complained about the heat, but promised that a glass of warm milk would make her sleep. Ruth stood beside the bed, watching Pamela drinking, looking out of the window, and waiting. At last Pamela slept.

Now, in her own room, her body rigid, fists clenched at her sides, Ruth watched the sky as the heavy clouds moved away.

"Rain, damn you," she commanded helplessly. "Damn you, rain!" Her voice hoarsened, trailed off as the pain that comes with the cessation of numbness overwhelmed her and she began to cry. □

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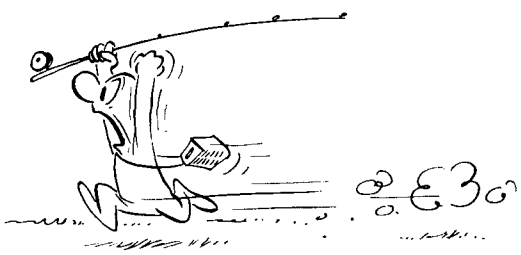
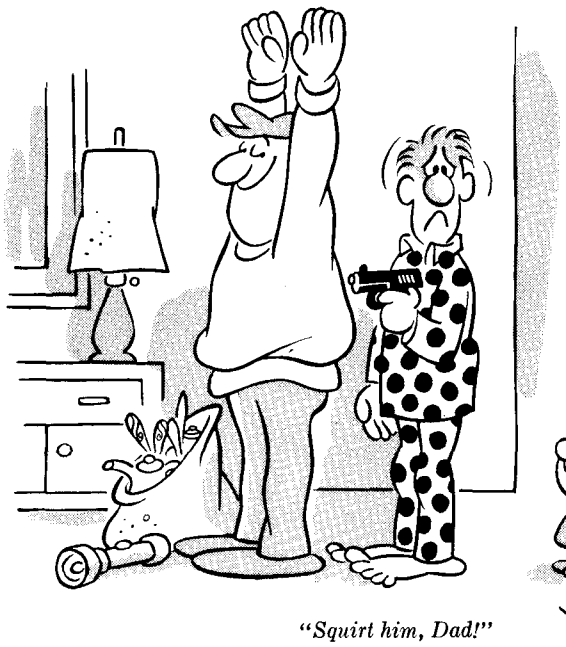
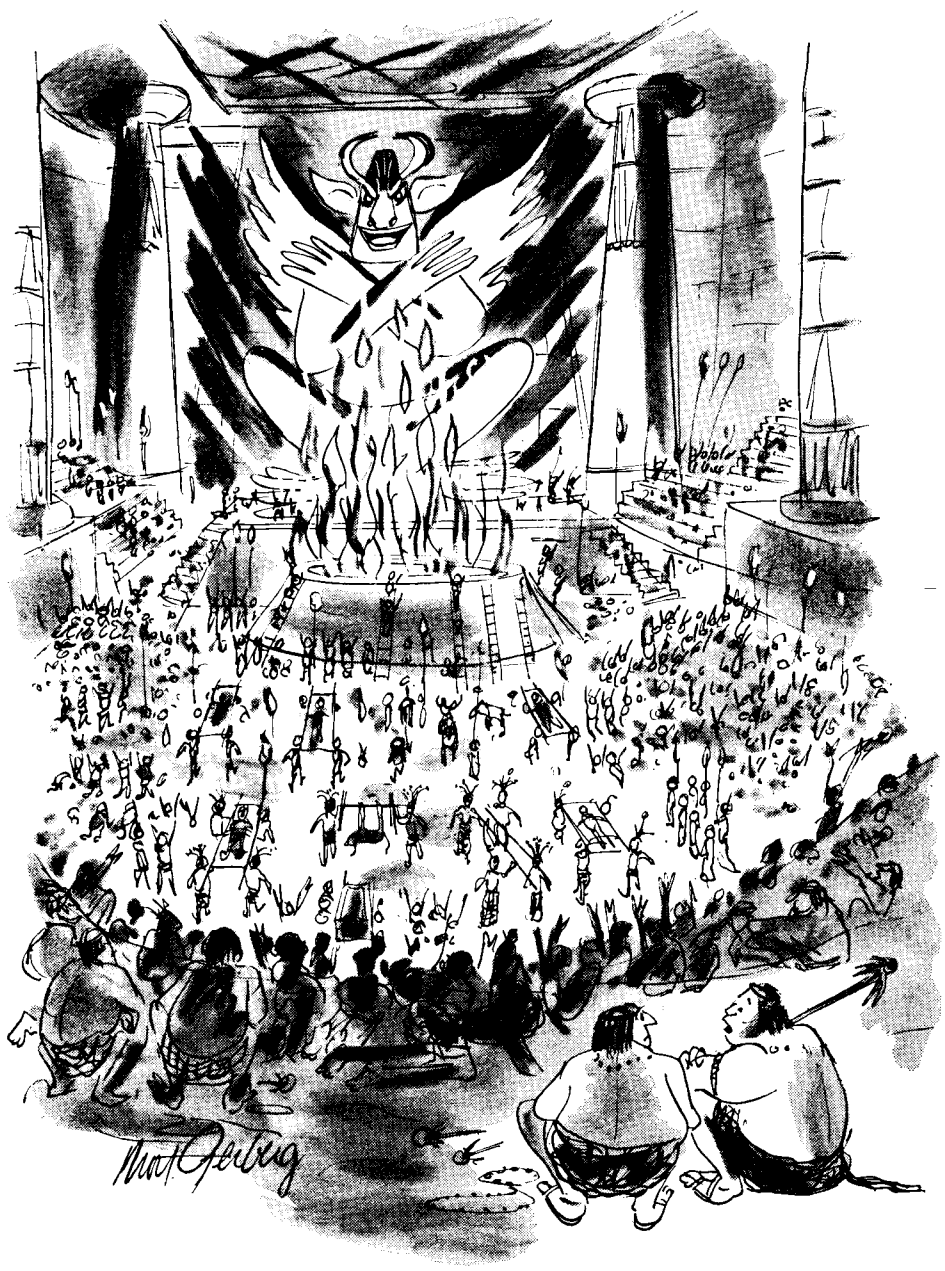


"I understand it took you quite a while to persuade him to come in."

"Where's the guy who thought he joined the Salvation Army?"



"Squirt him, Dad!"



"It is impressive—but I find dial-a-prayer more convenient."

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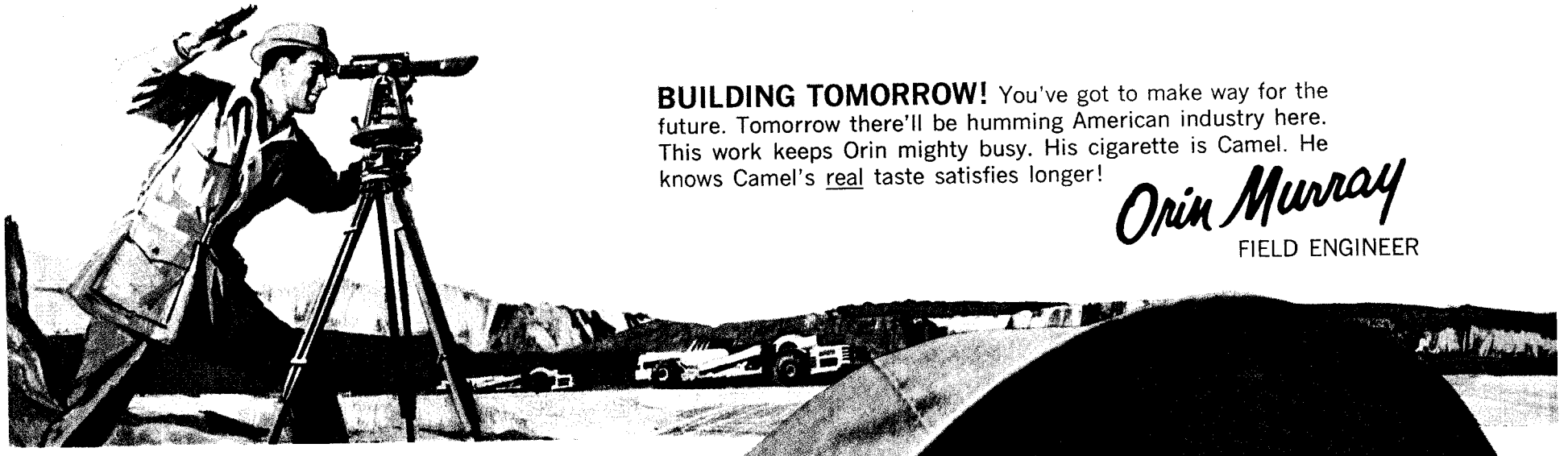

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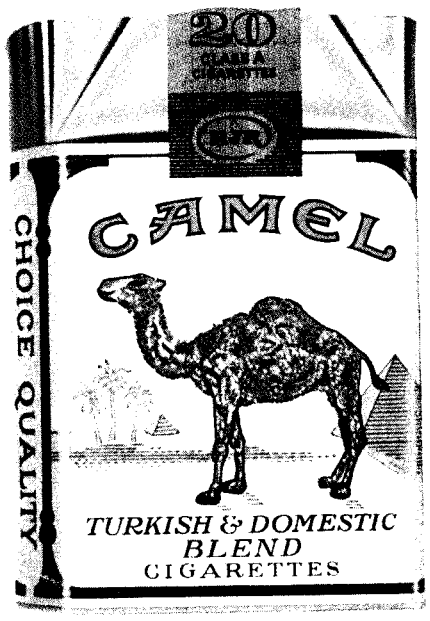

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Muriel Humphrey rides a limousine to a White House function. Parties, says her husband, "exhilarate me and drain my wife. I like people."

One of Mrs. Humphrey's duties is to oversee a Red Cross volunteer sewing group composed of Senate wives.

THE SECOND LADY

A shy woman in a difficult public role, Muriel Humphrey is struggling to become a proper Vice Presidential wife.

By NAN ROBERTSON

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Photographs by Greene-Eula

In her purse, wherever she goes, the wife of the Vice President of the United States carries a little white card. On it is written an old hymn called *Sanctuary*, and this is the key stanza:

A little shelter from life's stress
Where I may lay me prone
And bare my soul in loneliness
And know as I am known . . .

This simple, sentimental verse, which Muriel Humphrey copied on the little card many years ago, is poignantly revealing to those who know her best. A quiet, nonintellectual woman married to a brilliant, extroverted, ambitious whirlwind of a man—a man who found her in small-town South Dakota and propelled her into a dazzling and demanding public life—she has coped with stresses few wives ever experience. Nor have many women learned to use loneliness so well.

Even today, though assured in her new public role, Muriel Humphrey seeks emotional shelter in the comfortable, the private, the familiar. By every criterion she is a homebody—an immaculate housekeeper and a superb seamstress who made most of her clothes until the duties of the Vice Presidency intervened. She is an uncomplicated, maternal woman who dotes upon her daughter and three sons and three grandchildren. "She likes her nest," Mr. Humphrey says.

A few years ago Katie Louchheim, now a Deputy Assistant Secretary of State, called Mrs. Humphrey "the most timid of congressional wives." Perhaps she seemed more recessive than she really was, for she is also inconspicuous. A little woman, five feet two inches tall, she has large, pale-blue eyes, Mamie Eisenhower bangs and a cap of silver hair. At 53, she has grown a bit thick about the middle, varying between 125 pounds when campaigning and 130 pounds at home with her own cooking. She goes unrecognized anywhere outside of Washington.

There is something infectiously joyous and youthful about Vice President Humphrey, and his wife shares this quality, but in her it is subdued. Her public and private statements are punctuated by a girlish giggle she cannot repress that almost always makes her listeners laugh sympathetically. She is not a gushy person, but her instinct is to touch those with whom she wishes to make contact. She is not a platform personality. During the campaign last fall she was at her nervous worst while reading her speech texts in a Midwestern monotone, like a schoolgirl reciting a lesson.

Yet during these campaign appearances she emerged at her natural, genuine best in the midst of the crowds pressing around her. Those closest to her feel that public exposure has at last freed her from many of her fears. "Mother used to be quite an introvert," her 26-year-old daughter Nancy says. "When we first came to Washington, she never wanted to go anywhere. She was afraid to meet people. She's 100 percent different now."

Mrs. Arthur Naftalin, whose husband was secretary and campaign manager for Mayor Hubert Humphrey of Minneapolis in the 1940's and is himself now mayor of Minneapolis, noticed a dramatic difference in Muriel last August at the Democratic National Convention: "Right up until last summer she was interested mainly in their house at Waverly Lake in Minnesota, her children, the grandchildren and the simple things back home. In Atlantic City, with this Vice Presidential thing cooking, I saw a real change. She was eager for that responsibility to come to Hubert and her."

The coming of age of her children was a factor in this change. The two older ones are now married; the younger two—aged 21 and 17—are away at school. The burden of raising the four of them fell entirely upon the wife. "I must say it was awful for her in those early years," says Dr. Evron Kirkpatrick, once Humphrey's teacher at the University of Minnesota, then his campaign aide and now executive director of the American Political Science Association. "Hubert was rarely home. The kids never saw him. A politician's wife and family pay a terrific price. Muriel may have suffered from his absence, but I never saw her give him a hard time."

Now that Muriel Humphrey's most onerous family responsibilities are at an end, she can spread her wings. Daughter Nancy said recently, "I'm so glad all this [the Vice Presidency] came about when it did. They're completely free to travel now. Mom and Dad are much closer since all of us are gone."

"Our life is changing," Mrs. Humphrey says. "I have the feeling that Hubert and I have not changed. But our friends have. They remember my position when it's gone clear out of my mind." She recalls a trip she and her husband made last February for a winter carnival at their son Douglas's school in Faribault, Minn. She arrived first, driving a beat-up car. "I wanted everybody to see that Mrs. Humphrey [she occasionally refers to herself in the third person] drove her car herself and wasn't surrounded by officialdom."

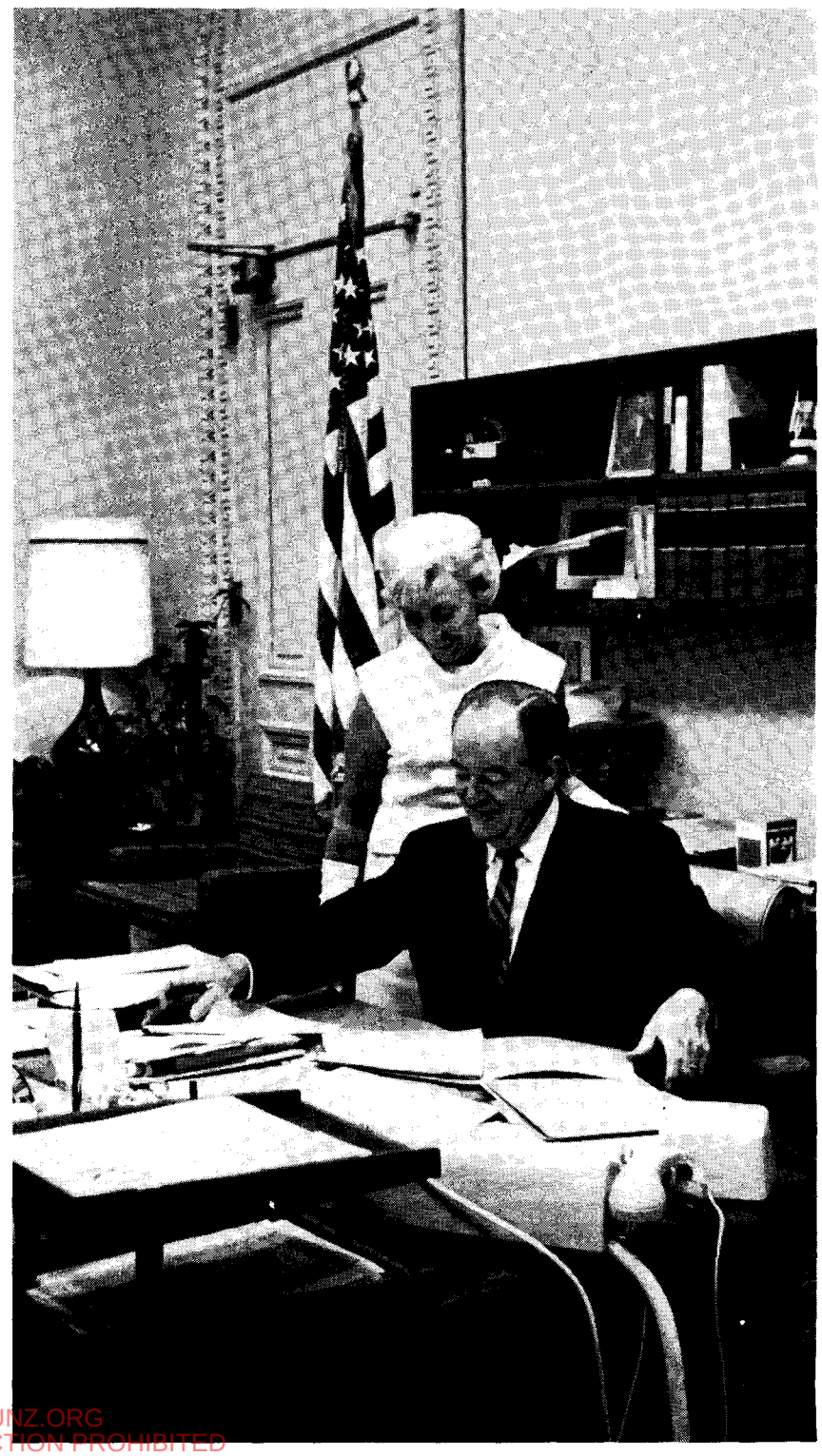
But she could keenly feel "the build-up of excitement and sensitivity" over the Vice President's arrival. At a mothers' luncheon beforehand she gave what she called "a plea for help"—that the people there treat her and her husband simply as Doug's mother and father. If the students wanted autographs, she said, she would like them to write to Washington. On the other hand, "Do come up and talk to us—don't hang back," she begged.

The people responded to Mrs. Humphrey's plea, and the occasion was a happy one. The visitor to whom she confided this story explained that sometimes it is hard for ordinary people to be natural with the Vice President of the United States and his wife—not too servile, not too forward, not too shy. "Shy! What about *me?*" Mrs. Humphrey blurted out, and then went on to point out that she herself had trouble being altogether natural with Lady Bird Johnson. After all, Mrs. Humphrey said, "She's the *President's* wife!" These spontaneous remarks reveal both the woman's fundamental modesty and the nature of her relationship to the First Lady.

Muriel Humphrey has known Mrs. Johnson for 16 years, admires her unequivocally and calls their friendship "close." Yet now that her friend is in the White House, "I don't feel easy talking with her about mundane things. I don't want to bother her with anything that's trivial. She's got enough on her mind," Mrs. Humphrey says.

The Johnsons and the Humphreys are together about three times a week at official functions. They seldom see each other unofficially; the Johnsons seem to feel most natural with old Texas cronies. Mr. Humphrey and the President have different temperaments, and although they are friendly, they are not intimate. Mr. Humphrey is more formal and cautious with Mr. Johnson than he was with John Kennedy as President—Kennedy enjoyed and possessed the same sparkling wit that Humphrey manifests. Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Humphrey greet each other affectionately but appear unable to let their hair down in conversation.

As Vice President, multimillionaire Lyndon Johnson and his family lived in an elaborately furnished, 12-room mansion bought from Perle Mesta. The Humphreys could afford nothing so grand—his salary is $43,000 and his net assets total $171,000—so Congress may appropriate funds for a permanent mansion for the Vice Presidents. For despite her public protests to the contrary, Mrs. Humphrey feels that the little house in suburban Washington in which they have lived for the past 16 years simply will not do for the Vice President and his wife. She is in favor of an official residence large enough to meet the heavy entertaining demands made upon the second most important man in the country. Several big houses have



Muriel visits the office. "I always know what Hubert is thinking," she says, "how he is feeling, and he is the same way about me."

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been considered, and it is virtually certain that Mrs. Humphrey's choice is "Bonnie Brae," in Chevy Chase, Md., near friends and shopping haunts. Mrs. Humphrey has told the President in private that she prefers Bonnie Brae. His response, if any, is not known.

It has become obvious of late that Mrs. Humphrey, despite her unpretentiousness, is increasingly enjoying the perquisites of her husband's office—and God knows she deserves to. The daughter of a woman who grew up in a sod house in South Dakota and kept warm by fires of buffalo dung, Mrs. Humphrey is also a true child of the depression of the '30's. "I don't like remembering back then," she says. "I don't have any nostalgia. People talk about the good old days—they can have the good old days," she adds in a rare flash of bitterness. She believes that financial worries killed her mother in 1933. She saw her father, a butter-and-egg dealer, fail and sell out to a creamery chain and then engage in a series of desperate and unprofitable schemes, including turkey-breeding. "I hated those birds," Mrs. Humphrey says. "They're stupid. They peck each other's heads and kill each other off."

Muriel Fay Buck first laid eyes on Hubert Humphrey in the Humphrey family drugstore in 1932. Hubert was helping out behind the counter. He had entered the University of Minnesota in 1929, but the depression had forced him out at the end of his sophomore year. Muriel was still a student at Huron College. She was destined never to finish her education; her father could not afford the $90 yearly tuition.

Humphrey does not remember the brief confrontation in the drugstore. He thinks he met Muriel at a college dance. He remembers her, that first night he really noticed her, as "very prim, proper and pretty."

"It was not love at first sight," the Vice President recalls. "Muriel has one quality above others—she wears well. She grows on you. It's the sort of relationship where there's a greater depth of love and understanding as you go on." He remembers her as "industrious, very close to her father," an enthusiastic swimmer, dancer and piano player, and "quite independent. My goodness, she's not the clinging-vine type, she's always been really self-reliant."

They became engaged in 1934. In the summer of 1935, on his first visit to Washington, the $15-a-week druggist wrote a prophetic letter to his 23-year-old fiancée back in Huron: "Maybe I seem foolish to have such vain hopes and plans, but Bucky, I can see how someday, if you and I just apply ourselves and make up our minds to work for bigger things, we can live here in Washington and probably be in government politics or service. I set my aim at Congress. Don't laugh at me. Maybe it does sound rather egotistical and beyond reason, but, Muriel, I do know others have succeeded." All these years Mrs. Humphrey has kept that letter of yearning and aspiration, so revealing of the man as he was and is today.

They were married September 3, 1936, at the First Presbyterian Church in Huron. "I might never have gone back to college without her insistence," her husband says. To help make the move possible, Muriel worked as a bookkeeper for a power company. Humphrey re-entered the University of Minnesota in 1937, with jobs as a janitor and drugstore clerk on the side while he studied for a degree in political science. They lived in one dinky room on the third floor of a Minneapolis boardinghouse, sharing a bathroom with another couple.

Humphrey was a star in Evron Kirkpatrick's course in American Constitutional Development, and the two became intimates. Kirkpatrick remembers the young Muriel, at 25 already turning gray, as "uninvolved" with her husband's public career as he rose through WPA jobs to State Director of Public Education.

"Withdrawn?" says Kirkpatrick. "How could Muriel be otherwise? Hubert talked all the time. There could be twenty people in their living room, and Hubert would spend the whole evening making a speech. He so clearly dominated the situation; he was so politically involved, so alive. He pretty much set the pace."

The first campaign came in 1943. Humphrey, a political nobody, caught the public eye with his forceful New Deal speeches and finished second in an eight-man race for mayor of Minneapolis. As they struggled to pay off a campaign debt of $1,700, the family grew. Nancy had been born in 1939. Hubert Humphrey III was born in 1942. Muriel was pregnant with Robert when a political friend visited the Humphreys one Saturday afternoon in 1944. This was the scene:

"It was a very crowded apartment; I remember a baby's crib in the living room. Hubert was bouncing a baby on his knee. Muriel was present, but I had the feeling she was rather bothered that all these political types were in her living room. The baby began crying. Hubert swept it impatiently off his lap and shoved it at Muriel. 'Here, take him,' he said. I will always remember her as she was at that moment, silently retiring to the bedroom, carrying that crying baby."

Other Minneapolis friends of the period described Mrs. Humphrey as being "completely disinterested" and "left out of the conversations of these dynamic, excited young men who had great plans for Minnesota." A present-day intimate of the Humphreys who would not be quoted by name said the wife was "not a very interesting woman" in those days.

Muriel campaigned in 1945 when Humphrey (whom she still calls "Humphrey" instead of "Hubert" before casual acquaintances) ran again for the mayoralty of Minneapolis on the Democratic-Farmer-Labor ticket. He won by 31,000 votes. After the election, at Muriel's urging, the Humphreys bought a house and filled it with furniture purchased on credit. The new mayor worked fiendish hours. He bluntly told his aides that if they wanted to get anywhere "you've just got to give

After a speech to a women's civic group Mrs. Humphrey chats with members, says, "I only wish that I could talk the way Hubert does."

'Mother used to be an introvert,' says daughter Nancy.

She usually drives herself in her own car.

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Says Muriel of Lady Bird, her friend for many years: "I don't feel easy talking with her about mundane things anymore."

OLLIE ATKINS

THE SECOND LADY

'Muriel likes her nest,' the Vice President says.

Homey touch on the Humphreys' back steps: Their children's handprints in the cement.

up this idea of going home to dinner."

"I don't know if Muriel waited until the food got cold," says one. "I can't remember her ever calling and saying, 'When are you coming home?'"

In 1948, after an exhausting campaign, Humphrey was catapulted into the Senate and onto the national scene. Earlier that year their fourth and last child, Douglas, was born.

Washington and the people in it frightened Muriel Humphrey. She took her usual course. She retreated to her children. "She felt the children needed her very much," says Minnesotan Eugenie Anderson, former ambassador to Denmark. Nancy was not happy in school; later, as Hubert III and Bob entered classes, they did not excel. In personality, not one of the children was or is an extrovert like the father.

A close friend says of the children: "They resented and did not understand their father's career until recently. 'Why is Dad away and not home with us?' they would ask. But I never saw Muriel bitter."

In the last decade of public life, Eugenie Anderson says, Muriel Humphrey "has changed and yet she has not changed. There is something in her that has remained the same—the integrity of her personality, her warm, idealistic nature. Politics hardens people. Hubert's career has not really altered her fundamental personality. It has developed her but not altered her." Many who know Mrs. Humphrey mention her honesty. "She isn't very good at dissembling," Mrs. Anderson says.

Geri Joseph, the Democratic National Committeewoman from Minnesota, gives one vivid picture of the woman's stubborn honesty and pride on the most shattering night of the Humphrey career—May 10, 1960. In their Presidential primary the poor voters of West Virginia had just kicked Hubert in the teeth for a multimillionaire glamour boy from Massachusetts. It was the end of the road, all thought, of his national ambitions.

"There were about half-a-dozen people in this room of the Ruffner Hotel in Charleston, West Virginia," Mrs. Joseph recalls. "It was streaming rain outside. Everybody was exhausted and horribly upset." At 1:15 A.M. they heard feet pounding up the stairs. "It's Jack!" someone shouted. It was Bobby Kennedy. Humphrey went to the door. The two men greeted each other graciously. Bobby advanced on Mrs. Humphrey to embrace her. She flinched and turned away.

She does not remember the incident.

Muriel's honesty is reflected in her Washington home—unbelievably unpretentious in a city obsessed by the subtlest points of social status. It is the same house the Humphreys bought when they first came to Washington, and every detail of the place is authentically and inescapably middle-class Americana, right down to the wrought-iron "H" amid the wrought-iron curlicues on the front door. There are eight rooms in which virtually every horizontal surface is covered with knick-knacks. The house is spotless—Muriel calls Humphrey "a fanatic" on tidiness—and entertainment is simple.

"Formal dinners and so on were never a part of our private life," the Vice President says. "You can waste your whole life in social engagements. I've watched too many people lose their families and lose themselves in this business." The statement contains some unwitting irony.

Until lately an enormous amount of Mrs. Humphrey's spare time has been taken up with her sewing. The hobby which has consumed so many of her hours has no connection with any inherent frugality; it is her escape, along with the novels of Pearl Buck, the Danish-modern bungalow at Waverly Lake and her love of solitude.

Mrs. Humphrey calls the home on the lake "my rest home." She still flies there frequently from Washington. Two weeks after the inauguration she went to the lake with a Secret Service agent. On arrival, "I said I would go into the house by myself. He stayed on guard in the car at the gate. For an hour I wandered about the house, just drinking in the lake through the huge glass window that faces it," she said.

When she has restored herself at the lake, she happily returns to home and husband. Despite their differing temperaments, the Humphreys are very close. A kind of telepathy exists between the two. In a long, tiresome receiving line, those standing behind the Humphreys have often seen one of them unobtrusively put an arm about the other's waist. She once expressed this silent communication in rather vague terms: "I always know what Hubert is thinking, how he is feeling. He is the same way about me." The Humphreys have always tried to be together at home on Sundays. If one is away, the other invariably telephones. A deep bond between them is their love for their eldest granddaughter, four-year-old Vicky, who is retarded. Mrs. Humphrey speaks with great frankness and poignancy about Vicky's condition. Indeed she is eager to have people know about it, because she thinks it will help other parents and grandparents to cope with the problem.

Mr. Humphrey, a complex but unashamedly sentimental man, speaks without prompting of his feelings for his wife. "You know, it might sound maudlin," says the Vice President, plunging right ahead nevertheless, "but I love that girl more today than I did ten years ago and loved her more ten years ago than fifteen years before that. I enjoy her."

It has been a long road from Huron for Muriel Humphrey. She still describes herself as "insecure" in Washington's more glittering circles, and she told a friend recently she still worries that her personality comes across as "thin." But, as the wife of the Vice President, she now has no choice other than to participate in formal entertainments. Increasingly in recent months she has been flattered and fawned upon in a city where sycophants flourish, but the woman tenaciously remains as plain and natural as water. "Oh me," she says privately, if someone has tried to make more of her than she is, "I'm just old Mrs. Humphrey." □

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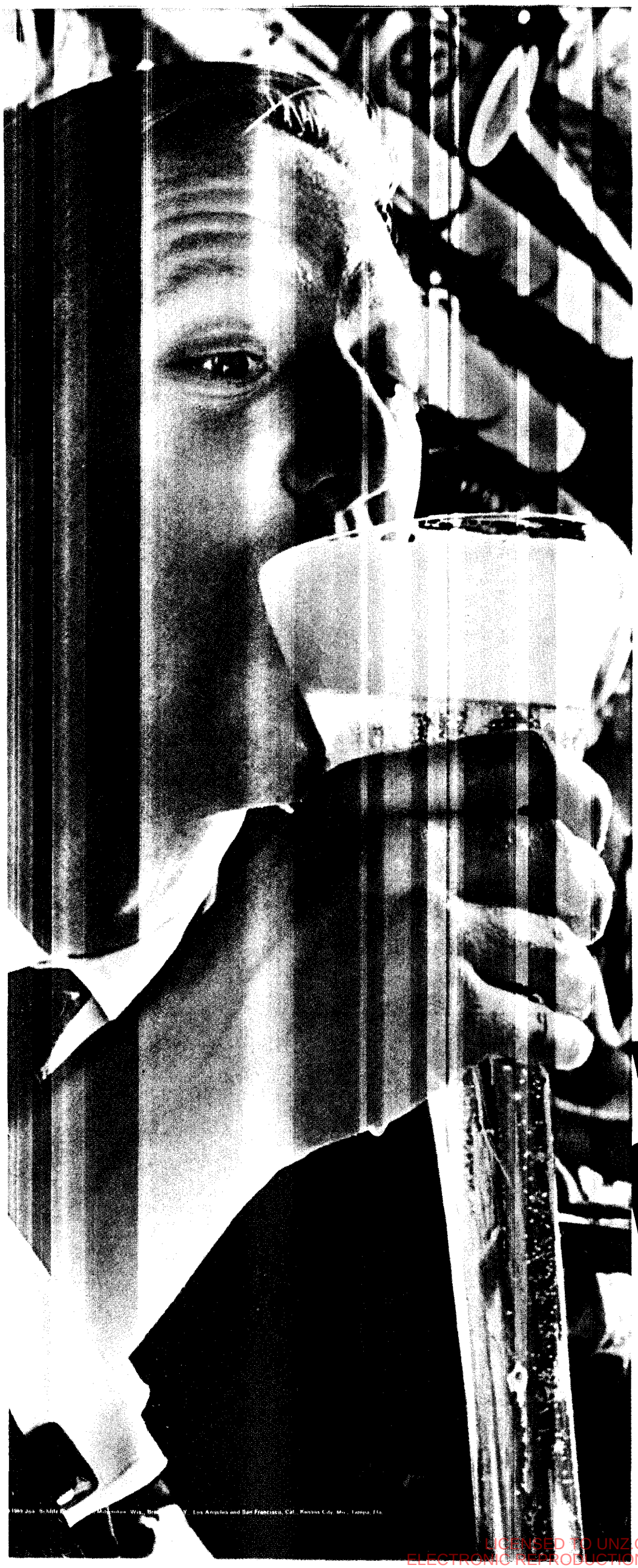

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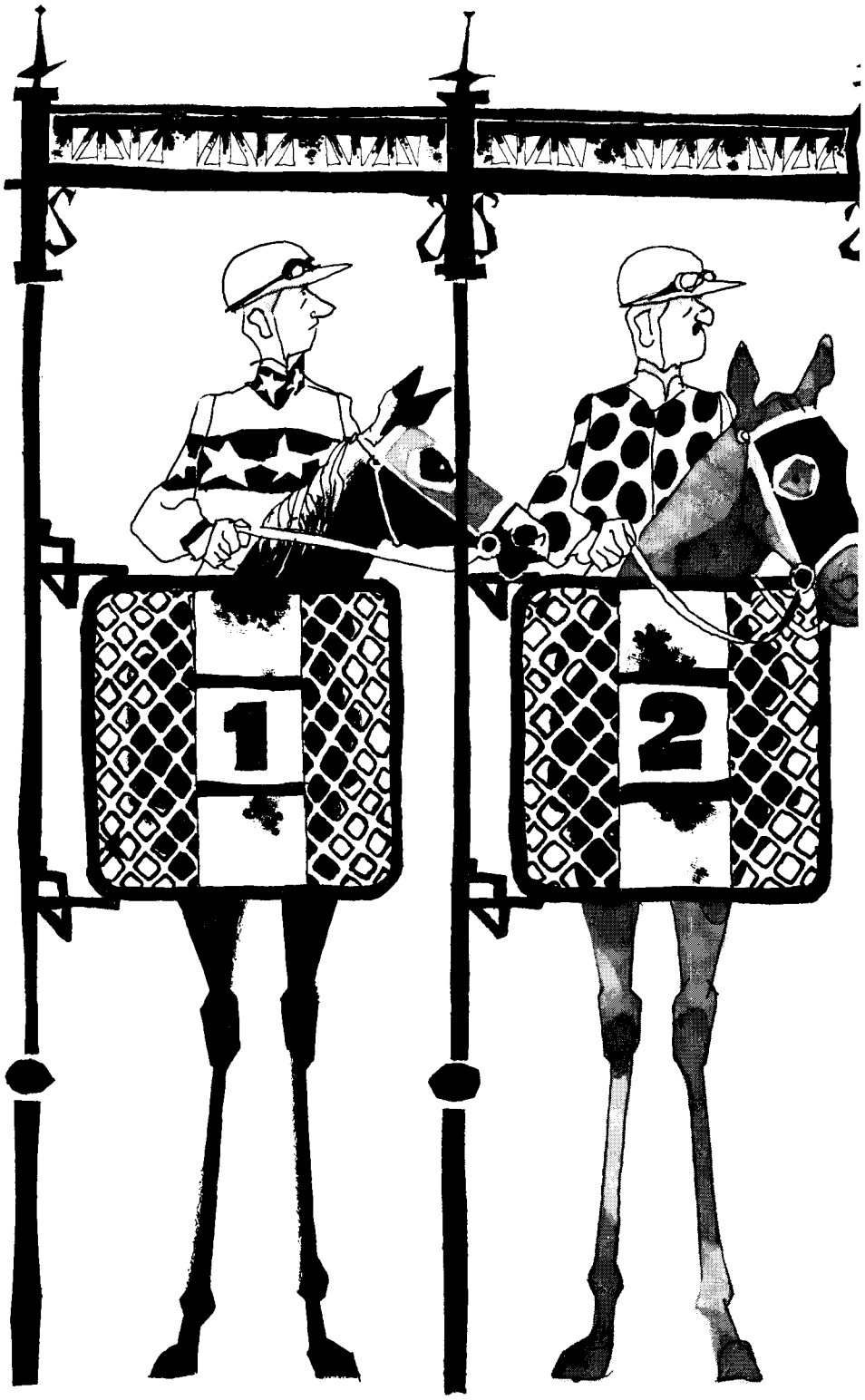
By GENE SMITH
Drawing by Rowland B. Wilson

A HORSEPLAYER'S WILD RIDE THROUGH EUROPE



To break a 15-year-old betting jinx, this maharaja of losers toured the great European racetracks and then, in one fabulous day, won a fortune and glory.

NOBODY knows more about horses than I do. I love horses. They love me. I feed them sugar. I pat them. I was playfully nipped by Nashua in my work as a reporter, and Bold Ruler gently butted me. Third Brother once gave us both a laugh by spraying me with a mouthful of water, and a baby son of Royal Vale, unnamed and up for purchase at the Saratoga yearling sales, nuzzled me for a half hour.

In addition, my technical knowledge of racing is unsurpassed. Few people can read the forms with as much sophistication. *But I can't win.* Once I bet Kelso—Kelso!—and brought him in sixth. First Landing, the most brilliant two-year-old I ever saw, won 10 out of 11 races in one period. The 11th was the one in which I made one of the biggest bets of my life. I have gone 26 races in a row without a winner. Almost statistically impossible—but I did it. Most tracks are based upon taking about 15 percent of the horseplayer's money, but records show that I consistently lose more than 80 cents out of every dollar. I am universally respected as maharaja of the losers.

Last summer I decided to change my action. I had done enough for Aqueduct, Garden State, Hialeah. I would break a 15-year-old jinx by playing the European racetracks. After all, everyone knows American horseplayers can outwit any foreigner, even on his own course. I took the faithful binoculars which have seen so many losers and grabbed the *S.S. France* for Southampton. My chance to turn over a new page came a few days out of New York when it was announced that horse races would be held in the main salon. The horses were of wood, with their moves determined by young lady passengers throwing dice. There was no form to go on, so I played the percentages. There were six wooden horses in each race; it figured any given number would come in once during the evening. I went to No. 4. He was nowhere for five races. Comes the sixth and final race and they announce the *last* horse to come in will be the winner. Now I am in real trouble. Four is due to come in first, which ordinarily would make him the winner. But if he wins, he loses. No matter; I have to go with him. So the girl throws the dice and Four grabs the lead. Bad. She throws again, and he moves up. I am in a quandary. My horse is winning, and it's a disaster. How do you cheer against your own horse? What could I yell—"Slow down, you Four"? Ridiculous, and against the training of 15 years. So I mutter. But slowly the other horses catch up with Four and soon several of them cross the finish line, leaving Four to fight it out with Two for last. I screamed, "Be there, Two!" Admittedly it was illogical. You don't cheer for someone else's horse. So Four beats out Two, and I lose. Well, I figure, a couple of sticks of wood and a blonde throwing dice—what can you expect? A smart operator needs the real thing.

We docked, and I went up to London and a day later to Newbury Race Track. It was a beautiful place, with people sitting on magnificent lawns sipping tea under parasols. The names of the races were glorious: The St. Hugh's Stakes, The Russley Handicap Plate, The New Boys Apprentice Handicap Plate. The bookmakers stood in front of the Victorian grandstand and wrote the odds they gave you on slates. Nearby rested the big leather bags into which they stuffed your money. Up in the stands the ticktack men, wearing white gloves, signaled back and forth at the bookmakers to tell them to change the odds on various horses. The signs are impossible to describe: They are like Bernstein conducting, Hitler saluting, the guy at the pizza parlor flipping the dough into the air. Meanwhile, in front of the grandstand you would see that Maj. Gen.

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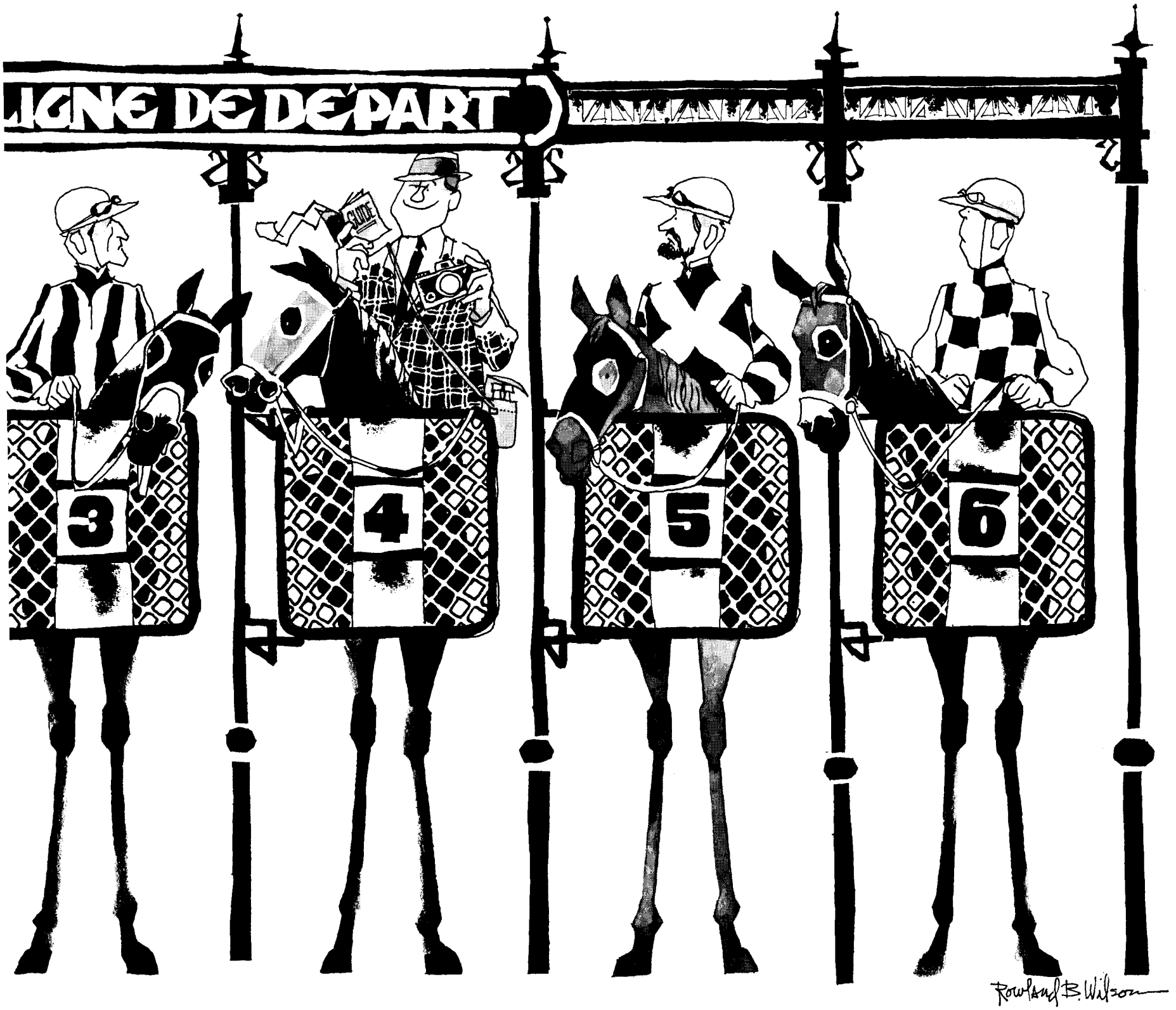

Sir Randle Feilden's Cordial II was being offered at nine to one and you would go up to a bookmaker and say, "A quid on Cordial II." He would take your money and say, "Eeeepah hoodoo sran," and give you a card upon which he wrote something utterly indistinguishable.

Finally the horses came out on the track, and vanished into the horizon. A farsighted eagle might have seen them as specks off in the distance. But after a while a B.B.C.-type voice, incredibly cool and cultured, came on the public-address system and said the runners were racing. Even with my binoculars this was impossible to prove. After a few moments the announcer confided that Cordial II was in front. The crowd greeted this with respectful silence. Then the communiqué had it that Sir Giles had the lead and was "contesting" it with Liqueur Brandy. There was no news of Cordial II. By now faint signs could be noticed on the horizon which indicated to an experienced eye like mine that horses were approaching us. The B.B.C. now listed all the horses as they crossed the tape. Cordial II was at the very end. From there on the afternoon went downhill.

I said to hell with it and the next day I took a ship to France. Once in Paris I wasted no time on Notre Dame but made for Longchamp. It was most elegant, save for the patrons, who were disheveled and gritty. I decided to bet Adjar in the Prix Delamarre because I had known his father, Iron Liege (listed under *Origines*), as a winner of the Kentucky Derby. Adjar was No. 10 on the program. I went to the window, pushed forward my money and said, "*Dix. Dix. Dix.*" The people in line behind me mumbled angrily. I held up both hands, showing 10 fingers. The teller smiled. He gave me two tickets on No. 5. Desperately I looked at the program. No. 5 was Toherkess. Who could pronounce it? But the owner's name was promising: Comtesse de Mareschal de Luciane.

The horses were at the gate. And off. At once they vanished into a little forest in the middle of the track. After a while they came out. First one horse. Another. Two more. Then the horse of the Comtesse de Mareschal de Luciane—last. But shortly he began to move. He went to the outside and started flying. I frantically searched the program for the name of the jock of the horse of the Comtesse. J. Massard. I bellowed, "*Allez-vous*, Massard." My horse ran wide around the turn, but in the stretch he came on again. "You are the one, Massard!" He was right there with the two leaders, they on the rail and he miles out in the center of the track. An eighth of a mile to go. He started to weave toward the rail. A photo finish. He was third.

Things did not improve in the later races, and I fled France, figuring that if I kept moving, I might shake off the gods of ill fortune who had doggedly trailed me across the Atlantic. I made for Brave Little Belgium and the Rennen te Brussel Hippodroom van Groendaal. An enormous traffic jam blocked me en route, and when I finally reached the track it was time for the broadcast of Longchamp's Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, one of France's most important races. The bookmakers at Brussels put up the odds and began to sell tickets. I decided to bet Santa Claus, a British horse. I had read an article about him in England that said he was a smasher. The track P.A. system blared out an account in French. The crowd in Brussels, including me, was silent. I strained to catch Santa Claus's name, but no recognizable sound came out of the P.A. Finally people turned back to their forms. I grabbed a guy. "Who the hell won?" "The Italian horse." "What about Santa Claus?" "Second."

I lost the next race, and as I was gloomily figuring my finances, I became

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aware that the winner was being led into a circle of men who began to shout. I asked what was going on. A man said, "They sell the horse." "They sell the horse right after he wins the race?" "Yes." "How much?" He gave me the amount in Belgian francs, and with a pencil I worked out that the bidding stood at about $500. My God, you could hit a daily double and buy the horse who won it for you. In my imagination I saw Kelso surrounded by yelling men; I step forward and Mrs. Richard C. duPont hands the horse over. I take him home and the neighbors come over and say, "Such a nice horse. Mazel tov, you should have good luck by him."

Suddenly jockeys appeared, casually walking through the crowd of people, many of whom spoke to them. I got behind a jock and walked with him the distance of about half a city block until we reached the paddock, where he got upon a horse. Everything about Belgium was slightly otherworldish, but this was *really* incredible. Half of America's jocks would have been murdered long ago if you let the people close to them. I myself would have long since killed Willie Shoemaker.

I was reminded of an incident that occurred years ago at Belmont. Right after the post parade, I was standing up at the head of the stretch. There was hardly anyone else there, but one man was trying to get Arcaro's attention as the jockey sat motionless on a horse. The guy cooed, "Eddie, Eddie, please look at me, Eddie." Arcaro ignored him. It was very quiet up there; the three of us were really quite alone, with everyone else at the betting windows. "Eddie," crooned the guy, "please, Eddie." Finally Arcaro looked over. The guy immediately shook his fist and screamed, "You stink!"

I shook my head and headed east for Germany, a sweet and innocent Henry James-type American surrounded by ancient Europe in its corruption so like that of a faded rose, a corruption exemplified by its reluctance to permit the sweet and innocent American to make a killing. I went over the Rhine and came to Munich and the Trabrenn- und Zuchtverein V.E., where there were trotting races. I decided to make a supreme effort to read the form, but among the first words that caught my eye were VEREINSVORSTAND . . . AUSSCHREIBUNGSKOMMISSION . . . TOTALISATORBESTIMMUNGEN. I threw the program away and bet Karo in the Herbstmeisterschaft der Amateure (II.Lauf.).

So the horses, if as such I may describe them, creep to the post. I never saw such specimens. They look like the German cavalry at Stalingrad. They get away in a ragged line, and Karo opens up the most unbelievable lead in the entire history of the civilized world. Go back to the legends of the Teutonic tribes in their pine forests and you will find no example to parallel that of the lead this Karo built up. Say you and I agree to race from New York to Los Angeles, and as you are fumbling with your money to pay the man on the New Jersey end of the Lincoln Tunnel, I am roaring through New Mexico. It was that kind of lead.

The horse comes by the stands, and it seems like a half hour before the others follow him. But—*achtung!* Suddenly I am in a prewar Ford that needs a complete valve job, and you are in an Aston-Martin with a special souped-up motor. Karo is moving so slowly you have to look at him for a while even to see his movements. You (and to my horror I realize there are about six of you, all whizzing down the stretch) are by contrast really flying. I find my voice and screech at Karo's driver, "*Dummkopf*, get that horse rolling!" Now we are 20 feet from the finish line, and I am screaming my head off, and all of a sudden all six of you surround me, and when the dust clears, each of you is chasing the other home, and I am still fumbling around trying to find the finish line.

I am dazed. How could I blow a lead half a mile long? I decide to get out of town, get out of the country. I make for Vienna, city of the waltz, of gentility, of Your Imperial Highness Franz Josef I, of Sacher-torte, violins, the lovely Prater—and the trotters at the Trabrennen-Krieau. The first thing I see is that the people at the betting windows are all extremely pretty girls. None of those nasty Garden State beggars with undone ties. A girl tells me her tickets are sold as follows: You have to pick two horses; they must run one-two. If they do, you take down a bundle. She has delightful blue eyes; Viennese *Gemütlichkeit* is running amuck in her. I bet a couple of horses, and they are going to come in one-two, and I will rake in zillions of Austrian schillings, and the lovely blue-eyed girl will keep shoveling them out, and then the two of us will go to some magnificent Viennese restaurant and drink wonderful wine under great chandeliers shimmering in the candlelight, and we will dance the waltz to the music of gypsy violins, and everybody will sing, and the proprietor of the restaurant will weep and say it is the most beautiful thing he has ever seen, and then the girl and I will go out and hire a clippety-clop horse cab and the kindly old coachman will take us down ancient streets into thick mists penetrated only by the soft glow of the gaslights.

Instead, practically every horse I bet broke. This means he quit trotting and went into a gallop and had to be pulled up, with the loss of acres of ground, until he trotted again. It happened so often, and so horribly, that by the time of the last race I could barely stagger up to *Fräulein* Blue-Eye's window to bet my last schilling on two more horses. And at once they broke and the drivers pulled them up, practically stopping dead, and then one broke again and the driver just halted him and—for God's sake, right in the middle of the race—took the horse off the track and to the exit and out of the track and out of my life.

By this time one can understand the evil dark shadows that hung under my eyes when I pulled myself out of bed to shave. Listen, I saw the most magnificent race of our time, the 1959 Woodward Stakes, when Round Table, Hillsdale and Sword Dancer came down the stretch in an absolutely straight line, the three noses right together, and Arcaro just lifted Sword Dancer up and shoved him across. I heard the delirious screaming when Ovie Scurlock, a very average jock in my book, rose once to perform a beautiful miracle in a distance race, and brought Social Outcast from way back through lengthening afternoon shadows and, in a display of unexampled precision, put him over. I was there when First Landing came through mud and muck and stopped my heart with the move he made from 13th to first in the 1958 Garden State Stakes. All these things I have seen. And of some was I a part. But even my nerves, toughened by the years full of long afternoons, and even my hands, inured to the tearing-up of tickets in their thousands, shook under the impact of these strange events. Grimly I headed east. In the dark night I crossed the Danube and slipped into Hungary.

Budapest was gray and smoggy and overcast. At four in the afternoon it was dark as I trudged to the track located just behind the Eastern Railway Terminal. Trotters. In front of the track a woman was selling nuts. A guy went up, paid her a few forints, and opened his overcoat pocket. She shoveled in the nuts. Nuts in your pocket. They went to join the forgotten shreds of tickets which once carried my high hopes in England, France, Belgium and all the other places.

I bought a program. *Fél 5 Órakor Kezdik A Versenyeket. Nyolic Erdekes Futam. Hármas Befutó-Fogadas A III. Futamban.* Blindly I bet the No. 1 horse in the first race, Malachias. So they come out, Malachias and 12 others, and they trot along the inside of the track, heading in the wrong direction. Then suddenly they wheel, make U-turns, rush out on the track, and get underway. Fantastic commotion, horses breaking, drivers having trouble with the U-turn, everything in an uproar—and it's Malachias to the front! And they vanish into darkness illuminated every 20 feet or so by a thin puddle of light emanating from the weak lamps overhead. At the first puddle of light—Malachias. Then blackness. Then—hoopla!—another shot of light. Malachias. God knows what happens in the dark sections of the track, but every time the horses have their brief moments in the light, it's always Malachias in the lead. So they go around the gritty track and turn into the stretch, and it's Malachias all the way, and he comes home a winner!

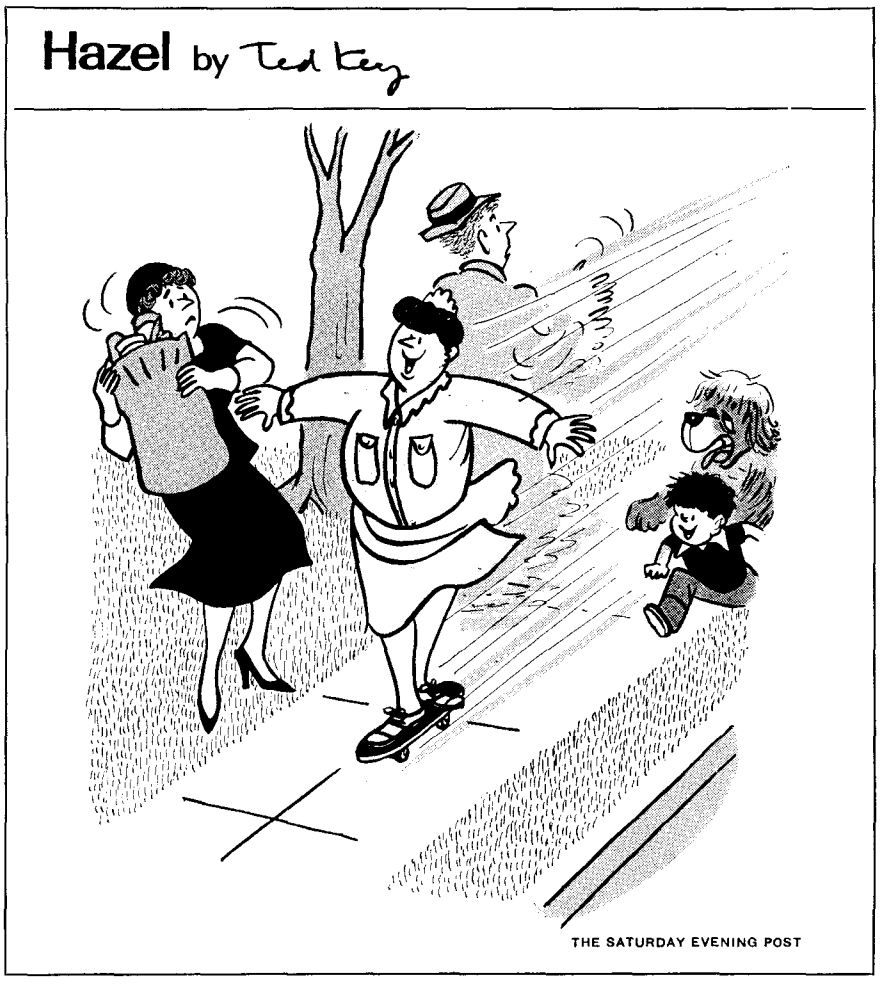
And I rush around looking for the cashiers' windows, dashing by a picture of Lenin and cops in high boots swinging mean truncheons, and I find the window and shove my ticket forward, and they give me a fistful of forints, and I'm ahead, they can't stop me, and the fifth race I have Kackiás, and he makes a joke of it and wins by maybe 10 lengths, and in the eighth I go to Janka, and he laughs his way home, and I've got fistfuls of forints, and I'm free, I am the Mind of the West Brought to the East, I am the Repudiation of Communism.

The next day I take the Orient Express east, and I swig away at the best slivovitz, and even sitting down I swagger. But in the morning when we arrived at Bucharest all the old fears were back. Head down, filled with visions of torn-up tickets fluttering through the Romanian air, I asked where the track was. They said it was at Ploesti and it was closed.

At once the sun came out. This was a sign, telling me: QUIT WHILE YOU'RE AHEAD. So I came home.

I went to Aqueduct. I thought about all those European horses killing me, and then I thought of Budapest, where everything went right. So I made the biggest bet of my life on Bold Lad in the Wood Memorial. Through the stretch I kept thinking, *Please, Bold Lad, do it, do it! I don't want to go back to the way it used to be before Budapest.* But I knew he wasn't going to do it. I guess I knew it even when I made the bet. I guess I'd always known it.

And he didn't do it. And I said to myself, *Now you are home.* □



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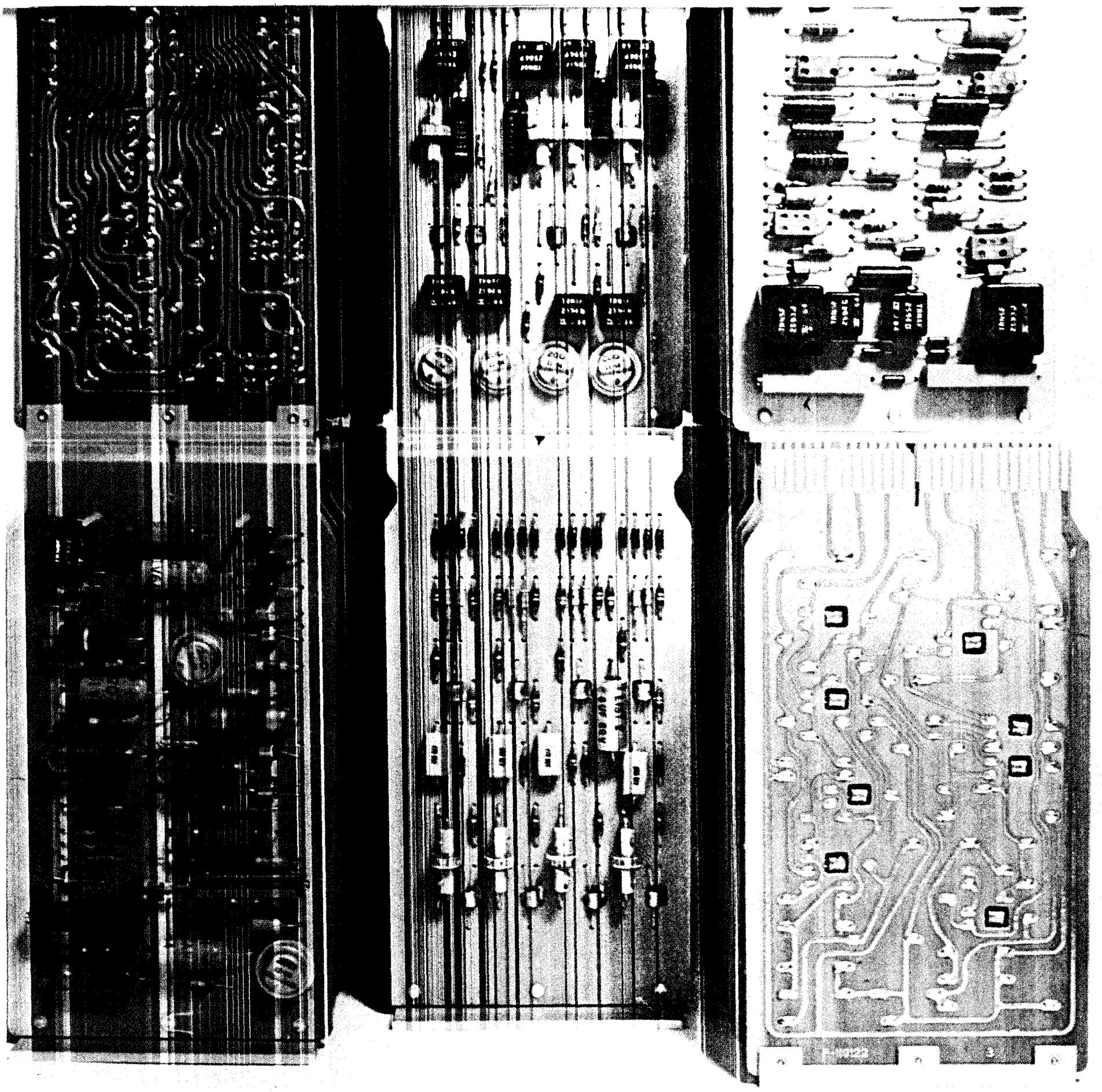

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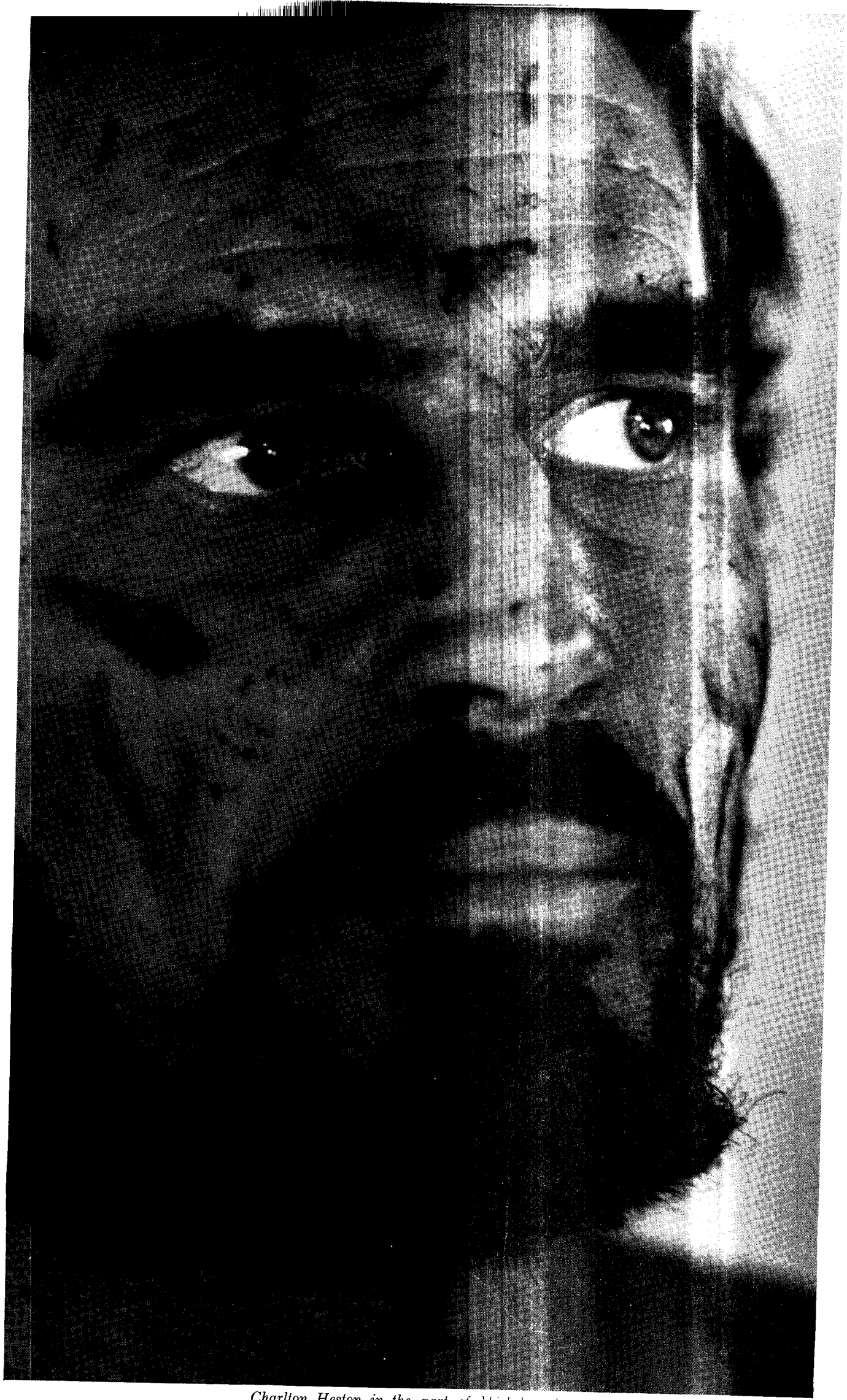

Charlton Heston in the part of Michelangelo reveals a moment of agony, his face spattered with paint from the studio's "Sistine Chapel."

HESTON: LARGER THAN LIFE

With sword, armor and toga—and the face of another century—he has grown into a box-office colossus.

By PETE HAMILL
Photographs by Ken Heyman

ON the screen he has masqueraded as Ben-Hur, John the Baptist, the Cid, Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson, but his friends never call him anything more imposing than "Chuck." He has been shot at by gangsters, pursued by man-eating ants, he has braved Comanche arrows, escaped incineration on the largest circus tanbark ever built, and floundered in raging seas; but his idea of a stimulating evening is to sit at home reading Arnold Toynbee. His twisted nose, dominating a long-jawed face, gives him the visage of a battle-hardened *condottiere*, but upon inquiry you discover that he broke it playing football at one of the most all-American high schools in the

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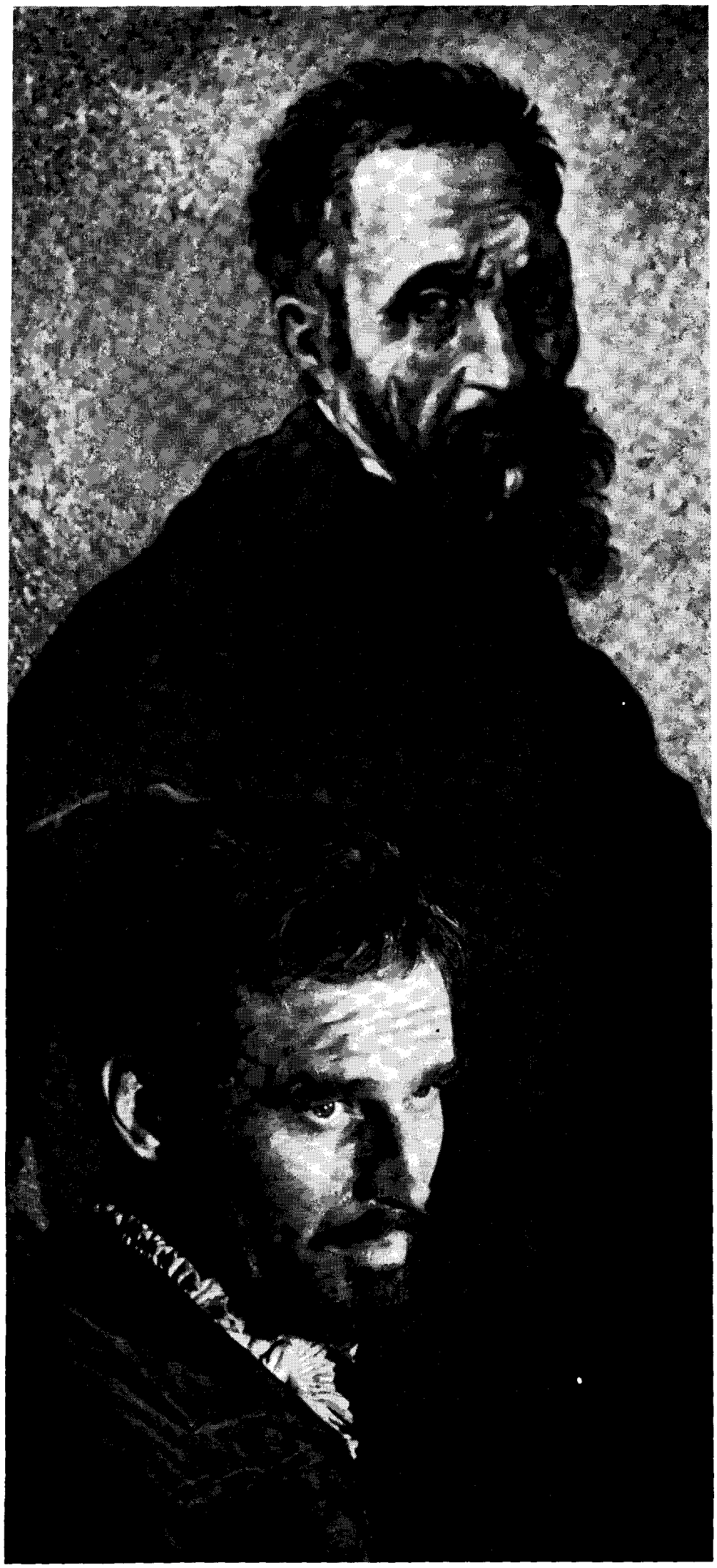
Barefoot over the jagged rocks of Mt. Sinai



Brooding before a picture of Michelangelo, Heston's expression indicates why, to others on the set, he seemed to think he really was *the great painter.*

Midwest. The Hollywood social set hardly knows him, he has been married to the same wife for more than 20 years, and on film, compared to a Brando or a Sinatra, he has all the sex appeal of a redwood tree. But at 41, Charlton Heston has established himself as one of the biggest box-office attractions in the history of motion pictures. To the bankers and accountants, his astonishing success is an unsolved puzzle, and at times Heston himself wonders about it too.

"I'd like to think it has all been due to my ability as an actor," he said one afternoon, sitting in the cafeteria of the Cinecitta Studios in Rome, where he was completing work for 20th Century-Fox on *The Agony and the Ecstasy*, a medium-colossal ($9 million) version of the Irving Stone novel about the life of Michelangelo. "But maybe it's because I don't *frighten* anyone! Men. Women. *Or* children!"

Part of his success, he is sure, is due to some inspired typecasting. On seeing Heston's performance in *Agony*, novelist Stone reflected, "He literally becomes Michelangelo." Heston says, "I simply don't have a twentieth-century face. This just isn't my century."

Aside from *The Greatest Show on Earth*, in which he played a modern circus boss, his most successful films have been glossy costume epics and huge money-makers like *The Ten Commandments*, *El Cid*, and *Ben-Hur*, for which he received an Academy Award as best actor in 1959. In his most recent films he portrays John the Baptist (*The Greatest Story Ever Told*), a Civil War officer in Mexico (*Major Dundee*), and an 11th-century soldier (*The War Lord*). These films, with their slashing action, primitive story lines, and hoked-up religion, strike some people as the truest measure of Heston's ability, and the only ones in which he can act with any amount of conviction. Heston is indisputably better when he is larger than life, leaving love affairs and social engagements to mere mortals. And because he is larger and better than anyone else around, producers are now paying him $750,000 a picture, plus a percentage of the gross and approval of script and director.

"I don't blame them either," says Academy Award-winning cameraman Leon Shamroy, who in the past 40 years has aimed his cameras at everyone from The Durango Kid to Cleopatra. "When this guy gets a sword in his hand, look out! And I don't mean one of them foils Errol Flynn used to use. I mean one of them big, mean, heavy, two-handed jobs. He does his best acting chopping off heads. I doubt if he could act his way out of an empty lot, but this guy is a real star."

In his autobiography, the late Cecil B. DeMille indicated that in 1956 in *The Ten Commandments* Heston had first become more than another star. This film, said to be the largest-grossing movie of all time, was one of the early wide-screen super-spectaculars produced by Hollywood to meet the challenge of television. It was also the making of Charlton Heston.

During the filming, Heston worked at an almost furious pace, refusing to use doubles even for lighting tests, redoing scenes until they were as perfect as possible, thrashing out the nature of the character of Moses with anyone who would listen. "He wanted to talk about Moses' id," said one member of the company, "but we were only trying to find out how the hell to get cold beer in Egypt." Once, to insure Biblical authenticity, Heston walked barefoot across the broiling, jagged rocks at the foot of Mt. Sinai, a test of endurance which inspired the studio press agent to send to the outside world a bulletin entitled: "DeMille Gives Moses Hotfoot." In his spare time, Heston read and memorized whole slabs of the Old Testament, studied the works of Biblical scholars, and pondered the meaning of the Dead Sea Scrolls.

"Before each of his big scenes," DeMille solemnly wrote, "he would go off by himself for a half hour, in costume, and walk up and down in solitary thought. I never asked him what he was thinking at those times, but when he came back to the set and walked through the crowd of Arab extras, their eyes followed him, and they murmured reverently, 'Moussa! Moussa!': to them, Moslems all, he was the Prophet Moses." Thus spake DeMille.

Preparing for his role as Michelangelo in *Agony*, which opens next October, Heston read everything he could find about the great sculptor-painter; traveled to see as many of the artist's works as possible; and spent long hours contemplating the artist's character. "I had only played one genius before: Thomas Jefferson," Heston says, disclaiming the short bit in *The Ten Commandments* in which his voice was used as that of God. "But Michelangelo was the first genius I ever played who was also a great artist." Talking about the part, a curious gleam came into Heston's eyes. His first problem, he said darkly, was to try to understand the intensity, the sense of ultimate defeat experienced by every great artist.

"I know from my own failures as an actor the kind of frustration that is involved. I'm sure that when Michelangelo finished his great sculpture of Moses, he must have stepped back and raged at it. I'm sure he said something like, 'Why can't you *speak!*'"

Heston grew calmer as he explained some of the more technical problems he had. For one thing, he had to watch

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By the pool of the Roman villa rented for him by the studio during production of "AGONY," Heston has regular workouts on a torture table of his own invention.

some marble sculptors at work, to learn the technique of holding chisel and hammer, and he then spent many hours practicing. He also read about the techniques of fresco painting so that when he attacked the ceiling of the studio version of the Sistine Chapel, he would not look like someone making signs for the corner butcher. And though this film was less physically demanding than most of his others, when he came down from one four-hour session on the reconstructed Sistine ceiling (one of the largest indoor sets ever built), the paint was running down his face, his hair was splattered and matted, and his breath came in gasps. It was not difficult to imagine that, like Michelangelo, he had been lying on his back painting that ceiling for four years. He certainly looked it.

In Hollywood, where he lives, actors consider his prodigious work habits to be feats of enterprise so above and beyond the call of duty as to border on betrayal. He has few personal friends in the movie colony, is seldom seen along the party circuit, spends little time drinking in nightclubs, and compared with Frank Sinatra and his friends, he is thought of pretty much as a cube. For one thing, he has to keep himself in shape. He rises early, swims in the pool for 10 minutes, goes through a set of leverage exercises, sweats in the steam room, and then has breakfast. For lunch, he has a high-protein food-concentrate bar called Tiger's Milk and some tomato juice, and in the evening sticks to steak and fish, with an occasional bottle of beer.

One reason for Heston's isolation is the kind of roles he plays. An agent puts it this way: "If you had a party going, with lots of loose broads, plenty of booze, people with other people's wives, tell me, how would you feel if you looked across the room and saw Moses leaning on the mantelpiece and staring at you?"

There is another factor involved: Over the years, Heston has acquired the reputation of being a rather pompous bonehead, a not unusual condition for an actor. It is not difficult to see why. A casual acquaintance, or a one-shot interviewer, might encounter Heston on one of his days when he sounds like Vitamin Flintheart. On these days, Heston's normal voice (a slangy sample of the midwest soda fountain) disappears: The sound of martial music seems to echo round him; the voice starts its climb from somewhere around the kneecap, and by the time it has passed the diaphragm it sounds like that of an Othello trying to reach the peanut gallery in Hammond, Ind. Frequently he begins to refer to himself in the first-person plural, a habit which combines with the sound of the voice to make the subject matter assume the importance of—well, the Commandments.

"For breakfast," he will begin with a boom, "we start with the juice, and then the toast, and then we have an egg or a piece of fruit, and we follow that with the cup of tea or the coffee."

Heston's remote position in the film world is symbolized by the large stone-and-glass house at the top of Coldwater Canyon which he shares with his wife, former actress Lydia Clarke, and their two children, Fraser, 10, and their adopted daughter, Holly Ann, four. Straddling a ridge high above the smog zone, the house is somewhat foreboding, and Heston describes it as "medieval modern." It has the standard high walls and swimming pool of the movie star, but inside it is all baronial wood and old prints and huge doors with knobs taken from the sets of *Ben-Hur*, and the sword from *El Cid* hanging on a wall. Heston calls it "The House That *Ben-Hur* Built," and spends most of his waking hours in its wood-lined study.

"When we first moved in four years ago," Heston remembers, "one of my friends came up, looked around the house, walked over and looked down at Los Angeles and said, 'Chuck, it's a hell of a place to pour boiling oil on them from.'" For the first two years that Heston lived there, a Hollywood story goes, it was impossible to avoid the *Ben-Hur* sound track which was piped through 10 miles of wiring to every point in the house and grounds, including the steam room.

"I know about the Charlton Heston

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'It's unnerving to see him around the kitche

Holly Ann, the Hestons' four-year-old, is one reason why he remains a family man.

stories," Heston said one afternoon, laughing from way down in his body. Yes, it was true that for the first few years in the house he played the *Ben-Hur* music a lot, though the film was long completed. "But it wasn't the only music," he says with a certain defensiveness, "and if you had made as much money as I did from *Ben-Hur*, you'd like to be reminded of it too."

Other stories about wearing costumes around the house also contain some truth, he admitted. "But look, it's not that I've become *that* identified with a role. I don't wear them after a picture is over. I have to get used to the costumes somehow. You walk differently in a toga than you do in chain mail. I can't walk through a historical role as if I just left the bar at Toots Shor's."

Even Heston's choice of friends strikes some Hollywood citizens as odd. They can understand his two closest film-colony friends: William Wyler, who directed him in *Ben-Hur*, and George Stevens, who did the same in *The Greatest Story Ever Told*. "They are both good men and professionals, and we get along well," Heston says. But his other personal friends include a stockbroker, an FBI agent, the head of the psychiatry department in a major university and some top professional tennis players. "I've played with more good players than any bad player in the world," Heston says proudly.

Heston admires several stage actors and would like to return to the stage again at some point, but he has no patience with the New-York-Stage-Is-the-Only-True-Art kind of actor, who comes out to Hollywood, banks the money and then walks away from the films forever. "There's a snobbery involved there, where the actor feels that anything he can do to make the picture a financial as well as artistic success is a depleting thing," Heston says. "Acting for films is just as important as acting for theaters—if not more so—simply because of the overwhelming numbers of people you can reach."

Some people feel Heston's present attitude toward stage actors was formed by his experience in 1960 with a verse play called *The Tumbler*, directed by Sir Laurence Olivier. The play lasted five performances. Walter Kerr of the New York *Herald Tribune* said it was "ghastly."

"I feel I'm the only one who came out of it with a profit," Heston told writer Joe Hyams later. "The producers lost money, the writer lost months of work, Larry Olivier lost out too. But I got out of it precisely what I went in for—a chance to work with Olivier. I learned from him in six weeks things I never would have learned otherwise. I think I ended up a better actor, with more responsibility."

The word "responsibility" comes up again and again in conversations with Heston. Many Hollywood oldtimers shuddered when he became involved (with Marlon Brando, Burt Lancaster and others) in the 1963 civil-rights march on Washington. They were already counting the house in the Deep South. But Heston says that his involvement was part of his sense of public responsibility: "That march, which was an example of peaceful, lawful civil demonstration, was a responsible act. It was a democratic process, in a way, and if you believe in democracy, then you have to believe in the way it works. As for Hollywood, hell, this is no longer the bad old days."

Hollywood also shuddered at the gesture Heston made last year when he returned his entire salary ($300,000) to Columbia Pictures after insisting on shooting expensive additional scenes in Mexico for *Major Dundee*. "I had assumed rights I really didn't have," Heston explained later. "The film was made under an old straight-salary contract. The honorable thing was to give the money back. I don't, however, think I've started a trend. I certainly haven't started one for me." Columbia accepted the money, but the expensive scenes landed on the cutting-room floor.

Heston reflected that in the bad old days such a thing could never have happened. "But then we wouldn't have been in Mexico in the first place. They'd have shot it in Griffith Park. In those days the studio really owned you. You couldn't even marry who you wanted."

There was no studio to reckon with when Heston married Lydia Clarke in 1944, a few years after he met her as a fellow drama student at Northwestern University, and a few days before leaving for overseas duty with the Air Force. "I proposed to her on a weekly basis for an awful long time," he says. "Then, when I was about to go overseas, and had just about given up all hope, I got a wire that said:

HAVE DECIDED TO ACCEPT YOUR PROPOSAL

We solemnized it immediately."

Lydia, a handsome woman with finely chiseled cheekbones and black hair, says that living with Heston can be difficult at times. "He is, after all, an actor, and there are times when he gets too tied up in his work for his own good. I remember hearing the Dead Sea Scrolls discussed at breakfast, the way other men might discuss baseball. And it's still a bit unnerving to see him tramp into the kitchen in chain mail or a suit of armor or dressed like Michelangelo. I would like him to work less, and enjoy the success he has more. But he goes into each new film just as if it were his first."

Heston's mother, Lilla, remembers him as a bright, helpful child who seemed quite happy. Heston has other memories. He was born Charlton Carter (Charlton is his mother's maiden name) on October 4, 1923, in Evanston, Ill.; his parents were divorced when he was young. When his mother remarried, business took his stepfather (whose name was Heston) and the family to the upper Michigan woods. "I loved it up there," Heston remembers. "And if you look at the early Hemingway stories, they'll give you an idea of how isolated it all was. I did all my schooling in a one-room schoolhouse."

But then, after almost 10 years away, the Hestons returned to Evanston. Charlton was placed in New Trier High School, in Winnetka, reputedly one of the best secondary schools in the country. "But I was very unhappy," he remembers. "It was so remote up in Michigan that when I first returned I remember being actually scared to death of the automobile traffic and the noise and everything else that goes with a big city. It was a social kind of school, and I had never even learned to dance. And kids are the most conventional people in the world. It is more important than anything else for them to conform, and I was a kind of oddball. I was driven into being independent. I was very, very unhappy."

Heston says he was small for his age until he was 16, and then, in two years, grew to his present six feet two. "That made it worse," he says, "because I was then the most awkward guy in school."

He started acting at New Trier, but really got serious about it when he went on to Northwestern, which has one of

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ı chain mail or dressed up like Michelangelo.'

the best drama schools in the country. "I knew then that this was what I wanted," he says, "and I've never wanted anything else."

After the war he and Lydia spent a few months acting at the Thomas Wolfe Memorial Theater in Asheville, N.C., then moved on to a $40-a-month tenement in New York City. Heston had decided firmly to try to make it as an actor in New York. He did, but not as easily as Lydia. "She was just a better actor than I was," he says. Heston finally landed with Katharine Cornell's company, appeared in *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Leaf and Bough*, and *Cockadoodle Doo*, and after some impressive TV performances he was grabbed by Hollywood.

"My first film was a B picture called *Dark City*, which I fortunately survived," he remembers, "and then Cecil B. De Mille put me in *The Greatest Show on Earth*. I've been going ever since."

Aside from Toynbee, Heston's only reading for the last five years has been in connection with his own roles. And he refuses to wax profound on the subject of his impersonations. 'If you were to ask me the old question about Who Is the Real Charlton Heston, I wouldn't be able to answer you," he said one afternoon recently, shortly after signing to play Gen. Charles (Chinese) Gordon in United Artists' *Khartoum*, "but there are few of us who can. Few of us have the courage or the desire to sit down and find out who they are. I've been keeping a diary for the past five years or so, but even there, in the privacy of those pages, I devote myself to analyzing my professional ability, to finding out why, when I know a scene should be played one way, I am unable to do it. But those deeper questions I just prefer to sidestep. I simply like pretending to be other people. Let the Freudians make of that what they want." □

A Heston picnic with Holly Ann, his wife, Lydia, and his son, Fraser. This was a customary Sunday event on location in Rome.

Off to lunch in a studio limousine, Heston wears a Michelangelo costume and bites on the felt-tipped pen he uses for his own drawings. He makes sketches in profusion, of the sets, the actors and any unusual landmarks.

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Editorials

The lessons of Santo Domingo

Since history never does repeat itself, we will never really know whether President Johnson's massive intervention in the Dominican Republic actually prevented a Communist takeover, as Administration spokesmen claim, or whether, as some critics argue, it strengthened anti-Americanism and Communism all over Latin America.

The Administration is certainly entitled to the benefit of the doubt. And we may applaud not only the absence of "another Cuba" but the organization of the first Pan-American peace-keeping force. Still, it is hard to conclude that the Administration covered itself with glory during the confusions of the past two months. And it is not unreasonable to hope that Washington's highest officials have reviewed those confusions in an effort at clearer policy-making in the future.

One area for review, as in every crisis, is the area of intelligence. If the President is prepared to invade a country to prevent a Communist takeover, and if he is prepared to declare that a supposedly democratic revolt has been "taken over and really seized and placed into the hands of a band of Communist conspirators," skeptics are inclined to wonder why those Communists remained so elusive. An official list of 54 Communists in an army of thousands is not overwhelmingly convincing.

If the original intelligence estimates were sound—despite a fair amount of evidence to the contrary—the next area for review might involve a reconsideration of the way the United States announced its intervention. It is questionable whether we should proclaim one motive for our actions—saving American lives—when we actually have a different motive, which is to prevent Communism.

Once the United States decides to intervene, it is a sign of contempt to intervene unilaterally, without even trying to get the advance agreement of our allies. In an immediate crisis, consultation with allies may not be the most efficient way to operate, but we have found in the long run that we need our allies, and that allies do not enjoy being treated like second-class nations.

And when we do intervene to prevent a Communist takeover, it may in the future be useful to go in with some alternative solution in mind. It is not often a solution to support the first conservative general we can find, nor is it often a solution to appeal to all rival groups to join an all-party coalition. And it is never a solution to shift wildly from faction to faction. There are, in most troubled areas, progressive and honorable men who will work for peace if only we will consistently encourage and support them.

If, in short, we were right in our reasons for intervention, if we had stated those reasons unequivocally, if we had won the support of other free nations, and if we had sought a democratic settlement from the beginning, the Dominican crisis might not have been such an embarrassing muddle.

Beauty versus progress

It was a nice coincidence that President Johnson's Conference on Natural Beauty was taking place at the same time that the forces of progress were bulldozing through historic Morristown, N.J. While the beautifiers declared that our beautiful new highways should be free of billboards, the good ladies of Morristown staged a sit-in demonstration to declare that their town's beauty is threatened not by the billboards but by the beautiful highway itself. The local government of Morristown doesn't want the highway, but a court recently ruled that such local governments, representing the people most directly concerned, cannot restrain a state highway department. "These women," a departmental spokesman said of the demonstrators, "just aren't looking at the big picture."

They certainly aren't—perhaps because the big picture threatens to show a land striped with concrete scars, a land that permits no trees except the saplings of the official landscaper, no houses except the prisonlike dormitories of "urban renewal," no beaches except those with lifeguards and litter baskets. It is a picture of "natural beauty" in which all that is natural—the old, the untended, the surprising, the vine-choked and animal-tracked—has been painted out by the brush of progress.

Long live Libermanism

We are watching, with perverse interest, the fate of a Soviet experiment known as "Libermanism." Named after an economist called Yevsei G. Liberman, Libermanism suggests that a factory might produce more if the government planners kept their planning to a minimum, let the factory's managers run their own plant, and give the workers higher pay for higher production. The Soviets recently tried out this radical idea at a coal mine in the Ukraine, and—shades of Henry Ford—it actually worked. The Soviets are extending Libermanism to 400 plants this year, and we can only wish them success. Who knows? If Libermanism works well enough, it might even lead to free elections.

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